

AN ANNOTATED FIELD COLLECTION OF SONGS
FROM THE AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENT
ORAL TRADITION

BY
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R.A.R.

I.

Folklorists have concerned themselves for some decades with the songs and lore of occupational and special social groups in America, among them miners, hoboes, railroad men, cowboys, sailors, lumberjacks, and school-children. These same scholars, however, although invariably based at some university or institution of higher learning, until only recently have paid scant attention to the traditional material orally transmitted by the group most accessible to them--their own college students. Seemingly almost no regular or systematic notation has been made of the songs, tales, proverbs, customs, superstitions, riddles, and other forms of folklore of undergraduates by those most qualified by their training to do so until the late 1930's and early 1940's.¹ Since then at least some professional folklorists have not neglected to preserve what student lore has come their way, and a few even have actively encouraged its collection, but most of the material thus gathered has remained stored in file cabinets and allowed, so to speak, to accumulate dust. Publication of what has been preserved so far has been virtually nil, and the few articles that have appeared dealing with college traditions, mostly in the secondary folklore journals, with few exceptions have been written by dilettantes

¹One of the earliest collectors of college lore was the late Harold Thompson, who received a few term projects on campus folklore (including a notable collection of songs from one Sherle Goldstone, to be referred to often in these pages) at what is now the State University College in Albany, New York, as early as 1935, and thereafter at Cornell. Other scholars who began accumulating files of student lore in the 1940's were Louis C. Jones, also at the State University College of New York, William Jansen, Herbert Halpert, and Ernest Baughman, all at Indiana University, Richard M. Dorson at Michigan State, and D. K. Wilgus at Western Kentucky State College. Since the 1950's it has become somewhat more common for folklorists to accept and encourage the collection of college lore.

and are extremely amateurish in character.² Richard M. Dorson's description of the various forms of campus lore in his essay in the American Mercury³ remains the best and only serious sketch of college materials to date, although time and space limited the author from doing anything more than outlining with a few examples some of the material turned in to him by his students at Michigan State College.⁴ This last article in and of itself, however, is hardly adequate coverage of all that needs to be said about college lore, and makes no pretense at being so.

What then is the next step? Since folklore scholars already have at their disposal some quantities of campus lore (although not nearly enough), available in various personal and institutional archives, it would appear that some research into the origins of this material ought to be undertaken, and comparative notes made wherever possible. After this has been done, it may then be possible to formulate some general conclusions on the nature, special considerations, and problems involved with regard to college lore. This thesis attempts to take the first step beyond Dorson's commendable but limited sketch by presenting a more or less representative body of texts from one genre from the college student

²The first section of the bibliography at the conclusion of this thesis, which is given over to general reference materials, contains many of these articles. They were of no use in the preparation of this work, but are listed for reasons explained in the "Note to the Bibliography" on pp. 336-337. Such entries, full of "I remember when..." and "Those were the good old days..." descriptions, are indicated by asterisks (*).

³Richard M. Dorson, "The Folklore of Colleges," American Mercury, LXVIII (1949), pp. 671-677. This article is reprinted in A. C. Spectorsky (ed.), The College Years, New York, 1958, pp. 271-286, and also is incorporated into the chapter on "Modern Folklore" in Dorson's American Folklore, Chicago, 1959.

⁴Changed to Michigan State University in 1953.

oral tradition--college songs--together with such annotations and comparative notes as I have been able to assemble.⁵ Hopefully this study will contribute to further analytical investigations designed to shed light on the operation of the folk process on campus, which will also accurately assess the sociological and psychological roles these songs occupy in the college environment, something this thesis does not attempt to do. What follows below in these introductory remarks are a few tentative conclusions the present author has reached in the course of his field work and during the months of study he has given over to the subject of college songs. These comments are not meant to be definitive in and of themselves but are intended to provoke further discussion and investigations which may subsequently confirm or refute that which is contended here.⁶

II

Before proceeding further, it is necessary to pause and elaborate on what the term "college songs," as used in this thesis, implies.

Perhaps one should start by outlining what these songs do not represent. To begin with that which the layman might think of as "college songs"--the alma maters, football cheers, pep rally songs,

⁵Unless specifically indicated, all references to college songs in this thesis should be taken to mean those songs that are a part of the American college student oral tradition.

⁶These conclusions and comments must remain tentative if for no other reason than that there are scarcely several thousand texts of college songs available, largely gathered at only half a dozen schools, while at the same time there are also over five million students attending hundreds of other college institutions, whose song lore has remained virtually untapped. To attempt to hold up the following observations as irrevocable on the basis of so small a sample would be foolhardy.

sentimental (and dreadfully stuffy) odes to the school with all their fond memories of long ago--are not that which are being considered here. To the foregoing list one should also immediately add similar types of fraternity and sorority songs, the hymns, marching songs, sweetheart and romance paeans, and the like, which have basically the same characteristics as the general university songs. That is to say, they are always learned by rote from the printed page, or from song drillmasters who adhere to the "official lyrics" handed down by the powers that be; are used either in a formal capacity, or under such circumstances that they never become subject to textual and melodic variation; and, in short, cannot in any way, shape, or form be considered a part of an oral tradition as the folklorist understands the term. Excluded also are topical ballads about university life and personnel created by the current students themselves, often sardonic and sometimes bitter, but sung only by a relative few at the local institution. These receive plaudits and a hearing only temporarily, before falling into oblivion as the times and conditions which gave rise to their creation shift.

In contrast to all that has been outlined above, what is meant here by the phrase "college songs" are the songs sung by undergraduates,⁷ learned and transmitted solely by word of mouth as part of college student oral tradition. These songs are rendered by students of their own volition

⁷At the risk of stating that which is obvious, it should be pointed out that undergraduates are in most cases the only live bearers of college traditions, just as children are the only live bearers of children's folklore. College songs and other campus lore may be retained in the memory of the individual afterwards to be mined by some enterprising collector, but in all but a few cases (the graduate student who continues to associate with undergraduates, or who goes into the service, etc.) the retention is passive rather than active.

during moments of informality and relaxation without external coercive pressure or stimulus from any outside or superior authority, and are seldom heard in the presence of dignitaries, guests, elders, and--on formal occasions--sweethearts. Perhaps a common misconception on the part of many students themselves should be scotched at the outset: contrary to popular belief, not all songs in the collective undergraduate repertoire are bawdy by any means, although it is true that a very large percentage of them could not, even in this age of loosening restraint, be earmarked for mass popular distribution.⁸

This misconception, however, does raise the matter of what kinds of songs are to be found in the oral lore of the campus. On the basis of my study of the three or four thousand texts of several hundred songs in the Indiana University Folklore Archives and elsewhere, and of my own collecting, I would offer the following general categorizations:

1. Songs about the college environs, or songs sung only or predominantly on the campus. These include fraternity and sorority songs, laments and satires on undergraduate life in general, special college drinking favorites and toasts not found outside the confines of the campus, etc. Some in this group are bawdy in character, others are not, but all relate in some way to student life on campus, or else are known almost exclusively by college students alone.

⁸As nearly as I could estimate, between forty and sixty percent of what is defined as "college song lore" in this thesis might be classified as bawdy. The extreme latitude between these figures reflects (1) an awareness that a great many songs as yet unarchived remain to be collected from student oral tradition; (2) what is designated as "bawdy" depends considerably on the outlook of the person applying the term.

2. The bawdy and obscene songs shared in common with the armed forces in particular, but also occasionally with high school students, other urban groups such as young schoolchildren, or in some instances with the rural "folk" themselves. Sacrilegious songs and some anti-race items⁹ also fall into this category. This subdivision differs from the other two in that the contents of its songs are non-college oriented, and in most cases preclude their unexpurgated appearance in or close ties with printed sources.

3. Songs of a semi-popular character which likewise display no thematic affinity with the college campus, but which, in contrast to the last grouping, are not particularly offensive in character as far as today's public standards are concerned. These in many cases either have found their way into print in recent years, or owe their origins to "pop" sources to begin with, although they continue to exist in student oral tradition without any extended assistance from such outside influences as books or records. Textual variation, although not totally absent, is much more limited, and the total number of songs in this group in proportion to those in the other two categories is smaller as well.¹⁰

⁹Songs such as "There'll Never Be A Nigger Sigma Pi" and "Shame On You Notre Dame (You give the Wops and Jews all their fame...)," if formally included in this thesis, would be grouped under the first heading (#1) because they reflect the college locale. But "Wake The Town And Lynch The Niggers" would come under this second since there is no orientation in the lyrics toward any aspect of campus life. (See footnote #1 to "Christianity Hits The Spot" (#53) on p. 276 for texts of the last two aforementioned songs.)

¹⁰The number of songs in each group, based on my very rough calculations, appears to work out to a 3-2-1 ratio respectively. I have tried to follow this ratio in selecting material for presentation in this thesis (see p. 27 for further details).

It is perhaps obvious that the above are working subdivisions, and in some instances may lack precise sharpness of focus when one deals with individual songs; several items in this thesis, depending on the particular variant of the text under consideration, could fit into either of two categories, and at least one, "In The Halls" (#32), might fit into all three. Nevertheless, in spite of deficiencies of this kind, I regard the above classification breakdown of college songs to be the most practical and utilitarian of any which I have been able to devise.

It should be noted that of the three subdivisions just delineated, only the second--the bawdy and obscene songs shared with the armed services and occasionally with other groups--constitute a valid folksong tradition. The songs which belong to college students alone do not show enough textual variation to warrant their designation as full-fledged folksongs, although they exist in oral circulation and make up the largest part of the undergraduate repertoire (approximately 50 percent).¹¹ The items found in the last song grouping, relating to non-bawdy non-college oriented-songs sung by undergraduates, have even less claim to folk status, virtually all possessing even fewer structural and word changes, and in addition mostly bearing unmistakable signs of the influence of print or Tin Pan Alley.¹² But to omit the contents of any

¹¹The apparent reason for this lack of textual variation is discussed in some detail below on pp. 9-14.

¹²The only inroads on the college song tradition made by commercial sources in recent years (textually speaking), weak ones at that, have been one or two of satirist Tom Lehrer's most famous songs ("Be Prepared" and "The Old Dope Peddler," composed about 1951), and fragments and stanzas from various songs in Oscar Brand's earliest albums in his Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads series on the Audio Fidelity record label. Complete texts

one or more of these campus song subdivisions when assessing the singing tradition of college students is to grossly distort the total picture of student songlore. Hence this thesis seeks to give approximate proportional weight¹³ to each of the three categories outlined above in presenting a representative sampling of annotated field texts of college songs in the pages that follow. Items #1-32 are campus-oriented songs;¹⁴ items #33-55 come under the heading of non-college-oriented student songs of the unprintable variety, and items #56-64 consist of non-college-oriented songs of a "popular" or publishable kind, yet which are also a part of orally transmitted campus songlore.

III

As has already been stated at the beginning of this essay, almost no serious investigation of the college song tradition has been undertaken by folklore scholars to date. In addition to the matter of textual variation (or lack thereof), one might cite several other probable reasons for this neglect. These include (1) the simple unawareness on the part of a few of the existence of college songs; (2) the fact that these songs, although occasionally drawn or adapted from rural sources, are by and

of Brand's adaptations of these old songs, many of which are taken from college song tradition to begin with, are not to be found in authentic campus songlore, since Brand either by necessity or choice expurgates and rewrites his material while some form or other of the original, much preferred by nearly all students, invariably is at hand.

¹³See footnote #10.

¹⁴This subdivision can be divided again into fraternity and sorority-oriented songs (#1-17), and those which are not (#18-32). Distinctions, again, are not always easily made because textual variations in the latter group often show Greek (meaning fraternity or sorority) adaptations or reworkings.

large part of an urban lore which only recently has claimed the attention of the hitherto rurally-oriented folklorist;¹⁵ (3) the lack of aesthetic beauty or meaningfulness in campus songs in contrast to many ballads and lyric folksongs. With a few exceptions, most songs belonging to the lore of students are hack poetry at their best, and a good deal less than that at their worst. Their most characteristic feature in this respect is that nearly all of them attempt to be clever rather than poetic.¹⁶ Finally, (4) college songs are heavily laced with large amounts of bawdry and downright obscenity, or if not these, then with a preoccupation with drinking, or the violation of the prevailing order of things, or the tainting of individuals and social institutions as a result of the humorous, sardonic, clever, or snide implications of the lyrics. Until very recently, and even now, the serious probings and analyses of such vulgarisms have hardly begun to be recognized as proper and fit subject matter for investigation by "respectable" scholars.

Two major objections to the classification of college songs as folksongs have been raised. The first is that there is an apparent lack of time depth surrounding much campus songlore. Although some individual items, among them descendants of several Child ballads and other songs of

¹⁵It appears that the first serious analysis of any aspect of the folklore of urban American culture occurs in Beardsley and Hankley's two studies of "The Vanishing Hitchhiker" legend in California Folklore, I (1942), pp. 305-335, and II (1943), pp. 13-26.

¹⁶R. Frederic Hafer, present Indiana University folklore archivist, first pointed this out in a paper on college songs given at the Hoosier Folklore Society meeting in Indianapolis in 1963.

equivalent ages,¹⁷ are taken from or shared with the folksong traditions of the outside world, there is some validity in this underscoring of the recent origins of a good deal in the college student repertoire. Some compensation is afforded, however, by the extraordinary speed with which songs can be disseminated among students scattered over vast geographical distances, a process which is facilitated and made possible as a result of the essentially homogenous nature of college students as a social and occupational group, and by their extreme mobility in an age of rapid transit (this last is discussed at greater length below on pp. 21-22). As a result, campus favorites which can be proven to be little more than a decade or two old, nevertheless are sung and transmitted by word of mouth by undergraduates from coast to coast.¹⁸ Hence the lack of a time depth does not mean that these songs are not widely circulated, nor is this even the principal reason why college songs are, on the whole, denied folksong status. As already indicated, the principal valid objection lies in the lack of textual variation, but the underlying reasons for this do not seem to have been spelled out clearly in anything written in the past.

It is first necessary to explode an erroneous idea associated with this matter of lyric changes vis-a-vis college songs. The tendency

¹⁷These Child ballads are listed in footnote #4 to the notes of "Roll Your Leg Over" (#42) on p. 234. "Barnacle Bill the Sailor" (#43) and "Anne Bo Flynn" might be given as illustrations of college survivals of old non-Child folksongs, the latter obviously stemming from a sixteenth century bawdy ballad known in more recent forms as "Tom Bolynn" or "Brian O'Lynn."

¹⁸Examples of such songs in this thesis are "Mary Margaret Truman" (#10), "Christianity Hits The Spot" (#53), and "Be Boppin' Jesus" (#55). Others such as "Hey La Li Lo" (#35) and "Last Night I stayed Up Late To Masturbate" (#38) undoubtedly also have entered student song circulation only very recently.

seemingly has been to equate these student songs with the Stephen Foster favorites, patriotic airs and hymns designated by Louise Pound as "national" songs,¹⁹ and other old "pop" standbys. Although very often learned by word of mouth, songs of this sort nevertheless do not vary textually because they are clearly bound up with the printed page which confines their movements and changes as they circulate orally. But this argument is effectively neutralized by the equally obvious facts outlined above, which is to say that the majority of college songs either are oriented around passion and sex, glorify roistering drinking bouts, or gleefully debunk all the social institutions and lyrically violate all the mores and taboos that society has imposed on the singers. They obviously cannot be limited in their textual variation by the printed page for the simple reason that the very nature of these songs precludes their appearance--at least until very recently--in any song collection or work published and sold through normal channels. A look through the texts presented in this thesis should quickly dispel the doubts of any who might think otherwise. Hence this theory which states that the lack of variation in the lyrics of college songs occurs because of their close ties with the outpourings of print from mass culture does not hold up very well.

¹⁹Louise Pound, American Ballads and Songs, New York, 1922, pp. xiii-xiv. The Clarkes refer to Pound's concept and discuss it at some length in their Introducing Folklore, New York, 1963, pp. 72-73. They also mistakenly ascribe some of the qualities of camp songs (as taught by trained recreation leaders) to college songs (p. 73), a contention that does not stand up upon closer inspection. For as noted several times already, the contents of most college songs are such that few recreation leaders would deliberately teach them to children. Not to unduly belabor the Clarkes alone, it should be noted that others have attempted to draw the same parallels between the two groups of songs where none really exist.

The riddle of the exact nature of print's relationship to and influence on these songs is really bound up with their tunes, which as Dorson notes are "standard Tin Pan Alley stuff,"²⁰ or at any rate on the whole are usually quite recognizable to the average listener, musically speaking if not by exact title. Here is the bugaboo which negates the claim of college songs to folk status. For probably ninety percent or more of the campus favorites in oral circulation are either parodies of already pre-existing songs, or more commonly, simply well known borrowed church, "pop," and print-frozen folk melodies which have been set to entirely new words. Obviously, by no stretch of the imagination can the music for college songs be considered traditional in the folk sense.

What it thus all boils down to is that the texts of campus songlore are part of the domain of folk tradition, but that the tunes are not. Under normal conditions folksong melodies are nearly as fluid and subject to changes as their texts,²¹ and as a result the possibilities of variations occurring in both are greatly multiplied. It is much harder, however, for oral tradition to modify the tunes of college songs because these are not of a folk character, and are fixed in form by print. Consequently their relatively stable nature tends to impede variation in the texts to which they are joined since students do not in many cases have to worry about

²⁰Dorson, American Folklore, p. 260.

²¹One perhaps should cite the 198 tunes Bertrand H. Bronson gives for "Barbara Allen" (Child #84), and the 147 tunes for "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender" (Child #73) in Volume II of The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, Princeton, N.J., 1963, as illustrations of this point. For some general comments on folksong tune changes, see Bronson's "Some Observations About Melodic Variations in British-American Folk Tunes," Journal of the American Musicological Society, III (1950), pp. 120-34.

absorbing a new song melody,²² and can concentrate all their attention (consciously or subconsciously) upon learning the words. The net result is that while changes in college song texts do occur as a matter of course in the process of oral transmission, relatively speaking²³ they come about more slowly. In many cases they are apt to appear largely in the reworking and substitution of new lines or stanzas for old, or the combining of different songs together within one text, rather than being entirely revised in terms of outward physical structure (meter, number of lines per stanza, etc.).

Phillips Barry once neatly defined the differences between the folksong, and the popular song maintained in oral circulation largely as a result of the influence of the printed page:

A song by Stephen Foster differs from a folk song in that it has its authentic text and air, whereas a folksong has texts but no text, tunes, but no tune.²⁴

²²No person, of course, is likely to have absorbed all the tunes used to accompany the college songs he hears in their original setting, in spite of the fact that they may be virtually all "pop" standbys. Nor will he learn them all in a day when campus lyrics are attached, for like the carrier in any other tradition, the student picks up his song lore gradually over a period of time.

²³Meaning in relation to the speed with which a song can become widely known among college students separated from each other by great distances.

²⁴Phillips Barry, "The Part of the Folk Singer in the Making of Folk Balladry," The Critics and the Ballad (MacEdward Leach and Tristram Coffin, eds.), Carbondale, Illinois, 1961, p. 71. It is generally agreed that a folksong must be continuously transmitted orally and must sustain changes in the text and tune over time as it is passed about. I am defining "folksong" on the basis of these presuppositions for the purposes of this thesis, and do not propose to enter the squabbles of the folklorists over the details of definitions at this time.

In the light of Barry's remarks, with which few folklorists would disagree, college songs can hence in many cases be termed hybrid creatures, circulating widely by oral means in the group to which they belong, and behaving initially in the manner of folksongs as far as their texts are concerned,²⁵ but falling short in the same respects melodically. The deficiencies in the latter regard, if the "pop" and print-bound origins of the tunes are to be termed as such, constitute a drag on the texts and retard but do not stop variation in the lyrics. But since as a result of the effects of this illegitimate musical pedigree textual changes are more minor in character than what is commonly thought of as folksong it is not possible to classify college songs as true folksongs.

More research on the subject would be of use. In the absence of such work, however, I have avoided the use of the word "folksong" in the main body of this thesis when referring to college song texts which do not show either a demonstrable history of some length or some quantitative variation.

IV

Students from western civilization have been singing their own songs for a thousand years. The building up of a song tradition became

²⁵The statement has been made by the Clarkes (Introducing Folklore, p. 73), among others, that college songs have a "limited oral circulation." When no explicit clarification of what is meant by this phrase is given, as in the Clarke's book, the reader, left to his own devices, is apt to assume that college songs are hence only infrequently sung by undergraduates. This is an entirely erroneous assumption, however, since student lyrics are known or at any rate heard by virtually every undergraduate who attends a university institution for more than two weeks, and as such circulate at least as widely among students as say mining songs do among miners, or lumberjack ballads among loggers. For this reason the phrase is a poor one in this context.

possible during the Middle Ages when European students collectively took on the character of a professional class, emulating the much older Mid-East and Asiatic institutions of a similar kind.²⁶ Special vocational apprentice groups studying medicine, law, art, and philosophy developed lyric favorites which were handed down in these schools for centuries. "Bummler" students wandered about Europe in Medieval times entertaining themselves and sometimes the local populace with songs, often of their own composition, while leading haphazard and often debauched lives."²⁷ Content-wise, what they sang was no more respectable than what their modern counterparts joyously render today; in 1227 a Church council blasted these wandering academic vagabonds for their gleeful parodying of the most sanctified of Christendom's liturgical hymns.²⁸ In some instances student songs became part of the regional folksong tradition; occasionally they even took on an international popularity.²⁹ "Gaudeamus Igitur" and various German university songs probably are the most familiar of these to the American public at large. In one or two cases, the lyrics to popular European favorites were translated into English and became incorporated into American student tradition. One, "The Pope," is still frequently included in popular anthologies today, although it now exists

²⁶Gershon Legman, The Horn Book, New Hyde Park, N.Y., 1964, p. 390.

²⁷Ibid.

²⁸Will Durant, The Age of Faith (The Story of Civilization, Vol. IV), New York, 1950, p. 1025. Durant's source is C. H. Haskins, The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century, Cambridge, Mass., 1928, p. 177.

²⁹Notes to Erich Kunz Sings German University Songs of Wenching, Wining and Other Irreverent Pastimes, Vanguard VRS-477.

only precariously in campus oral circulation.³⁰

Tracing the ancient past of the songs of students in America is a difficult and tricky business. Harvard was founded in 1636, and William and Mary, Yale, Columbia, and quite a few others within the next century or so, so that by 1800 the university as an institution was well established in this country. Presumably the songs sung by students in those days were more closely allied to their European counterparts and only gradually was an American song stock developed which superseded the older English and international favorites. This, however, is little more than conjecture since it is so difficult to get a clear picture of the songs in student oral circulation prior to as recently as the 1920's. The reasons for this lie in the fact that before that time no collectors with a folkloristic bent were noting down field texts of whatever songs were in oral circulation.

³⁰James D. Breckenridge, a student of Harold Thompson at Cornell in 1945, noted several variants from oral and literary sources in a paper entitled "College Songs" (now in the New York State Historical Association Folklore Archives), one beginning:

The Pope, he leads a jolly life,
So free from every care and strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
I would the Pope's gay life were mine.

and then produced an eighteenth century German version, from which the English lyrics obviously stem, taken from The University Songbook, published in London in 1901, as:

Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt,
Er lebt von seinem Ablassgeld,
Er trinkt den allerbesten Wein;
Ich mochte doch der Papst auch sein.

The words to this last are credited to one Charles L. Noack; an English variant given by Breckenridge in his paper is ascribed to William Makepeace Thackeray.

This leaves the modern scholar seeking vintage analogues to forage through the old college songbook anthologies, published in some quantity since the middle of the last century,³¹ but which contribute minimally to a real understanding of campus song tradition as it undoubtedly was. In the first place, ninety percent of the songs in such collections reflect the saccharine and artificial world of alma maters, football cheers, and such like, and virtually all bear the composer's name alongside in bold type. Making due allowance for the sentimentality of the age in comparison to our own, it is still difficult to picture undergraduates singing these one after another in their off moments. The other (estimated) ten percent or so probably do reflect some genuine favorites of student oral tradition, but the picture is muddled by the fact that many of these songs have since died out of campus circulation, and the rest have often been bowdlerized or otherwise poetically "improved" for print's sake.³² Judging as best one can, it would probably not be amiss to say that the songs circulated orally by college students of the older generations were more or less similar in content to those of today (and those of England and Europe of the past) in that they concerned themselves largely with love, sex, drinking, the flouting of authority, and sundry assorted heroes and incidents of the students' own creation.

³¹I have heard of or been able to find no American college songbooks prior to this time, although there probably are a number of such collections. The earliest that I have located is William Allen Hayes' Selected Songs Sung At Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1867.

³²As it is, very few of these songs have found their way into this thesis anyway.

The folklorist faces even more of a problem when he seeks to document the outrageously bawdy songs that are a part of the college repertoire. Some are obviously new; many are just as obviously quite old. But previous generations were seemingly less venturesome in recording their bawdry on paper, and even more virtuous in destroying the few songs that were preserved as documents in this manner. Legman, writing in general terms, notes:

....there is really no printed record of erotic folksong in English, of either the college or army group or any other, between the 1820's volumes of the Scottish collectors, and the year 1927, except of the most fragmentary kind.³³

The first publication to contain any significant amount of bawdy college material was the anonymously edited³⁴ Immortalia which appeared in 1927. The exceedingly rare Lyra Ebriosa followed in 1930, and thereafter some songbooks (usually without music) and many mimeographed pages have appeared sporadically to document the college and army song traditions. Unfortunately, the interested scholar will have a wretched time running down most of this material unless he is within the vicinity of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana, which has managed to obtain many of the more outstanding recent collections of erotic song, or unless he has a personal library of his own of some size.

In spite of the comments sometimes heard to the contrary, it is obvious that by and large such erotic songbooks have no influence on the song tradition of students since, as suggested above, copies of these works are so extremely rare that they seldom if ever find their way down

³³The Horn Book, p. 396.

³⁴According to Legman, probably edited by T. R. Smith.

to the campus level. The mimeographica, often produced by college students themselves, do circulate locally within the area in which they are produced, but primarily as curiosity pieces which are soon forgotten and discarded by most who have come by them.³⁵ Occasionally a song will be transported to another place and be incorporated into the local tradition through these sheets, but the percentage of instances where this happens is very small and the overall influence of these productions is minimal. Legman refers to "private guest books" and manuscript song collections maintained by college fraternity and other social units which are added to cumulatively over the years as each new generation records its songs in their pages. These are supposedly found in "the older colleges of England and America," although Legman admits to never having seen one himself. I cannot speak for the English institutions, nor for the post-graduate clubs or outside lodges such as the Elks and other similar groups, but I would strongly question the existence of such works on any large scale at the undergraduate level, whether in fraternities, sports clubs, or whatever. This judgment is based on my fairly extensive experience and contact with the college fraternity system, and from first hand observation of the campus song tradition at many points on campus. There very well may be such gargantuan collections at the few institutions Legman names (Oxford, Harvard, Cambridge, Yale),³⁶ but their influence on college song tradition as a whole can hardly be of great consequence, nor does Legman claim this..

³⁵I am basing my remarks here on my own experiences as a collector and college student, having seen a number of these mimeographed collections and songsheets on campuses I have known fairly intimately, and having noted the influence (or lack of same) of these productions on the local song tradition.

³⁶The Horn Book, p. 384.

What remains for the folklorist seeking parallels and analogues to college song material to do, is to go out and collect his own texts, or have his students gather them for him. The field is still rich with untapped items and new versions and variants that will do much to shed more light on the history and origins of college song lore, both generally and with regard to specific songs. Collections, as already noted, have been built up at various universities beginning as far back as a generation ago, notably at Indiana University (which also houses the Michigan State student song collections³⁷), the University of Texas, UCLA (also currently in possession of the Western Kentucky State College materials collected by D. K. Wilgus), and elsewhere. Until the present work, most of these repositories have been little consulted with serious intent. It is to be hoped that they will not always be so neglected.

V

A few last observations on the American college song tradition of a general nature are needed to round out the picture we have presented thus far.

First, as already noted, college songs are part of an urban tradition. The oral circulation of these songs is not dying out, nor is it a surviving remnant of some tradition which is being swept away by onrushing civilization. On the contrary, with the rapid expansion of university plant facilities all over the country, the environment necessary for the

³⁷The Indiana and Michigan repositories together comprise by far the largest archives of college song in the country, in all, about three thousand texts of three to four hundred songs.

incubation and circulation of these songs, if anything, is being continually supplemented and encouraged. Nowhere at the present time is there any indication of a real downward trend of the campus singing habit signalling the erosion and decline of the college song tradition. On the basis of student habits in the past millennium, it may be projected that as long as undergraduates continue to live together in dorms and fraternity houses, and intermingle socially at Sailing Club parties, beer blasts, local hangouts, vacation rendezvous spots, and such like, their long standing custom of entertaining themselves with nondescript songs drawn from a floating stock of their own making will continue.

As also suggested earlier, the mobility of college students as an occupational group reduces distance and physical geographical obstacles to impotent factors in the distribution and circulation of their songs around the country. It is not unusual nowadays for an individual living in New York to attend a university in the Midwest, while at the same time his close friends on the block go to a New England college and a Southern school, or possibly even a West Coast institution. At reunions over vacation periods, at favorite student resort areas such as Fort Lauderdale, during off-moments at fraternity and sorority national conventions, when a friend from some nearby or faraway college drives down for the weekend, nothing is more natural after the conversation has died down than for collegians to sing and swap songs. Invariably the newcomer or stranger knows an additional stanza, a variation on a familiar one, or perhaps an entirely new song which the local students may appreciate enough to incorporate into their own singing tradition (or vice-versa).

The process of oral transmission obviously does not differ in principle from that of the rural folksong, but what is significant about the campus song tradition in the light of the above-outlined mobility of today's college students is that (1) textual variation bears no relation to geography, and (2) songs whose origins are recent can nevertheless attain a remarkably wide circulation among undergraduates everywhere within a very short length of time. One can and often does find as much significant variation in the lyrics of college favorites as sung a few feet across the way in another local fraternity, as in some university institution a thousand miles away, sometimes much more. As a result, it does not appear possible to classify a group of texts, or even whole songs, according to the region from which they come.³⁸

Whether textual variation and the distribution of college songs can be patterned along regular lines in ways other than unilinear geography is impossible to determine at the present time because of the lack of widespread collecting of college song texts. Richard Dorson once suggested that some distinctions might be made on the basis of the song repertoires of students attending religious institutions as opposed to those of undergraduates enrolled in universities or colleges of a secular nature; I personally doubt that much distinction along these lines can be made, but at the moment there is no proof in either direction.

Probably somewhat more meaningful in its results would be an investigation establishing the differences which exist in the song traditions

³⁸These remarks are based on a general textual analysis of the songs in this thesis, in the Indiana University and other folklore archives; and on my overall personal observations in the field on this point.

of colleges possessing a strong fraternity (and sorority) system, in comparison to those that do not. My collecting has been done only at schools with well developed Greek social organizations and hence my frame of reference is in this respect limited, but every one of my informants who belonged to a fraternity or a sorority agreed emphatically that these groups maintain and perpetuate the campus song tradition more strongly than do the unorganized undergraduates.

This is quite understandable since fraternities and sororities as a rule are the most stable social groups on campus, have a relatively small (theoretically one-fourth) turnover from year to year, are limited in most cases in size to less than a hundred, and cultivate homogeneity and a tight in-group spirit among their members. Hence, there is a much stronger retention of college folklore within these units than among the less cohesive social organizations on campus.

On the other hand, the strength of the singing tradition in the fraternity houses should not be construed to mean there never is any oral song circulation elsewhere on campus, or at institutions which possess no Greek systems. Bands, sports teams, drinking clubs, and other non-fraternal groups whose members spend a good deal of time together, invariably do a good deal of singing and serve as strongholds of college song tradition outside the fraternity and sorority confines, and the wise collector will not neglect to seek out material from these organizations. Some singing likewise goes on in the dorms, but this is much more sporadic and quantitatively much less than among Greek units. That the college song tradition is weaker on campuses which lack fraternity systems could therefore

be projected, but, as already noted, remains as yet to be conclusively proven.³⁹

Finally, it should be noted that nearly all college songs are choric in nature. Unlike the ballad tradition, one seldom hears campus lyrics sung alone, although they, like most folksong, are most often sung unaccompanied. Some songs, such as "Sing, Brothers, Sing" (#13), "Limericks" (#39), "Hey La Li Lo" (#35) and others in this thesis, are rendered individually insofar as their verses are concerned, but always reunite the audience in unison on the chorus. What might be termed "musical jokes"⁴⁰ are the principal exceptions, these being short comments or parodies set to music which circulate orally among students (such as "I'm Sorry I Pledged _____ (SAE)" (#14), or the single line takeoff on "It Might As Well Be Spring," which goes "I'm as nervous as a fairy in a men's room..."). They, however, are relatively few in number, and even then are sometimes also sung by an entire crowd.

VI

A few words about the assembling of the texts in this thesis are in order. The basic field collecting was done between December, 1963 and

³⁹The major archives of college song referred to in these pages have all been collected at institutions possessing local fraternities and sororities; hence there are no estimates that can be made on the basis of already existing files of college songs. I would parenthetically note, however, that I have never met a recent undergraduate whom I could not get to admit having heard one or two specific songs during his days on campus (presuming, of course, that the individual actually lived and/or socialized with other college students).

⁴⁰R. Frederic Hafer, current Indiana University Folklore Archivist, first used this term in reference to the particular type of college songs discussed here.

April, 1964, but I have not hesitated to utilize items I have run onto both before and since. Informants were graduate students in the Folklore Institute at Indiana University, or undergraduate friends and contacts from the same institution, except in a few cases where the individuals contributing texts were personal friends from elsewhere whose songs have been incorporated into these pages in order to lend a bit more breadth and depth to the thesis, and especially to show textual variation where such is the case. Informants were taped individually or in groups of two or three; in one or two instances repertoires were noted in longhand, and the isolated text from an occasional passing student was almost always noted down in this fashion. In all, about two hundred texts of an estimated one hundred and forty songs were gathered in preparation for this thesis. Copies of the greatest bulk of this material have been turned in to the Indiana University Folklore Archives where they are now on permanent file.

At the beginning of each recording session the informant would be given a fairly large list of titles of college songs (either verbally or in writing) and asked if he knew any of them.⁴¹ This proved to be an effective pump-priming device as it served to bring to mind other songs that the individual had absorbed from student oral circulation, and also indicated to him what kinds of material were being sought. It might be parenthetically added that all informants were most cooperative after the nature of the project was explained to them, and even the girls had no objection to singing the most brazenly bawdy material in their repertoires into the tape recorder, once they were assured that nothing they could produce would in

⁴¹Kenneth S. Goldstein discusses this "Finding List" technique at length in his A Survey For Field Workers in Folklore, Hatboro, Pa., 1964, pp. 156-159.

any way shock or offend either myself or the members of the Folklore Institute who would be coming into contact with their contributions.

After the majority of titles that the informants could remember off-hand were noted, the session began and the tape recorder was turned on. The date, name, home residence, and class status of each individual participating were noted. Further pertinent data were gleaned during the course of the interviews concerning current and past residences on campus, the size of the living units informants were affiliated with, whether or not they belonged to fraternities or sororities (most did, a factor in their selection as informants), comparisons of singing traditions in the dormitories and elsewhere as opposed to singing traditions within Greek organizations, times and locations when college songs were most apt to be heard, and other such information as seemed appropriate or came to light.

As each song was recorded the informant's memory was probed for whatever recollections he had in regard to where he first heard it, where his source(s) had obtained it, special incidents, rituals, or identifications associated with the lyrics, whether he knew of other groups which sang the same song, etc. Occasionally when lines or verses were only fragmentarily recalled, a key word was suggested or hinted at, but if this failed to elicit any response, no further attempts to patch up the texts were made. As the session progressed other songs would come to mind, and these were recorded with relevant data in the same manner. In no cases were informants materially rewarded except in one or two instances where songs were collected over a can of beer which I provided.

In deciding whether or not to include specific texts in this thesis, I have taken several factors into consideration. First, all items

presented as "field texts" must have been personally collected by myself. In the second place, a rough estimate of the relative fame and representative character of each song in relation to the total college song tradition has been made, based on my knowledge and examination of the Indiana University and other folklore archives. By and large, the contents of the following pages are not only roughly proportional to the approximate percentage of each subdivision of college song found in the oral tradition of students (see p. 6), but the songs on an individual basis are fairly common and widely known. Finally, the amount of documentation I have been able to discover has in some cases influenced the decision of whether or not to include a particular item. No song, however, has been included solely for the reason that adequate or abundant reference materials were easily available, as the other criteria weighed much more heavily in the total appraisal of each item.⁴²

Because of space and time considerations, the total number of songs presented in this thesis is limited to sixty-four, this approximate figure representing a sizeable yet manageable chunk of the larger as yet incompletely measured corpus of college song lore. Variants bring the number of actual field texts to two or three times that amount. Excessively redundant items have been largely eliminated, but such omissions are always noted, and said material can be consulted in the Indiana University Folklore Archives if necessary. I also have on hand a large amount of notes

⁴²Some interesting documentation was found for a number of songs (e.g. "Lydia Pinkham") which were not included in this thesis because I personally collected no variants of them, or the item was not deemed representative enough or of sufficient reknown in student oral tradition to warrant its inclusion. On the other hand, some songs little documented in books or manuscripts are given precedence in these pages because in my opinion they are indeed in the mainstream of the campus song flow.

and documentation of varying kinds and degree relating to perhaps one hundred and fifty songs which for one reason or another I have not seen fit to include in the following pages, and this is available to anyone who takes the trouble to ask for it.

The texts seek to represent as unbiasedly as possible the song lore of college students as an occupational group without eliminating either the scrupulously clean or outrageously obscene item because of editorial fancy, the prospect of financial gain, or the dictates of contemporary morality. Unfortunately, it is one of very few such studies that attempts to defy all these temptations. This work cannot and is not intended to take the place of Legman's proposed encyclopedic volume of notes and texts of bawdy songs in the English language, and in view of my limited researches in the field of erotica to date, the notes to what bawdry there is in this thesis should be construed as preliminary rather than exhaustive in character.

In regard to format, this thesis is patterned after Vance Randolph's "'Unprintable' Songs from the Ozarks" manuscript in that the general introductory notes to each song immediately precede the texts for same, but in the interests of neatness and appearance, are separated on different pages, and are not jammed together. I have taken the liberty of quoting rather heavily from archive variants in the introductory comments to items #1-32 since there is somewhat less formal documentation for these songs (the specifically campus-oriented college favorites) than for the rest (the non-campus-oriented college songs), and it is often the only means I have to illustrate textual change and variation. When citing songbook and manuscript collections, I have usually repeated the date of publication or compilation in parentheses immediately afterwards (e.g. Songs For Singin'

(1961, p. 29)), so that the reader may conveniently retain a time perspective in regard to the various works cited without having to constantly refer to the bibliography. Tunes are included wherever the melody line cannot be designated with the title of a pre-existing popular song, folk-song, or hymn (about thirty instances).⁴³

The reader should also note the following abbreviations often used in the annotations that follow:

Abrahams-ISR--Materials collected under the auspices of Dr. Roger Abrahams, copies of which are on permanent file at the Institute For Sex Research, Bloomington, Indiana.

Abrahams-personal--Materials collected under the auspices of Dr. Roger Abrahams in his personal files, but unavailable at the Institute For Sex Research.

IU--Indiana University

IUFA--Indiana University Folklore Archives

MSU--Michigan State University

NYSHAFa--New York State Historical Association Folklore Archives

OWU--Ohio Wesleyan University

WKSC--Western Kentucky State College

Additional key letters designating particular collections (e.g. NYSHAFa G) are expanded into full citations in Section IV of the bibliography. A list of fraternity and sorority nicknames and abbreviations is given at the conclusion of the notes and texts. In order not to confuse the reader with pronunciation difficulties, the plural of Greek letters ending in

⁴³In some cases I have set down tunes whose melodies are familiar to me (and no doubt the reader), but whose titles I have been unable to identify.

"i," "o," and "u" vowels (e.g. phi, xi, rho, and nu) are always apostrophized (e.g. Theta Chi's, Sigma Nu's, etc.).⁴⁴ Data and special information on my informants also appear at the back of this thesis, and a short bibliographical essay just prior to the actual listings of consulted references comments briefly on the nature of the various sources I have used.

⁴⁴Such pluralizing of proper names of Greek social units is common in circles where references in writing to fraternities and sororities are continually made, and is not an innovation on my part.

1. There Are No Chi Omegas at Purdue

This is currently among the most widely known college songs on the Indiana University campus. Six texts from Michigan State University and six from Indiana University have been previously deposited in the files of college songs in the folklore archives at the latter school. Recent variants from the University of Cincinnati (item #1 B), and Texas University (Abrahams-ISR A, p. 5), as well as a report on the song's presence at Hanover College and Purdue University,¹ indicate that it is currently well known throughout the Midwest and in at least some areas beyond. The earliest text I have located to date stems from the (then) New York State College for Teachers about 1935 (NYSHAF A G), reading as follows:

There are no Alpha Rhos at Purdue,
There are no Alpha Rhos at Purdue,
So the Dekes, Phi Delts, and Betas,
Nec the Kappa Alpha Thetas.
What a helluva situation at Purdue.

Structurally, this song is related to a number of other college songs including "The Eagles They Fly High Down In Mobile" (#34), "Over There," and "Up At Yale," all of which use the AABBA limerick stanza arrangement, and also sometimes share lines and motifs as well (see The Limerick, Paris, 1953, pp. 320-22 for sample texts of each).² Vance Randolph prints a text

¹According to a note on the text submitted by Dick Kiner in the Michigan State folder of this song in the IUFA.

²The tune (see last paragraph on p. 33) is also virtually identical to that generally used to sing limericks ("Gay Caballero"), varying principally in its time signature. For further documentation of "The Eagles They Fly High" family, see the notes on pp. 190-193.

entitled, "The Story of Siam"³ in his "'Unprintable' Songs From The Ozarks" (Volume II, manuscript, 1954, p. 632) dating from the 1930's which combines elements of both this song and "The Eagles They Fly High..." in still another form belonging to this common family pattern. A service song, "There Are No Fighter Pilots Down In Hell," (see Wallrich's Air Force Airs, New York, 1957, pp. 54-55) should also be classified with this group on the basis of structure, but not in regard to contents.

In its most characteristic form, "There Are No Chi Omegas At Purdue" consists of two verses, the first stating the lack of a designated group of girls and the resulting substitution of homosexual relations by the deprived males; the second cynically noting that these same men still prefer their literal bedfellows even when the original lack of coeds is dissipated. Texts collected to date at other than Indiana University very often lack the second stanza. Versions with more than two verses such as the Hafer text below (#1 B) are unusual on the basis of what has been turned up so far.

Two interesting texts which reverse the role of the sexes vis-a-vis the lack of social contacts available to them were collected by Jo-Anne Gelow at Michigan State in the spring of 1953:

There are no Lambda Chi's at Purdue,
 There are no Lambda Chi's at Purdue,
 So the Kappa Kappa Gammas have to sleep
 in their pajamas,
 'Cause there are no Lambda Chi's at Purdue.

In this instance it is the sorority girls who have no access to their fraternity men, the Lambda Chi Alphas. The second variant is identical

³"Siam" is a nickname for the University of Missouri.

except for the third line which reads "...So the A O Pi's have to sleep with Sigma Chi's..."

As a rule, the last line is more subject to variation than any other part of the song. One sardonic text ends:

...But still the Beta Theta Pi's
They prefer the Lambda Chi's;
They got a pretty fancy chapter at IU.⁴

Another twist suggests that the whole problem wasn't worth getting upset about in the first place:

Yes there are some Chi Omegas at Purdue,
Yes there are some Chi Omegas at Purdue,
But the Beta Theta Pi's still sleep with Sigma Chi's.
You should see those Chi Omegas at Purdue.⁵

The tune is known variously as "I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago," "I Wish I Was A Little Cake of Soap," or "How D'Ya Do, Everybody, How D'Ya Do."

³"Siam" is a nickname for the University of Missouri.

⁴From a text collected by Frank Hoffmann from James Huntley, former Indiana University student, July, 1961.

1 A. Collected from Clay McMullen of the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University on December 6, 1963. He learned it in that house in 1961.

Oh there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue,
 Oh there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue,
 So the Beta Theta Pi's, they must sleep with
 Sigma Chi's,
 'Cause there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue.

Oh we have some Chi Omegas at IU,
 Oh we have some Chi Omegas at IU,
 But the Beta Theta Pi's, they still sleep with
 Sigma Chi's,
 Even though we have some Chi O's at IU.

1 B. R. Frederic Hafer, currently an Indiana University graduate student, sang this version on January 21, 1964. He remembered it from his undergraduate days at the University of Cincinnati during the years 1957-61. This text is unusual because of its length, expanded plot (verse three), and its irrelevant introductory stanza which is not found in any other version with which I am familiar.

Oh there are no ATO's down in hell (hell no!)
 Oh there are no ATO's down in hell (hell no!)
 Because hell is full of fleas,
 Sigma Chi's and SAE's...
 And there are no ATO's down in hell.

Now there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue (at Purdue),
 Oh there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue (at Purdue)
 So the Beta Theta Pi's have to sleep with Sigma Chi's
 'Cause there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue.

That's a helluva situation at Purdue (at Purdue).
 That's a helluva situation at Purdue (at Purdue).
 So for lack of recreation they resort to masturbation.
 That's a helluva situation at Purdue.

But there are some Chi Omegas at Purdue (at Purdue).
 Yes there are some Chi Omegas at Purdue (at Purdue).
 But the Beta Theta Pi's still prefer the Sigma Chi's
 Though there are some Chi Omegas at Purdue.

1 C. Sung by Jean Fox and Carol Adams of the Indiana University Chi Omega sorority on March 14, 1964. (Note: two other repetitious texts are omitted here but are on file in the IUFA.)

Oh, there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue.
Oh, there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue.
So the Beta Theta Pi's all sleep with Sigma Chi's
'Cause there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue.

Oh, there are some Chi Omegas at I.U.
Oh, there are some Chi Omegas at I.U.
But the Beta Theta Pi's still prefer the Sigma Chi's
And the Chi Omega's sleep with Sigma Nu's.

2. No Hiding Place Down There

The college form is a derivative of the semi-comic religious number of the same name, popular at camps and YMCA groups around the country, which in turn stems ultimately from Negro folksong tradition. Popular songbooks which print the (more or less) traditional Negro spiritual version, both words and music, are Frank Lynn's Songs for Swingin' Housemothers (San Francisco, 1961, p. 331) and the Bests' The New Song Fest (New York, 1955, p. 150) to name two. In order to sample the flavor of the older form, a few verses from the latter source are presented here:

Sister Lucy, she wears a low necked dress,
 low necked dress (repeat sentence).
 Sister Lucy wears a low necked dress;
 It's much too low I must confess.
 There's no hidin' place down there.

(similarly)
 Of all the religions I love best,
 I love the shoutin' Methodist.

Young people who delight in sin,
 I'll tell you lately how its been.

The spiritual possesses a chorus which evidently is dropped in the majority of instances when the collegiate lyrics are substituted; consequently in the campus form the meaning of "No Hiding Place" becomes somewhat obscure:

There's no hidin' place down there.
 No hidin' place down there, hallelujah, brothers;
 Oh I went to the rocks to hide my face,
 The rocks cried out "No hidin' place!"
 There's no hidin' place down there.

The earliest campus version I have been able to find was collected by one Bill Jones in 1934 at what is now Albany State College for Teachers

in New York.¹ Jones' text combines elements from both campus and traditional-popular sources, possibly with one or two local improvisations added as well.

Sister Lucy, she wore a low-neck dress,
She wore it much too low, I guess.²

Oh! A sinner-man stood at the gates of Hell;
He stubbed his toe and in he fell!

Oh! A plumber he sat upon a fence
Censored! Censored! Censored! SENSED

Oh! A cockroach he climbed into a tree
And there gave birth to a D.K.E.

Oh! The ocean was just as smooth as glass
And the water came right up to her ankles.
(If you don't think this rhymes, wait til the
tide comes in.³)

Oh! Who's over there all dressed in pink;
It's Joe McGinnis and does he stink!

Later college forms of the song are always devoted to deriding other fraternities and sororities for virtually any and every reason. Curiously, only one text was collected at Michigan State during the decade 1947-56, that a rather late one (1955). However a fragmentary text of "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous" collected in 1953 on that campus is clearly related to the collegian's "No Hiding Place" both in structure and content:

¹Preserved in the NYSHAFA holdings.

²Repetitive lines and the traditional chorus (above, p. 36) are omitted.

³See this verse in limerick form in The Limerick (#1583).

The Sigma Nu's are a bunch of squirrels, parlez vous,
 The Sigma Nu's are a bunch of squirrels, parlez vous,
 The Sigma Nu's are a bunch of squirrels,
 They'd rather play with themselves than girls.
 Hinky dinky parlez vous.⁴

Whatever the reason for the lack of texts at Michigan State, the song is enormously popular on other campuses such as Indiana University, the University of Cincinnati, Texas University (Abrahams--ISR A, p. 4), and Ohio Wesleyan University, the verses seemingly being endless--understandably in view of the ease with which improvisation may take place. A surprising number of stanzas, however, are traditional. Usually the song is sung by both men and women in mixed company or in stag sessions, the degree of bawdiness usually depending on the nature of the gathering.

⁴Collected by Mary J. Stover. Compare this with a verse collected in the only Michigan State University text (submitted by Karen Short):

Oh the Psi U's they are a bunch of squirrels,
 They go out with the dirtiest girls.
 No hidin' place down there.
 [Repetition omitted]

2 A. "No Hiding Place Down There" was one of the most well known of all college songs at Ohio Wesleyan University during the years I attended that school (1958-62). Most students had heard the song if they did not sing it themselves. I found this text and those of several other student songs in a folder of odds and ends collected by Daniel "Skip" Landt, member of Beta Sigma Tau fraternity, and a senior at OWU at that time in the spring of 1959. Presumably Landt heard these lyrics somewhere on the Ohio Wesleyan campus between the years 1955-58, though there was no positive information or statement from him that he did (or did not) do so.

Oh the Betas, they wear their pink and blue,
 Oh the Betas, they wear their pink and blue,
 The Betas wear their pink and blue,
 (In a high voice) I'm a Beta, Who are you?
 No hiding place down there.

The Sig Eps are marching one by one,
 The Sig Eps are marching one by one,
 The Sig Eps are marching one by one,
 How the heck can you have any fun,
 No hiding place down there.

The Thetas, they are a bunch of wrecks,
 The Thetas, they are a bunch of wrecks,
 The Thetas are a bunch of wrecks,
 Turn down the lights--turn on the sex,
 No hiding place down there.

The Pi Phi's are the campus queens,
 The Pi Phi's are the campus queens,
 The Pi Phi's are the campus queens,
 They get their sex from magazines,
 No hiding place down there.

The Pi Phi's, they are the campus queens,
 The Pi Phi's are the campus queens,
 Oh my God, what sex machines,
 No hiding place down there.

The DiGi's, they are the girls with brains,
 The DiGi's, they are the girls with brains,
 The DiGi's are the girls with brains,
 They park with the guys in the darkest lanes,
 No hiding place down there.

2 B. I collected these additional verses from Evan Bukey of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity at Ohio Wesleyan in 1961. The second and third stanzas refer to the pins of the groups mentioned.

(Similarly as before)
 The Sig Alfs, they have the golden touch, etc.
 Sometimes I think they touch too much.

The Thetas, they wear the golden kite, etc.
 They say they won't, but I think they might.

The Sig Eps, they wear the valentine, etc.
 But all their girls are concubines.

The Tri Delts, they are tried and true, etc.
 I tried one, why don't you?

2 C. Collected from Linda Rethmeyer, Alpha Xi Delta Sorority, Indiana University, December 8, 1963.

Oh the Kappas they wear the golden key,
 Oh the Kappas they wear the golden key, oh, oh, oh,
 The Kappas wear the golden key right out front for
 all to see,
 There's no hiding place down there.

(Similarly)
 Oh the Pi Phi's they are a bunch of wrecks,
 Turn out the lights, turn on the sex.
 [The Pi Phi's also sing this verse about the Alpha Xi's]

The Pi Phi's they are a bunch of queens,
 All night long in limousines.

Oh the ATO's they are a bunch of drunks,
 All night long in Fuzzie bunks.

Oh the Tri Delts they are so tried and true,
I tried one and so have you.*

*The informant was a bit vague on the wording
but thought it was approximately this.

2 D. The Chi Omega variant form at Indiana University, according to informants Jean Fox and Carol Adams, consists only of references to sorority pins. This fragmented text was collected on March 14, 1964. (Note: A text from the University of Cincinnati is omitted since it largely duplicates this and the above items.)

Oh the Pi Phi's they wear the arrow straight,
Oh the Pi Phi's they wear the arrow straight,
The Pi Phi's wear the arrow straight
(Shrilly) To pierce the heart of every date.
No hiding place down there.

Oh the Kappas wear the golden key,
Oh the Kappas wear the golden key,
The Kappas wear the golden key,
. . . . for you and me.
No hiding place down there.

[The informants had heard another verse about the
Theta pin, but couldn't remember it.]

3. Just Put Her In A Corner

Seven variants were collected at Michigan State in the decade ending in 1956, four of these, however, being post-dated between the years 1943 and 1946. Two more were reported as having been learned in Michigan high schools during the same period. Other colleges which are known to possess the song are Northwestern, Oberlin, the University of Michigan, and Ohio Wesleyan.¹ Prior to this collection one text had been turned in to the folklore archives at Indiana University.

The contention by one of the Michigan State informants that this song is practically universal on college campuses would seem to be half way to the truth, judging by the number of the minor variations in just the few texts preserved in the Indiana University folklore archives. The fraternities and sororities possessing the "sacred seal" in this girls' favorite are variously reported as "old Lambda Chi," Phi Kappa Psi, Beta Theta Pi, Sigma Omicron Pi, "a Phi Delt guy," Delta Sigma Phi, "dear old Theta Chi," "dear old Delta Chi," and Alpha Delta Pi, to name a few. Nor is it uncommon for the wording to be altered, where necessary, in order to accomodate in rhyme the correct name of the social unit involved. Hence some texts will read:

...And when he starts to murmur,
And looks at you with awe,
Just tell him that's the sacred seal
Of Sigma Delta Tau.

¹Two texts have been reported from Northwestern. The Oberlin variant is the only non-fraternity form of this song I have seen (Oberlin has no Greek social units). The University of Michigan text was later transported to Ohio Wesleyan (see the notes to #3 A), but since then local variants have come to light.

or:

...If he starts to holler, if he starts to coo,
Tell him it's the sacred seal of dear old Theta Nu.

I first heard this song in a different and somewhat more bawdy form (#3 A) than that usually sung by girls. Not infrequently it is also found in combination with other campus favorites in mixed texts.²

²See, for example, its appearance in one of the texts in the notes to "Adam" (#6), below on p. 61.

3 A. Joe Razek, Ohio Wesleyan Pi Lambda Phi fraternity man, brought this more masculine and bawdy version of "Just Put Her In A Corner" back with him from a visit to the Pi Lam chapter at the University of Michigan in 1961. The original tune was forgotten in transit and fraternity brother Larry Schoenfeld set the words to the music of "Bell Bottom Trousers," in which form it was adopted into the Ohio Wesleyan Pi Lambda Phi song tradition.

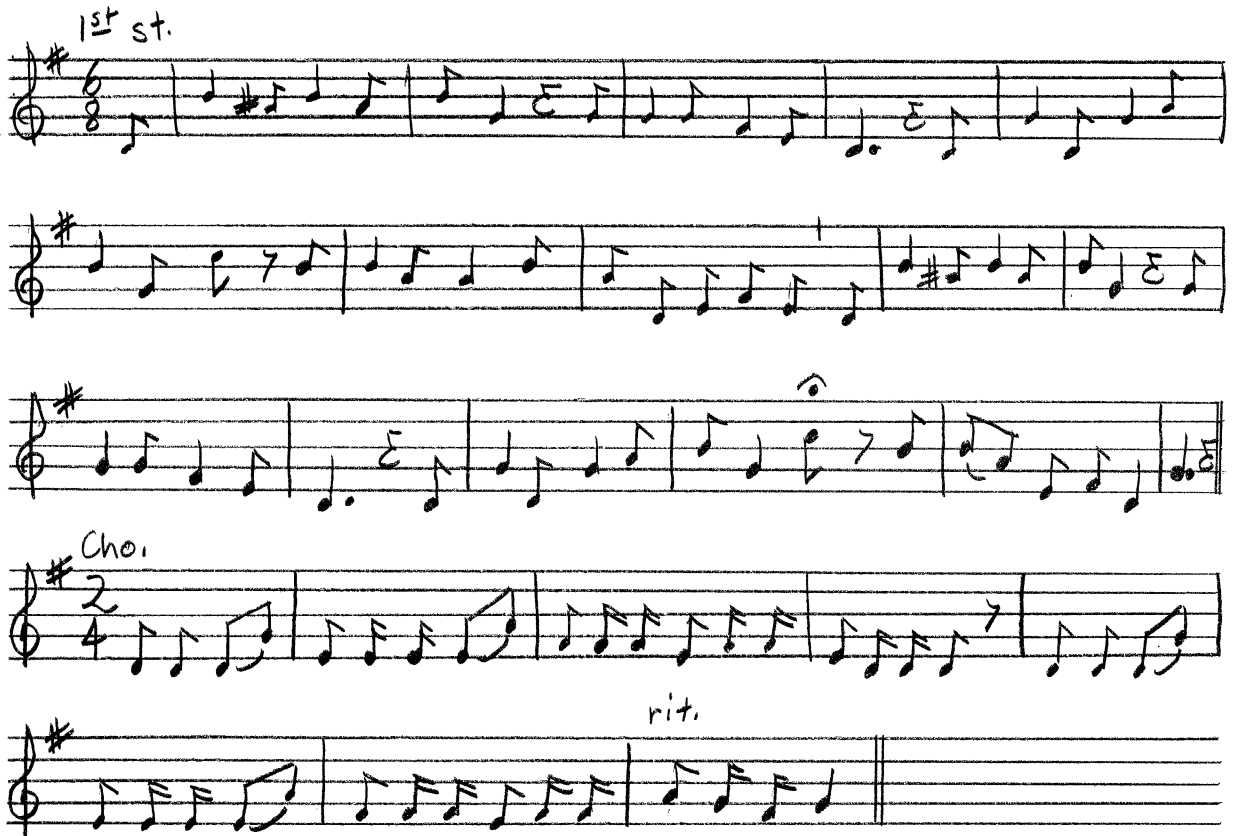
Grab her by the ankle, throw her into bed.
 Wrinkle up her nightie, kiss her pretty head.
 When she starts to whimper, when she starts to sigh,
 Just slip her that which is the pride of old Pi Lambda Phi.

3 B. Collected from Linda Rethmeyer, Alpha Xi Delta sorority at Indiana University, December 8, 1963. When sung on formal or "proper" occasions, the second verse is omitted. Linda said that the song is known by many sororities on the Indiana University campus.

Just put her in a corner and hold her tight like this.
 Just put your arms around her waist and on her lips a
 kiss (if she'll let you).
 And if she starts to murmur, and if she starts to sigh,
 Just tell her it's the sacred seal of old Phi Kappa Psi.

Chorus: Hi, hi, hi, Phi Kappa Psi,
 Live, never die, never Phi Kappa Psi,
 Hi, hi, hi, Phi Kappa Psi,
 Live, never die, never Phi Kappa Psi.

I put her in a corner and held her tight like this.
 I put my arms around her waist and on her lips a kiss
 (and she let me).
 She didn't start to murmur, she didn't start to sigh,
 And now we have a legacy to old Phi Kappa Psi.



3 C. John Clark of the Indiana University Sigma Pi fraternity sang this variant, somewhere between texts A and B in wording, on October 22, 1964. His use of "Cruising Down the River" as a tune was interesting and unusual.

Push her in a corner, put your arms around her waist.
 And on her lips you place a kiss, while she's in your
 embrace.
 And if she starts to murmur with your hand upon her thigh,
 Just tell her its the secret grip of dear old Sigma Pi.

4. Never Trust A (Sigma Nu) An Inch Above Your Knee

The ancestry of "Never Trust A Sigma Nu" can be traced into the past considerably further than most songs which have to do with campus life, some of its roots running at least as far back as the English folksong, "The Jolly Beggar," listed in Child's collection as #279. Its immediate origins, however, stem from the more familiar "Bell Bottom Trousers" (Laws K43), almost any version of which the reader will chance to examine (whether expurgated or not) invariably concluding with a stanza possessing a line suggestive of the title of the campus offshoot. For example, a text taken from a random popular songbook¹ reads:

"And if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee;
But if you have a son, send the rascal off to sea."
The moral of the story is as plain as plain can be:
Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.

Digging a little further, it is possible to locate variants of "Bell Bottom Trousers" which develop much more fully the theme of the last line in the verse quoted above. In the concluding stanzas cited below from three different texts in the IUFA, the clear relationship between the nautical favorite and the college lament becomes even more obvious:²

Now come you pretty maidens and take a tip from me:
Never let a sailor get an inch above your knee.
I did and now he's left me with a bastard on my knee.

* * *

¹Lynn, Songs for Swingin' Housemothers, 1961, p. 265.

²In order of citation, an Indiana University text from William Lee Thornton from 1956, an undated Michigan State University text submitted by Nancy Wright, and another from Michigan State ca. 1948 turned in by Verne Mohl. The Indiana University stanza evidently lacks a line in the last couplet.

Now the moral of this story as you can plainly see
 Is never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.
 He'll love you and caress you and promise to be true,
 But he'll climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

* * *

Now the moral of this story as far as I can see,
 Is never trust a sailor with his hand above your knee;
 For if you trust a sailor with his hand above your knee,
 In nine long months my darling, a mother you will be.

"Bell Bottom Trousers" in turn, as Legman has pointed out (The Horn Book, p. 226) can be traced back to Child #279, "The Jolly Beggar." Child himself, in his famous collection, included (in highly censored form according to Legman) the Pepys broadside,³ "The Pollitick Beggar-Man," as variant B under version A of #279 "The Jolly Beggar." The last verse of this text is quite suggestive of contemporary survival forms in spite of its age and the somewhat strained literary style:

You maidens fair, where ere you are,
 Keep up your store and goods.
 For when that some have got their wills,
 They'll leave you in the suds.
 Let no man tempt you nor entice,
 Be not too fond and coy,
 But soon agree to loyalty,
 Your freedom to enjoy.

The moralization of "never trust a (Sigma Nu) an inch above your knee" is also found in folk tradition apart from its appearances in the campus and nautical (or false-nautical, as Legman aptly has said⁴) expressions. It turns up in Sharp's English Folk Songs From The Southern Appalachians in the concluding two stanzas of #107 B, "Good Morning, My

³Pepys Ballads III, 73, No. 71; the lines quoted below make up the twelfth verse.

⁴The Horn Book, p. 412.

Pretty Little Miss"⁵:

Come all you fair and handsome girls,
A warning take by me;
Don't never trust your own true love
An inch above the knee.

He'll hug you and kiss you,
He'll roll you all about.
Then he'll leave you as I was left
To roll the baby out.

The theme is also found in Randolph's Ozark Folk Songs (IV, Columbia, Missouri, 1950, pp. 328-29) as part of a short song harking again to "Bell Bottom Trousers," entitled "Don't Never Trust A Sailor," as well as in the same author's "'Unprintable' Songs" (I, p. 48) in verse two of "The Night Hawk."⁶ Wallrich prints another service reworking in Air Force Airs, (New York, 1957, pp. 63-64) as "'G' Suits And Parachutes." But in view of the relative non-existence on the college campus of these other (and for the most part) older songs containing the "never trust..." motif, in comparison to the fairly well known "Bell Bottom Trousers," I feel justified in asserting that the latter is probably the direct ancestor of the college form rather than some other branch of the song's family.

Turning to the college texts, it is evident that the campus version was fairly well known by the 1930's. Sherle Goldstone collected two

⁵Edited by Maud Karpeles, London, 1932, II, p. 92.

⁶The motif appears again in expanded form in "'Unprintable' Songs" (II, pp. 540-42) in "An Inch Above Your Knee." Randolph also refers to its appearance on p. 51 of Johnson's Bawdy Ballads and Lusty Lyrics, (New York, 1935). I recently heard a recording of a traditional British mining song, "With My Pit Boots On," sung by Bob Davenport (The Newport Folk Festival--1963, The Evening Concerts: Vol. 2, Vanguard VRS 9149) which also concluded with this theme.

variants in New York about 1935 (NYSHAF A G), one of which is similar to #4 A below, and stems from Syracuse University. The other was taken from Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute:

Now all you Trojan maidens, hearken to my plea.
 Never trust an R.P.I. an inch above your knee.
 For I trusted one, as you can plainly see,
 And the son-of-a-gun, he left me with a baby on my knee.

Oh, he was tall and hearty; I was frail but strong.
 He said, "My little darling, I'll never do you wrong.
 Now I've a wife in Philly, but I'll get a divorce."
 So I listened to his tale of love, and now I'm a mother
 of course.

D. K. Wilgus has noted down another text from his student days at Ohio State in the late thirties which is combined with a reworking of an older traditional song, "When I Was Young And Foolish" (see Sandburg's text of the latter in The American Songbag, New York, 1927, p. 219):

'Twas at a dance I met him.
 He asked me for a dance.
 I knew he was a Lambda Chi*
 By the way he wore his pants.**

His hair was neatly polished,
 His shoes were brightly combed,
 And when the dance was over,
 He asked to see me home.

As we were strolling homeward
 I heard somebody say,
 "There goes another Alpha Phi*
 Being led astray."

'Twas in my father's hallway
 That I was led astray.
 'Twas in my mother's bedroom
 That I was made to lay.

*Varied by the substitution of appropriate society.

**Variant: Because he wore no pants. (D.K.W.)

Now listen all my children,
Listen to my plea.
Don't ever let a Lambda Chi
Get an inch above your knee.

For if you do he'll hold you
And promise to be true,
And when he's got your cherry,
He'll say, "To hell with you."

"Never Trust A Sigma Nu" is one of several Greek songs which is frequently found joined with elements of other college favorites in mixed texts, the version above from Wilgus being only one such example.⁷ Others have united it with "Who Am I, Sir?" (#5), below on p.57, "Sing, Brothers, Sing" (#13):

Listen my children and you shall hear the tale of an S.A.E.
Never let an S.A.E. an inch above your knee.
Once I let an S.A.E. an inch above my knee.
The son of a bitch, he left me with a son of an S.A.E.
Oh, lock the gates of heaven and throw away the key,
And hide the Virgin Mary; here comes an S.A.E.⁸

and "Expecting An Engineer":

Listen my girls, listen to my plea,
Don't ever let a Tech man an inch above your knee;
Or he'll take you to some bar room and fill you up on beer.
Before you know it you're the mother of a bouncing engineer.

I'm a helluva sot from Agnes Scott and I'll do it for fifty cents.
I'll lay my ass upon the grass, my tits upon the fence.
Oh, you bring the whisky, I'll bring the beer,
But you can go to hell, you son of a bitch, if you're an engineer.⁹

⁷See especially "Adam" (#6) for intricate combinations with other songs.

⁸A 1948 Michigan State University text collected by Virginia Baldwin. See, for example, the third verse of the Wakefield text of "Sing, Brothers, Sing" on p. 97.

⁹From Ohio State University, 1949 (WKSC). The informant according to collector Joseph Profio, learned it in Clearwater, Florida.

Variant forms, of course, adjust the lyrics to fit the desired fraternity, and sometimes omit the key line, "never trust a _____ an inch above the knee":

Now listen darling sister and don't ask me how I know;
 Don't ever go a 'courtin' with a brother ATO.
 He'll hug you and he'll pet you and tell you he's your beau,
 But the son of a gun will leave you with a son of an ATO.¹⁰

* * *

Listen my darling daughter, and I will tell you why,
 To never go out with a Beta Theta Pi;
 For he'll f--k you and he'll screw you, and he'll never let
 you go,
 And the son of a bitch will leave you on the go.¹¹

The song is popular in one form or another with both boys and girls, although it is more commonly heard from the latter. The melody is invariably "Son of A Gambolier," much better known on the college campus as "Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech."

¹⁰A Michigan State University text from 1954 collected by Jim and Dan McGreevy.

¹¹A text from Indiana University, 1960, collected by Xenia Blom.

4 A. Collected from Linda Rethmeyer, Indiana University, December 8, 1963 as sung in the Alpha Xi Delta sorority house. Several other local informants had heard the song but could not sing it from memory. The tune is the usual one, "Rambling Wreck...."

Never trust a Sigma Nu an inch above the knee;
 I trusted one the other night to see how it would be.
 He promised he'd be faithful and he said that he'd be true,
 But the son of a gun, he left me with a son of a Sigma Nu.

[There is more but the informant couldn't recall anything else.]

4 B. This text from Jon Kwitny, member of Phi Sigma Delta fraternity at the University of Missouri during the years 1958-62, combines "Never Trust A Phi Sig" with "Drink 'Em Down" and the familiar "Souse Family." Jon sang it on June 1, 1964.

Oh listen all you coeds, oh listen to my plea,
 Never trust a Phi Sig an inch above your knee.
 He'll fill you full of whiskey and he'll fill you full of
 gin,
 And you'll soon be the mother of some bouncing Phi Sig men.
 (Variants: some bouncing Phi Sig twins.
 (or) of a bouncing Phi Sig pin.)

Oh here's to all the ladies, drink 'em down, drink 'em down,
 Oh here's to all the ladies, drink 'em down, drink 'em down,
 Oh here's to all the ladies, may they all have Phi Sig babies,
 Oh here's to all the ladies, drink 'em down, bom, bom, bom.

Slow gin fizzes floating through the air,
 And the highballs floating on the ground, bom, bom, bom,
 Slow gin fizzes floating through the air,
 And the highballs floating on the ground.

Drunk last night, drunk the night before;
 Gonna get drunk tonight like I never got drunk before.
 Oh when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
 For I am a member of the Souse family.

Oh the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the Amsterdam Dutch and the Rotterdam Dutch,
The Stattendam Dutch and the God damn Dutch.
Singing glorious, glorious,
One keg of beer for the four of us.
Glory be that there are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone.

5. Who Am I, Sir? (Ordinary Sort of Bum)

A very few college songs, represented in this collection by "Who Am I, Sir?" and #6, 7 and 20 below, seem to manage to exist in both student oral tradition and in the static and oft times stuffy world of the officially promulgated and required fraternity song, yet without the influence of the one canceling out the other. As a Sigma Nu favorite, "Who Am I, Sir?" has evidently been sung in some cases with little change over a forty year period. The Indiana University Song Book (Bloomington, Indiana, 1921, pp. 64-65) prints the earliest text (with music) I have yet located:

I hail from the State of Montana, boys,
I'm wild and wooly and rough.
I ride the bronco and smoke cigarettes,
And do everything that's tough.
I'm always lighthearted and free from care;
To a pal I'm always true.
You'll always find me ready to fight
For dear old Sigma Nu.

Who am I, sir? A fraternity man am I,
A Sigma Nu, sir, and will be till I die.
For I'm always lighthearted and free from care;
To a pal I'm always true.
You'll always find me ready to fight
For dear old Sigma Nu.

The Sigma Nu's they like to live,
But when they come to die
You'll never hear them moan or groan,
You'll never hear them sigh.
For when they reach the pearly gate
They're sure of passing through,
For old St. Peter, as you know,
Is a loyal Sigma Nu.

A variant collected from the same fraternity at Michigan State in 1955 reveals some rather significant changes in the chorus, and also substitutes two new stanzas at the expense of the opening verse printed in the text in the Indiana University Song Book:

Chorus: Who am I sir, a fraternity man am I;
 A Sigma Nu, sir, and will be till I die.
 Hi rickety - whoop de doo
 What's the matter with Sigma Nu.
 Hulla ba hoo - terikahoo
 Epsilon Rho for Sigma Nu. Hey!!

I'm only a Sigma Nu, I'm not so clean and neat.
 I never wash my hands and face, I never scrub my feet.
 My collars and cuffs are seldom clean, I never shine
 my shoes.
 I'm the scum of the whole damn Universe, I'm one of the
 Sigma Nu's.

The Sigma Nu's, they like to live, but when it comes
 to die.
 You never hear them moan or groan, you never hear them
 sigh.
 They march right up to the pearly gates, you bet your
 life they do;
 For at the gate they meet St. Pete, and he's a Sigma Nu.

And if perchance you wander from the straight and
 narrow path.
 And flunk your course in morals as you used to flunk
 your math.
 Well don't be disconcerted, boys, when you hear that
 funeral knell,
 For we've an alumni chapter in the very depths of hell.¹

An entirely different form of "Who Am I, Sir?" turns up in a Sigma
 Chi version collected at Michigan State in 1946:

Oh, I'm a Sigma Chi, sir, I live across the green.
 Our gang it is the jolliest that you have ever seen.
 We will drink a stein of lager and smoke a big cigar.
 Our yell you'll hear it echo o'er the country near and far.

Chorus: Oh, who am I, sir? I'm a Sigma Chi;
 Sigma Chi, sir, I will be 'til I die.
 We're rough, we're tough, we never bluff,
 We're game in any fuss.
 No gang in college care to meet us in the muss,

¹Collected by Jack Peddie. The motif of the first stanza concern-
 ing the lack of hygenic practices also appears in a soldier's song
 entitled "We're The Boys of the 31st," printed in Dolph's Sound Off,
 New York, 1929, pp. 556-57.

So fill your lungs and sing it out,
And shout it to the sky:
The blue and gold forever.
I'm a loyal Sigma Chi.

We may not live forever on this jolly good old sphere,
But while we're here we'll live a life of merriment
and cheer.
And when along in after years we toss our infants high,
We'll teach them that the alphabet begins with Sigma
Chi.²

It is not uncommon for "Who Am I, Sir?" to circulate in combined form with other college songs, particularly "A Freshman Came To College," which has a very similar theme.³ In a number of cases the lyrics are sung to "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech" and hence tend to be joined with fragments from other songs which utilize the same tune, such as "I'm A Drunken _____ (Name)" and "Adam" (#6).⁴ These last generally include

²Collected by Maribelle Horr. A note on the text states that song is also sung at Northwestern University. Like the above Sigma Nu variant from Michigan State University, this text also has a motif which recurs elsewhere, the last two lines not infrequently turning up in "Sing, Brothers, Sing" (#13), as on p. 98.

³A fragmentary text of "A Freshman Came To College" collected by Sherle Goldstone in New York in the mid 1930's (NYSHAF A G) suggests the proximity in theme to "Who Am I, Sir?"

We wandered up to heaven to see what was there.
The Clio's were all seated around the foot of the
golden stair.
Some were smoking cigarettes and all were feeling gay.
Oh, they're all damn good friends of mine; they're
all Clio for aye!

We wandered down to Hades to see the poor lost souls.
The Alpha Deltas and Theta Phi's were roasting on the
coals.
The Arethuses' and Ago's sizzling had begun,
While the Clio's sat in velvet chairs a-watching all
the fun.

⁴These combinations are discussed and illustrated in much more detail in the notes to "Adam" (#6) on pp. 60-61.

enough that is ungenteel in their texts so that they are transmitted only through oral tradition, since they cannot be used in a formal capacity.

One such example unites "Who Am I, Sir" with "Never Trust a Sigma Nu" (#4):

Who Am I, Sir? Fraternity man am I.
Sigma Nu, sir, will be till I die.
I am loyal hearted, free from care,
A pal, I'm always true.
You'll always find me ready to fight
For dear old Sigma Nu.

Now listen to me co-ed, listen to my plea.
Don't ever let a Sigma Nu an inch above your knee.
He'll take you on a picnic and fill you full of booze,
And you'll become the mother of a bouncing Sigma Nu.⁵

Obviously such a variant cannot (as yet) be sung in front of visiting mothers, dignitaries, or cub scouts; hence if the song is to survive in its present form, it has no recourse but to do so through the relatively informal exchange of such lyrics in the back room of the fraternity house, the local bar, or out in the woods on a relaxed picnic where the beer flows freely.

Various tunes seem to be utilized for this song, among them the aforementioned "Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech," but also "Solomon Levi" and (probably an error on an informant's part) "Funiculi Funicula."

⁵Collected by Rosemary Moore, Indiana University, 1958.

5. Called "Ordinary Sort of Bum" by the Beta Sigma Tau fraternity at Ohio Wesleyan during the 1950's, this version was an "official" house song used most often on formal occasions. It is printed in the "Song Book of the Ohio Wesleyan Chapter of Beta Sigma Tau,"⁶ and is sung to the tune of "Solomon Levi."

Oh I'm an ordinary sort of bum, I'm not so very neat;
 I seldom wash my hands and face; I never wash my feet.
 My cuffs and collars are seldom clean, my shirts are way
 too big,
 But I'm a wheel at Wesleyan 'cause I'm a Beta Sig.

Oh the Beta Sigs they love to live, but when they come to die,
 You never hear a moan or groan, you never hear a sigh,
 They mount right up those golden stairs, you bet your life
 they do,
 For there they're sure to meet St. Pete, a Beta Sigma too!

Now if by chance you wander from the straight and narrow path,
 And now you flunk your morals as you used to flunk your math.
 Don't be disconcerted if you hear the fatal knell,
 For we've a fine alumni chapter in the depths of ____.

Maybe you don't believe me, maybe you think it's a lie,
 But if you come to Delaware, you'll see the same as I.⁷

⁶Compiled and edited by William Robert Emblidge, Jr., mimeographed, Kenmore, New York, 1953, p. 10.

⁷The anonymous manuscript from the University of Arkansas, "College Folklore" (ca. 1957, p. 93) gives the following verse collected from an unnamed informant from Pine Bluff, Arkansas:

There was a cow in barber town
 Who had two horns of brass.
 One grew out her upper lip,
 The other grew out her hinky dinky
 tiddly winky, you may think I lie.
 But if you go down to barber town,
 You'll see the same as I.

6. Adam

Undoubtedly this song has been around for many more years than the earliest text in the Indiana University Folklore Archives (from Michigan State University, 1950)¹ would indicate. Texts collected on various campuses so far show "Adam" to be a house song (both formally and informally) of Phi Kappa Psi, Lambda Chi Alpha, Delta Chi, Kappa Sigma, Theta Chi, and Pi Lambda Phi. Doubtless there are many more.

"Adam" is undoubtedly the most widely known of the very few formal or "required" fraternity songs which have parallels current in the college oral tradition. The more respectable variants, omitting even that which can only be described as little more than risqué, are used in many cases as songs with which to entertain fraternity guests, rushees, and the like. Where used in this capacity, the local house text does not vary over years of singing, but yet like those variants which are of an informal character and which remain exclusively in student oral tradition, may nevertheless be borrowed, partially reworked, and expanded or consolidated into either a new formal shape, or into a re-creation which exists in the fraternity repertoire only through oral circulation. Meanwhile,

¹This text is combined with "A Freshman Came To College," or rather one should say is a stanza submerged in the much longer latter song. It was collected by Carol Armstrong. Because at least four college songs possess similar themes of easy familiarity with the great people of history and with the inmates of heaven and hell ("Adam," "Olympus," "A Freshman Came To College," and "Who Am I, Sir?"), and many others are of a similar boasting and bragging nature, it at times becomes tedious to the point of exasperation to untangle the interwoven texts and to determine which song is the original and which are the added motifs. An excellent example is the Larson text printed below on pp. 60-61 which contains four verses from four different songs and which therefore can only be arbitrarily catalogued according to whichever verse comes first (with additional cross references).

the less respectable forms (such as those printed below on pp. 61-63 have continued to circulate largely sub rosa as far as the official life of the fraternity is concerned. Thus "Adam" neither enters entirely into the world of campus folksong tradition, nor into the more constrained, conscious, and rigidly patterned formal environment of alma maters, victory cheers, and dirge-like odes to the university, but flits in a twilight or buffer zone between the two.

The song invariably is found in combined texts with popular fraternity and sorority favorites such as "I'm A Drunken _____ (name)," "Just Put Her In a Corner" (#3), "Never Trust A Sigma Nu" (#4), and others. Two examples of this intermixture of "Adam" with other songs are selected from among several in the Indiana University Folklore Archives which might be cited. The first was collected by Ted Larson at Michigan State in 1953²:

Oh we are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Theta Chi's.
We heard it tell we drink like hell of whiskey, scotch, and rye.
Oh if the ocean were made of whiskey, we'd surely drink it dry,
Oh we are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Theta Chi's.

Adam was the first man who ever did get in.
Methuselah was the oldest to ever wear the pin.
Samson was the strongest, he surely had the itch;
And if Caesar were alive today, we'd pledge the son of a gun.

A freshman came to college, free from sin was he.
He didn't smoke, he didn't drink, or use profanity.
Until he became connected with the grand fraternity,
And the son of a gun, we led him right into a den of iniquity.

²Combining "Adam" with "We Are, We Are," "A Freshman Went To College," and "Never Trust A (Theta Chi)" (#4).

Gather round my children, listen unto me.
 Never trust a Theta Chi an inch above your knee.
 For I trusted one as you can plainly see,
 And the son of a gun, he left me with a baby on my knee.

In the following text, "Adam" is united with two different songs than those found in the above item³:

I am a drunken Beta, I love my Haag and Haag,
 I love my Johnny Walker, I love my lady's leg.
 I love my beer and ale, I love my rocks and rye,
 For I am one of the drunken crew of Beta Theta Pi.

Now if you meet a pretty miss and don't know what to do,⁴
 You put your arms around her waist and on her lips a kiss.
 And if she starts to murmur, and if she starts to sigh,
 Just tell her it's the sacred grip of Beta Theta Pi.

Now Adam was the first man to wear the Beta pin.
 And Socrates the wisest of all our earthly kin.
 Samson was the strongest although he had the itch.
 If Julius Caesar comes along, we'll pledge the son of a

Betas raise your voices,
 Come on and join our happy song.

It should be duly noted that "Adam" and most of the other songs combined with it are sung to the tune of "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech," or at any rate are so structured metrically (as in the case of "Just Put Her In A Corner" (#3)) that they can be adapted to this melody.⁵

³Collected at Indiana University by Rosemary Moore in 1958. This time "Adam" is joined with "Just Put Her In A Corner" (#3) and "I'm A Drunken (Beta)."

⁴This line is evidently garbled. Other texts in the IUFA more properly rhyme the words with the second line on the idea of "Now if you find a pretty miss, what you do is this...."

⁵For some reason, probably because of its rousing spirit, the tune of "Rambling Wreck" is the basic melody of quite a number of college songs. See footnote #2 for "Godiva" (#29), p.169 for a listing of the more important of these.

Hence the borrowing and intermingling of stanzas from these different songs is greatly facilitated, and indeed becomes a very simple matter.

As more versions of "Adam" are collected which possess two or more stanzas, and which do not intermix with other recognizable songs, it will be interesting to see if there is any distinct thematic pattern carried beyond the first verse. At present it is difficult to say since quite a number of the few texts turned up so far lack a second stanza. The Delta Chi form from Indiana University (#6 B) continues the "great man" development found in the opening lines. But a rather lengthy text collected by Judy Allred at Texas University (Abrahams-ISR, p. 13) shifts the plot of the song to one of ridiculing a succession of rival fraternities:

Adam was the first man the Phi Psi's ever took in
Socrates the wisest that ever wore the pin.
Samson was the strongest although he had the itch,
And when Julius Caesar came along, we pledged the son of a bitch.

Chorus: For as we go marching, and the band begins to P-L-A-Y,
You can hear the voices shouting,
"The raggedy-eyed Phi Psi's are out again,
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da."

Phi Psi was on Chapin Street when Beta was a pup.
Phi Psi'll be on Chapin Street when Beta's busted up.
Their colors are a pink and blue--baby pink and baby blue.
Now doesn't that sound sweet to you for Beta Theta Pi?⁶

⁶This verse combines motifs from two older songs, both traceable at least as far as the mid-1930's (NYSHAFA G). The first is quite obscene. An undated specimen from Rensselaer Polytechnical Institute in Troy, New York, collected by Charles T. Doran (IUFA), goes:

R.P.I. was R.P.I. when Union was a pup.
And R.P.I. will be R.P.I. when Union's busted up.
And any Union son of a bitch we catch within our walls,
We'll nail him up against the wall and castrate his balls.

The second couplet is taken from a spoof sung about the Beta Theta Pi fraternity colors. A 1949 MSU variant submitted by James P. Harkness, for example, reads:

Now there is an eating club by the name of Sigma Chi
 And it's a hell of a hell of a hell of a bunch of guys.
 They have a very pretty song; if it should ever die
 Who'd ever want to be a pledge of Sigma Sigma Chi.⁷

Now there is a country club by the name of SAE.
 And they're the countriest country club that you will ever see.
 Their pledges are a bunch of butts, their brothers are even worse.
 And if this one isn't bad enough, we'll sing another verse.

Kappa Sig's a brotherhood that's now on Social Pro.
 With eighteen thousand loyal brothers pledging boys with dough.
 The only thing that worries us is what they're gonna do
 When they check the rolls and find they're feeding Sigma
 Alpha Mu.⁸

It is also interesting to note that a chorus is by no means a fixture in this song, and that where one occurs, it is likely to be entirely different from one text to the next. Compare, for example, #6 B and C.

The versions I collected are all of the "formal" variety, and as such are somewhat removed as individual texts from the mainstream of campus oral tradition. Nevertheless it is worth printing them here so that they may be compared and contrasted with those that do circulate as a legitimate part of the oral song lore of the college student.

Itsy-bitsy posey bell for Beta Theta Pi.
 Itsy-bitsy posey bell for Beta Theta Pi.
 Our colors are the pink and blue,
 That's the baby pink and the baby blue.
 We think that's awfully cute ... don't you?
 Itsy-bitsy posey bell for Beta Theta Pi.

For a similar yet different motif on the Beta colors, see the opening stanza to "No Hiding Place Down There" (2 A), p. 39.

⁷The motif of these last two lines also turns up in other college fraternity songs, such as in some variants of "Olympus."

⁸Sigma Alpha Mu is a Jewish fraternity. Since Kappa Sigma is strong in the South, and the text from Texas, anti-Semitic overtones are quite probably present here.

6 A. During the years I attended Ohio Wesleyan University (1958-62) this was a favorite "required" song of the Beta Sigma Tau fraternity (later Pi Lambda Phi). In spite of the fact that the lyrics of several other Greek songs are incorporated into this text, the song was always known as "Adam," and was undoubtedly borrowed as such from the Phi Kappa Psi house on campus, since it was particularly associated with that fraternity at Ohio Wesleyan.

Adam was the first man the Phi Psi's ever took in.
Socrates was the wisest man to ever wear the pin.
Samson was the strongest although he was a bum,
And along came Julius Caesar and we pledged the son of a gun.
As we go marching, as the band begins to P-L-A-Y,
You can hear the voices shouting,
"The Phi Psi cadets are out tonight, hi, hi."

Delta Tau Delta, Delta, you are my only shelter.
Singing Phi Delta Theta, grand old fraternity,
Phi Delta Theta, Phi Delta Theta for aye.
Oh there's no association in all this mighty nation
That holds approximation to Alpha Sigma Phi.
To Alpha Sigma Phi, to Alpha Sigma Phi.
Oh if you were a Beta, Beta Theta Pi;
You would be a Beta, Beta till you die.

But we're glad that we're not Betas,
Or Delts, or Sigma Chis,
For we're sure to be much better off in Beta Sigma Tau.
For he's a jolly Beta Sig, a Beta Sigma Tau.
For he's a jolly Beta Sig, a Beta Sigma Tau.
In everything he says and in everything he does
He will always do his best for he's a Beta Sigma Tau.
So give a cheer, boys, he's a Beta Sigma Tau,
So give a cheer, boys, for he's a Beta Sig. Hey!

6 B. I heard this variant many times in the Indiana University Delta Chi house during the year I lived there (1962-63). A text collected at Michigan State in 1952 from the Delta Chi fraternity on that campus is identical in wording, though it omits the second verse and chorus:

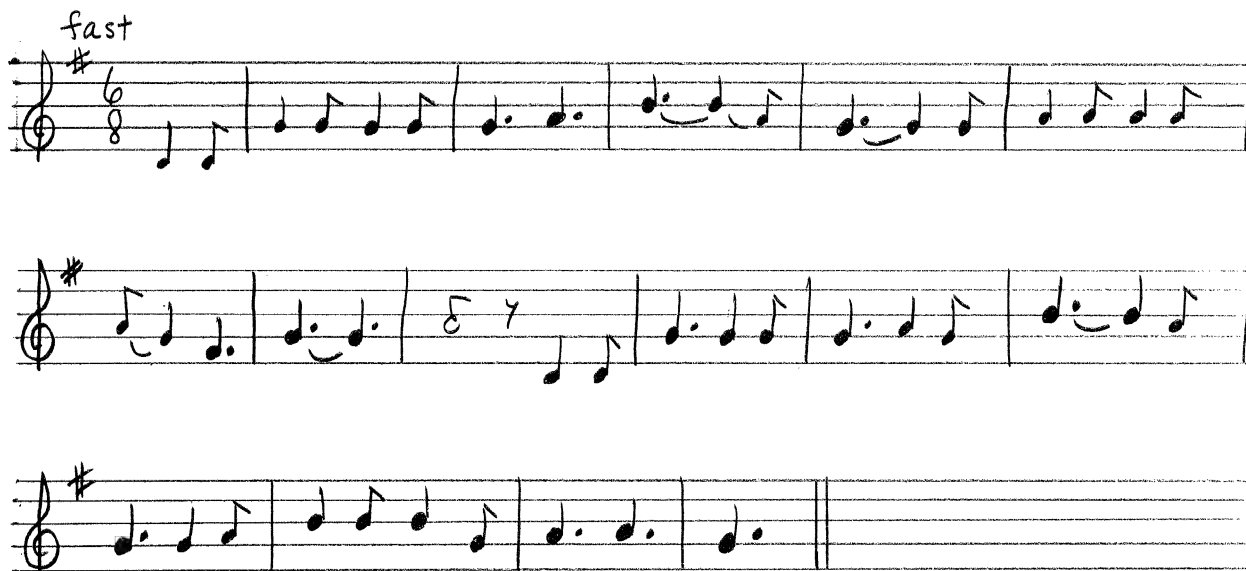
Adam was the first man the Delta Chi's took in.
 And Moses was the second man who ever wore the pin.
 Socrates the wisest, although he was a bum,
 And if Julius Caesar'd come to life, we'd pledge the
 son of a gun.

Oh there are no Delta Chi's in hell, boys,
 There are no Delta Chi's in hell.
 There's the Phi's and the Psi's and the Sigma Chi's,
 But there are no Delta Chi's in hell.⁹

There's Solomon and Cicero and Frederick the Great.
 Napoleon was booted out because he didn't rate.
 We're famous then, we're famous now as you can plainly see
 For the better guys are Delta Chi's wherever they may be.

Oh there are no Delta Chi's in hell boys,
 There are no Delta Chi's in hell.
 There's the Delts, DU's and the Sigma Nu's,
 But there are no Delta Chi's in hell.

Since the melody of the chorus is different from the "Rambling
 Wreck ..." tune, and unfamiliar by name to me, it is given here:



⁹The theme of this chorus is also found in the opening stanza of the Hafer text to "There Are No Chi Omegas at Purdue" (1 B) on p. 34 the tunes, however, are not the same.

6 C. Collected from John Clark, member of Sigma Pi fraternity at Indiana University, October 25, 1964. Clark said that in spite of the word "bitch" in the verse, the lyrics were still sung on most formal occasions, even when girls were present.

Adam was the first man that Sigma Pi took in.
Socrates the wisest that ever wore the pin.
Samson was the strongest, although he had an itch.
And if Julius Caesar came to life, we'd pledge the
son of a bitch.

The S is for the Sigma, the P for P-i Pi.
The S is for the Sigma, the P for P-i Pi.
And if you look around you and gaze into the sky,
You will find that nought is written but the words of
Sigma Pi.

7. Eve

Presumably a number of different groups have "Eve" constantly in their midst, although only one other text has been turned in to the IUFA to date. This last was learned in the Indiana University Sigma Kappa sorority house in 1960. It, like many variants of "Adam," is combined with another campus favorite, in this case, "Evolution"¹):

Eve was the first girl to ever wear our pin.
 Johanna was the second girl we ever did take in.
 When Cleopatra walked the earth, she was a Sigma too,
 And now these cocky pledges are the best that we can do.

Refrain: Oh Evolu, oh evolu, there is nothin' in this
 world you cannot do.
 You took a monkey and you made him to a man,
 Oh sis, tis true.
 And now you caused a greater miracle to pass;
 You took these cockly little pledges in the
 embryonic mass
 And changed them by a miracle into almost our class.
 Oh Eve, Eve, O, Evolution.

Lady Godiva was noted for her hair.
 We took her in the day we saw her riding on her mare.
 Priscilla was a pilgrim and she dearly loved her pin,
 And now these cocky pledges
 Are the best that we take in.

Rather than appearing here separately by itself, it is possible that this song should be classified as a sub type of "Adam" (#6), since it is the latter's sorority counterpart. Certainly many of the remarks made

¹Collected by Cynthia Bottorff and submitted to the Indiana University Folklore Archives in 1963. "Evolution" probably is much less sung by college students now than in former years.

There is also a Delta Zeta sorority song from Michigan State in 1953 entitled "Historic Delta Z," with exactly the same theme as "Eve," but which is set to the old camp favorite (in the same meter), "Darkies' Sunday School," and upon close examination does not really seem to be genetically related.

in regard to "Adam" apply here just as well. The tune is again "Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech." Likewise the lyrics evidently often stem initially from the "required" sorority songbooks, but also partly circulate in oral tradition, making it another borderline case insofar as traditional (in the "folk" sense) college song is concerned.

7. Collected from Linda Rethmeyer, Indiana University senior, December 8, 1963. This is an "official" Alpha Xi Delta house song except for the last verse which supposedly only exists in the sorority oral tradition because protocol at Indiana University frowns on the debunking of rival Greek groups in front of guests, or on formal occasions.

The Alpha Xi's will always be the first on every campus.
There's nothing that can damn us and there's nothing that can
damp us.

Our chapter rolls are names of the illustrious and great;
We're remarkable, superlative, renowned for how we rate.

Eve was the first one who ever wore our pin,
And Venus was the prettiest that ever we took in.
Cleopatra and Salome were typical of course,²
And we might have pledged Godiva but we couldn't pledge her horse.

Helen might have been with us if it weren't for Menelaus,
Because we stole her heart away, he threatened he would slay us.
Little Eva might have been with us, she got tuberculosis;
And we rejected thousands more on account of [whispered] halitosis.

A stands for Alpha, D for Delta true,
Alpha Xi Delta the one for me and you.
Of all the friends that we know of, the ones we love the best,
Is Alpha Xi Delta; the rest is second best.

I wouldn't care to go Tri Delta or Kappa Alpha Theta,
I'd never be a KKG or ever be a Zeta.
Chi Omega wouldn't do and neither would KD*,
Oh, I'd rather die than go Pi Phi*--it must be Alpha Xi.

*These lines (or portions thereof) are sung slowly with
pompous "feeling."

²The final "e" on "Salome" is left silent here.

8. We Are The Pi Phi's

The earliest texts of this widely known brag date from the 1930's. The Randolph manuscript of unprintable songs (II, pp. 549-550) contains a version, "We Are The Kappas," collected in 1948, but which the informant learned back in the early 1930's at the University of Arkansas:

We are the Kappas, the Kappas are we,
We never will lose our liberty.
We never take down our pants to pee
For we wear the Kappa key.

We always sleep in our own Kappa beds,
We never will lose our maidenheads.
We always use a candle instead.
For we wear the Kappa key.

And every year at our annual Spring dance,
We never were known to wear any pants.
We like to give the Sig Alphas a chance,
For we wear the Kappa key.

The Anecdota Americana (second series, Boston, 1934, p. 177) prints a text supposedly taken from Vassar:

We are from Vassar, from Vassar are we,
We never lose our virginity.
For every night when we go to bed
We raise the sheets up over our head.
There is no scandal for we use a candle.
Hurrah girls for old Vassar.
Balls. Balls. Balls.

D. K. Wilgus has listed a text from his student days at Ohio State University (1936-41) in the archive materials gathered at Western Kentucky State College under his jurisdiction. The Vassar version above is reprinted in Folk Poems and Ballads (edited by A. P. Morse, Mexico City, 1948, p. 93).

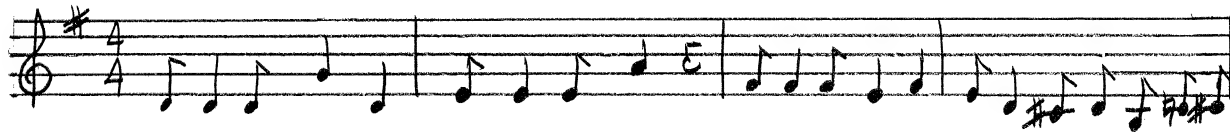
More recent surreptitious productions which include this song are "Songs of Roving and Raking" (largely compiled by John Walsh, ditto print, University of Illinois, ca. 1961, p. 116), and a student collection of Air Force songs (Abrahams-ISR K, p. 25). A note in the former states that a World War II version, "The Girls From Sydney," is reported in the Cal Tech mimeograph production,¹ "Songs of Raunch and Ill Repute" (1958). This last prints still another text entitled "Girls From PCC."²

Oscar Brand has recorded this song twice on his bawdy songs albums on the Audio Fidelity label (Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads, Vol. 3 (AFLP 1824), and Bawdy Songs Goes To College (AFLP 1952)). Both renditions are identical ("We Are From Campus Hall"), somewhat expurgated (mostly in that the most blatantly obscene verses are omitted), and on the latter album the song is ascribed in the notes without comment to Barnard College.

Three texts from Michigan State and six from Indiana University are deposited in the IUFA. The tune is either "We Shall Not Be Moved" or a variation of the familiar college tune known under many names, for example, "Cheer Cincinnati," given below:

¹The students unwisely listed their correct publishing address for this collection, and as a result most of the copies were confiscated. See Legman, The Horn Book, p. 403.

²I have not seen this work. Walsh in his "Songs of Roving and Raking," p. 109, dates this collection as 1958; Legman in The Horn Book, p. 403, as ca. 1960.



8 A. I found this text in early 1959 in the folder of odds and ends of songs collected by Daniel "Skip" Landt, described on p. 39.

A note on two texts submitted at Michigan State in the 1950's claims that the song was originally composed at the University of Wisconsin because the Pi Beta Phi sorority house was located on a lake front, where such an incident described in the second verse below actually occurred. Although it is entirely unlikely that the song itself stems from that campus as opposed to any one of many others, the possibility of the particular verse in question originating there or somewhere else on the basis of such a realistic experience is plausible and quite possibly true. At any rate, the sorority houses at the University of Wisconsin are situated on a lake front.

We are the Pi Phi's, Pi Phi's are we,
We don't believe in virginity (oh horse shit!).
We don't use candles, we use broom handles,
We are the Pi Phi girls.

And every night at twelve on the dock,
We see the watchman piss on the rock;
We like the way he handles his cock;
We are the Pi Phi girls.

8 B. Linda Rethmeyer, Alpha Xi Delta senior at Indiana University, sang this innocuous version on December 8, 1963. Another variant she heard is sung at the annual Indiana University Mortar Board (women's honorary) tapping of new members ceremony, beginning "We are the Mortar Boards, seniors are we ...," and ending with "We are the Mortar Boards, We."

I also collected similar variants from informants in the Pi Beta Phi and Chi Omega sorority houses who indicated that they not only sing

the lyrics as "We are the Pi Phi's (Chi O's)" but also often substitute in place of the sorority name the words "seniors," "actives," "sophomores," "engaged," "rejected," "dumped-on" (for girls who have been let down by supposed "boy friends"), and various other sundry terms designating smaller units within their houses as the appropriate groups choose to announce themselves.

We are the pledges, pledges are we;
We never lose our supremacy.
Our standard's high,
We'll never die.
We are the pledges of Alpha Xi.

8 C. Sung by R. Frederic Hafer, Indiana University graduate student, on January 21, 1964. He learned it at his undergraduate alma mater, the University of Cincinnati, during the years 1957-61. His text is a combination of the "We Are The Pi Phi" theme with standard college pep rally lyrics. Whether because of the fact that there is no Pi Phi chapter at the University of Cincinnati, or regardless of it, on this campus the Tri Delts are the featured sorority in this song.

We are the Tri Delts, Tri Delts are we,
We never lost our virginity (God damn it!)
You do your best, boys,
We'll do the rest, boys,
Before senility. (or "sterility")

8 D. Marv Knoll, Indiana University junior, said that the following was sung in his high school in Michigan City, Indiana about 1960. "BA's" is the short plural form for "bare-ass." He sang these lyrics on February 2, 1964.

We are the BA's, BA's are we,
 Happy-go-lucky, bare ass and free (God damn it!).
 We are the BA's, BA's are we,
 We are from MC High.

8 E. Knoll absorbed the college version on the Indiana University campus from the Marching Hundred Band, and also in his fraternity, Kappa Delta Rho, in 1963. This text was also collected February 2, 1964. Block's is a department store in Indianapolis, but more importantly has an auxilliary branch in Bloomington which caters to IU coeds.

We are the Pi Phi's, Pi Phi's are we,
 We never lost our virginity (oh horse shit!).
 We never lost it, we never had it,
 We are the Pi Phi girls.

And after school when we go to Block's,
 We pick up bags of big wooly socks (oh horse shit!).
 We like the way they tickle our box.
 We are the Pi Phi girls.
 Balls. Balls. Balls.

And on the days when we go to school,
 We watch the teacher play pocket pool (oh horse shit!).
 We like the way he handles his tool.
 We are the Pi Phi girls.
 Balls. Balls!

9. High Above A Pi Phi's Garter

Widely popular at Indiana University I heard these lyrics many times around the campus in the days before I seriously began noting down such songs. Three texts from Michigan State and five more from Indiana University are on file in the archives of college song at the latter school, but the earliest only dates back to 1952. In every case but one the girls named are Pi Phi's, the exception being a reference to a variant at Hanover College where the lyrics substitute the Phi Mu sorority.

For reasons somewhat obscure, possibly because their organization is one of the oldest national sororities,¹ and because they are widely held to be one of the "prestige" women's social units (largely on the basis of their physical attractiveness), the Pi Beta Phi girls seem to possess more song lore about them in college tradition than almost any other sorority. Although by no means exclusively attributed to the Pi Phi's alone, recurrent themes of devastatingly evocative pulchritude and easy sexual accessibility cling more consistently to their name than to that of any other similar Greek coed group.

One item located in the Indiana University archives, besides being shortened in form, also differs somewhat textually:

High above a Pi Phi's garter,
High among the grass,
There's a sea of satisfaction
Known as Pi Phi ass.²

¹Founded in 1867, preceded only by Alpha Delta Pi in 1851, and Phi Mu in 1852.

²A text submitted by Ted Larson at Michigan State University, 1953.

By contrast, an earlier text from Michigan State collected by Albert Cook in 1952, stemming from the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, contains twelve lines instead of the standard eight, though again its textual variation is its most significant feature:

High above a Pi Phi's garter,
 High above her knee,
 Lies the seat of all her honor,
 Her virginity.

She has honor in three colors,
 Yellow, green and white;
 But her honor never stops her,
 When she gets real tight.

She knows all the holds there can be,
 Numbered one, two three -
 And when it comes to drinking lager,
 She has a helluva capacity.

Still another variant, garnered from a member of the Alpha Xi Delta sorority in 1960 by Indiana University's noteworthy student collector, Xenia Blom, combines a verse from "Sing Brothers, Sing" (#13)³ with the opening four lines of "High Above A Pi Phi's Garter":

High above a Pi Phi's garter,
 Plain for all to see,
 Is a Pi Phi's only asset;
 Her virginity!!

On every Kappa Gamma active
 There's a Kappa key.
 On every Kappa Gamma pledge
 There is an SAE!

As might be expected, judging from the wording of the sentiments expressed in the lyrics, the song generally is more popular with college

³See, for example, #13 B, p. 105.

males than with their coed friends.

The tune is a parody of the Cornell alma mater, "Far Above Cayuga's Waters."

9 A. Like #2A, this was one of the texts found in manuscript form in the folder of miscellaneous songs belonging to "Skip" Landt, Ohio Wesleyan '59. The remarks made on p. 39 about the aforementioned text #2A apply here as well.

High above a Pi Phi's garter,
Far above her knee;
Stands the secret of her passion,
Her virginity.
Raise her skirts on high, my brother,
Lay her on the grass.
All my life I've lived and longed for
A piece of Pi Phi ass.

9 B. Collected from Forest Redding, Clay McMullen, and Ray Brandell of Indiana University's Kappa Delta Rho fraternity on December 6, 1963.

High above a Pi Phi garter,
High above her knee,
Lies the secret of her beauty,
Her virginity.
Lay her gently, oh so gently,
Lay her on the grass.
Oh what I would do or die for,
A piece of Pi Phi ass.

9 C. Dave Mabey, Indiana University senior and member of Delta Chi fraternity, could remember only this fragment, which he sang on December 12, 1963.

High above a Pi Phi's garter,
High above her knee.
Lies the secret of her order,
Her virginity.

9 D. Marv Knoll heard an interesting variant from a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity while on the Marching Hundred Band's trip to Iowa in the fall of 1963. He sang it on February 2, 1964. The Pi Phi pin is in

the shape of a gold arrow.

High above a Pi Phi's knee sock,
Guarding her from sin,
Lies the secret of her bower,
Her golden arrow pin.

10. Mary Margaret Truman

Seventeen texts were turned in from Michigan State students over the years, and two more were collected from Michigan high schools. Only three were previously reported at Indiana University, but I collected that many more with little effort and found no indication that the song is declining in popularity among college students. It has been further reported variously from New York City, Northwestern University, Franklin College (Indiana), and the University of South Dakota. Recently a Pi Phi from a school in Alberta, Canada told me she had heard the song sung on her campus, it having been imported there by several local Pi Phi girls who brought it back from the sorority's national convention in the States.

Margaret Truman, daughter of the former president, has the somewhat questionable distinction of being one of only three or four historical figures to be the subject of a widespread college song.¹ One may presume from the internal evidence of the song that it was not composed prior to April 12, 1945 when Harry Truman first took office, but must have originated within a year afterwards as several texts from Michigan State were post-dated 1945 and 1946 (though such dates are not to be trusted too closely). It is likely that the lyrics were either made up by some member(s) of the Pi Phi sorority to which Mary Margaret belonged, or by anonymous students at the University of Missouri who knew through hearsay or personal acquaintance of her attendance at that

¹Others are Lydia Pinkham and Alabama's Governor James Folsom. The song about Anne Cooper Hewitt, victim of a messy sterilization scandal in the 1930's (see Legman, The Limerick pp. 241-42 for one text) is less well known among college students.

institution, perhaps a combination of both possibilities. However, it is useless to speculate further in the absence of supporting documentation.

The lyrics are certainly an interesting popular reflection of the Truman family. Not uncommonly, but less now than in years past, the words occasionally become a bit derogatory, usually in some form akin to the following:

Ugly Mary Margaret was the daughter of the Pres;
She lives(ed) in the White House with her ugly mamma Bess...

Along these lines, with some additional variation, is this version:

Mary Margaret Truman is the daughter of our pres.
She lives in the White House with her ugly mother Bess.
Her social life isn't all what they say
With Pi Beta Phi and an attache.
When her father Harry gets the gate in '48,
Mary Margaret Truman will be left without a date.
She'll go back to Missouri
And start up a brewery
In her home state.²

One chuckles to see how students were forced to alter the fifth and sixth lines as the years rolled by and Harry Truman took somewhat longer than most people anticipated to be dispossessed of the White House. All the early texts prior to the 1948 election³ follow the pattern:

When her father Harry gets the gate in '48,
Mary Margaret Truman never gets another date.

The pre-1948 election lines evidently did not change immediately after President Truman was surprisingly returned to office, but (as a comparison

²Collected by Mary Lou Shannessy at Michigan State, 1947.

³Seven in number, all from Michigan State, now part of the IUFA.

of the texts available shows) were altered gradually in the next few years to:

When Mary's father, Harry, gets the shoe in '52,
Then Mary Margaret won't have anything to do ...

(or as one text somewhat unfairly put it: "Repulsive Mary Margaret will be dancing with a shmoo.") Finally after Truman declined to run in 1952, the folk process again gradually shifted the two lines to the past tense found in texts collected since the middle 1950's:

When her father Harry got the shoe in '52,
There was nothing left for Mary Margaret to do ...

But as it turned out, instead of opening a brewery, Margaret Truman preferred to write her autobiography (Souvenir, New York, 1956) but either was unaware of or forgot to mention the existence of this bit of student doggerel which may well do more to preserve her name in popular memory than anything written in the newspapers or the history books.

The facetious choice of "Missouri Waltz" as the tune to which the "Mary Margaret Truman" lyrics were attached possibly has had a reinforcing effect on the popular longevity of the song in student tradition. Certainly tune and text are related here thematically as are few others.

10 A. Collected from Tom Wickman, member of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University in the fall of 1962, who learned it from Kay Slaby, a Pi Beta Phi at Franklin College (Indiana), circa 1960.

Mary Margaret Truman was the daughter of the pres.
 She lived in the White House with her father Harry S.
 Now her social rating ain't worth debating
 For she is a member of Pi Beta Phi.
 When in '52 old Harry got the shoe,
 There was nothing left for Mary Margaret to do;
 So she went to Missouri and opened a brewery,
 And we all drink _____ (fill in name of beer).

10 B. Susan Rider of the Indiana University Pi Beta Phi sorority sang these lyrics on April 28, 1964, having learned them a year earlier. As might be expected, this is a popular song in the Pi Phi house. (A virtually identical text was collected from two members of the Chi Omega sorority six weeks previously, and is now in the IUFA.)

Mary Margaret Truman was the daughter of the Pres.
 She lived in the White House with her father Harry S.
 Her social rating was not worth debating,
 For she was a member of Pi Beta Phi.
 When her father, Harry, got the shoe in '52
 There was nothing left for Mary Margaret to do.
 So she went to Missouri
 And founded a brewery;
 Let's all drink Schlitz.

11. Damn, Damn, Damn The Kappa Gammas

Like several of the previous songs, this one may be sung by or about any number of groups, but is usually associated with the Pi Beta Phi sorority. Four texts from Michigan State University are preserved in the IUFA, two being undated with the other two marked 1954. One Texas variant telling of the "Kappa Alpha Theta Cutie Pies" appears in a student collection made about 1963 (Abrahams-ISR A, p. 16). Prior to this project the song evidently was not collected at Indiana University.

As usual, the place names are invariably changed to meet the local situation. One variant turned in at Michigan State by Joann Ewing (n.d.) is worth noting because it is one of the few songs collected from college students that reflects the independent (unaffiliated) students set in direct opposition to the fraternity and sorority organizations:

Damn, damn, damn the Alpha Gammas;
To hell with the lousy Beta Phi's,
And the DZ's and the rest,
For we know we are the best.
We're the high and mighty GDI's.¹

A 1946 Morningside College text, now in the IUFA, collected by Elizabeth Starrett, is probably related to this song, in spite of varying very considerably in its lyrics:

¹"GDI" stands for "God Damn Independent" and is a common campus pun on the almost mandatory short-form use of letters to abbreviate the names of the fraternities and sororities. The term is so common, that at Indiana University, for example, the student bookstore sells decals and sweaters with the letters "GDI" on them.

Damn, damn, damn coeducation,
 Damn the frat house on the hill.
 Underneath the starry sky
 We will neck until we die.
 We are damn' determined dormitory guys.

It is also interesting to note that an army song from the Philippine insurrection of 1900-1902, set to the same tune,² "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," has a chorus suggestive of the later college form:

Damn, damn, damn the Insurrectos,
 Crosseyed ka-kiack ladrones.
 Underneath the starry flag,
 Civilize 'em with a Krag
 And return us to our own beloved homes.³

A fraternity variant of this song appears as part of a text of "Brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi" (p. 114) collected by a coed at Michigan State in 1956.

²See also the text in the notes to "Brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi" (#15) on pp. 114-115 which combines an obscene version of this song with several other bawdy items in a contemporary composite text from Marine Corps tradition.

³Printed in Dolph's, Sound Off! (New York, 1929, pp. 200-201). The Insurrectos were the Philippine guerilla fighters. The word ladrones means "thieves" (pronounced in Spanish ladro'-nays).

11 A. According to Susan Rider, Indiana University Pi Phi, this is a traditional house song in her local sorority. It is sung through two or three times, each time progressively faster. The date of collection was April 28, 1964.

Damn, damn, damn the Kappa Gammas;
To hell with the lousy Alpha Chi's,
And the Thetas and the rest,
For we know we are the best.
We're the high and mighty Pi Beta Phi's.

12. Phi Delta Theta

This is certainly one of the most widely known fraternity songs, being sometimes sung even by non-affiliated college students, who as a rule do a great deal less singing than their Greek counterparts. The song in its campus form was well known by the 1930's,¹ although no printed texts have yet come to light. Twenty-four texts from Michigan State and six from Indiana University are deposited in the IUFA, and I have run across other variants from schools in Texas, Missouri, and various other parts of the country.

Individual verses are frequently borrowed with only slight retouching from older non-collegiate-oriented bawdy folksongs such as "Bang Bang Lulu" (#50) and "As Me No Questions" (#51). One stanza very often appearing in college texts:

I wish I was a diamond
Upon a Theta's hand,
And every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land.

was collected by Vance Randolph ("Unprintable' Songs," I, p. 187) in 1935 as an independent song from a woman who learned it in Missouri in the 1890's (with the words "my true love" sung in place of "Theta").² Another common stanza from "Lulu" which reads:

¹Sherle Goldstone's text (NYSHAF A G) which dates from 1934-35 from what is now Albany State College For Teachers in New York, notes "...It is a favorite at Colgate and is sung at many other colleges...."

²The same verse was printed as part of "Bang Bang Lulu" in 1929 in Dolph's Sound Off, pp. 93-94.

The rich girls ride in Cadillacs,
 The poor girls ride in Fords;
 Lulu rides the bedsprings
 To earn her room and board

in the college reworking again substitutes the names of specific sororities for the general groups of individuals mentioned in the older verses ("The Kappas ride in Cadillacs ..." etc.). An adaptation of lines from "Ask Me No Questions" (#51) becomes:

Two Irishmen, two Irishmen
 Were digging in a ditch.
 One called the other
 A dirty son of a Phi Delta Theta ...³

The number of stanzas, as several of my informants assured me, is virtually endless, and in a large number of cases, verses are shared in common with another well known fraternity song, "Sing, Brothers, Sing" (#13).⁴ In addition, a number of the "Goose Mother" rhymes collected from high school and college students occasionally turn up in "Phi Delta Theta," and are sung as integral parts of the song, rather than being recited as independent entities. (See the use of two such rhymes in text #12 C.)

A few additional lyrics which I personally have not collected to date are presented here because of the higher than average frequency

³Collected by Xenia Blom, Indiana University, 1958. See especially the Michigan State texts of "Phi Delta Theta" and "Ask Me No Questions" for parallel verses (IUFA).

⁴I have noted some twenty-five different stanzas of "Phi Delta Theta" and more than forty of "Sing Brothers, Sing" excluding variants. More than a dozen are shared in common, and subsequent collecting may add to this figure.

with which they turn up in student tradition.⁵

Today's the day we give babies away
With half a pound of tea.
If you know any ladies who want any babies,
Just send them around to me.

Brown cow, white cow,
Milk so white and pure.
Pull on the tail and
Out comes Sigma Nure!

Bar of soap, bar of soap
Floating in the tub.
And every time she takes a bath
Just think what she will rub.

The tune is the familiar "Goodbye My Lover, Goodbye," also used to accompany some texts of "Ask Me No Questions," whose occasional stanzaic similarity to "Phi Delta Theta" has already been noted above.

⁵Taken from various texts held in the IUFA.

12 A. Collected from Linda Rethmeyer, Alpha Xi Delta sorority senior, Indiana University, December 8, 1963, who heard it in Read Center (Smithwood dormitory) ca. 1961.

Chorus: Singing Phi Delta Theta,
Grand old fra--grand old fraternity.
Phi Delta Theta,
Phi Delta Theta for aye.
Sing it again, boom, boom,
Sing it again, boom, boom.

On every Kappa active
There is a golden key;
On every Kappa pledge
There is a dirty SAE.

Sorority pin, sorority pin,
How I envy you.
Up upon the mountain high,
For all the world to view.

I went down to the burleque
To see the strippers go by;
And who do you think the stripper was:
The sweetheart of Sigma Chi.⁶

12 B. Susan Rider, Indiana University Pi Beta Phi sophomore, gave this lengthy text on April 28, 1964.

⁶In some of the twenty-four texts collected at Michigan State, this verse is modified to pontificate on various past and (then) present "official sweethearts" of the chapter. For example, a text by Clark Moore (n.d.) reads:

I went down to the burleque
Waving a royal banner.
And who the heck do you think I saw
But our sweetheart, Barbara Tanner.

The half dozen items previously collected at Indiana University do not reflect such alterations, but it is not possible to make any conclusions thereby on the basis of such a small number.

Chorus: Phi Delta Theta, grand old fra-
 Grand old fraternity.
 Phi Delta Theta,
 Phi Delta Theta for aye.
 Sing it again, boom, boom,
 Sing it again.

The Pi Phi's have an arrow,
 It's made out of brass.
 As far as we're concerned
 They can shove it up their ass.

On every Kappa active
 There lies a Kappa key.
 On every Kappa pledge lies
 A bouncing PDT.

The Betas built an addition;
 It reached to the sky.
 It was the first erection
 Of Beta Theta Pi.

The Kappas ride in Cadillacs,
 The DiGi's ride in Fords.
 The Chi O's ride the bedsprings
 To pay their room and board.

Sorority pin, sorority pin,
 How I envy you.
 Sitting upon a mountain top
 With everything in view.

Wish I were a diamond ring
 Upon a Theta's hand.
 And everytime she took a bath
 I'd see the promised land.

In 14 hundred 92
 Columbus was a Beta.
 He sailed across the ocean blue
 And pledged Phi Delta Theta.

In the North they call them "niggers,"
 In the South they call them "jigs."
 But here at old IU
 We call them Kappa Sigs.

All around the mulberry bush
 The Phi Delt chased the Theta.
 Bumped [something--can't remember] into her
 And Phi Delta Theta.⁷

. [something to do with a cow]

 They lifted up the tail
 And out came Sigma Nure.⁸

[Informant couldn't remember a verse about the Theta kite]⁹

12 C. This text was collected from Jon Kwitny, who learned it as a member of the Phi Sigma Delta fraternity during his years at the University of Missouri, 1958-62. A short two line parody of this song heard by Jon about the same time went as follows: "Phi Delta Theta, boys who just could not make Beta."

Phi Delta Theta, grand old fra-grand old fraternity.
 Phi Delta Theta, Phi Delta Theta for aye.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
 To get her poor daughter a dress.
 But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
 So was her daughter I guess.¹⁰
 She went out with a Phi Delta Theta ...

A dirty dog sat on a log,
 Said, "Phi Delta Theta for aye.
 I'd rather be a dirty dog
 Than a Beta Theta Pi."

⁷According to other texts in the Indiana University Folklore Archives, the last two lines follow the pattern of "The Theta stopped to tie her shoe ... Oops, Phi Delta Theta."

⁸See above, p. 90.

⁹This verse is not on record in the IUFA, or known to me.

¹⁰Printed by itself in the Chicago Sunday Herald-American, July 16, 1943, as part of the "War Song Book" feature.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.

. [idea of "Jack came back
with a smile on his face"],

And Jill had a buck and a quarter.

Jack was a Phi Delta Theta ...

Sorority pin, sorority pin,

Oh how I envy you.

Way up on the mountain top

With such a lovely view.

(Note: Several other texts of this song were collected and are on file in the IUFA, but are omitted here since they are fragmentary, and in any case do not differ markedly from the texts presented above, either in regard to the chorus or the contents of the verses.)

13. Sing, Brothers, Sing

This song is on a par with some of the finest boasts and brags recorded in the American folksong tradition, but undoubtedly remains unknown to the academic scholar because of its bawdiness and its limitation to the college locale. Unfortunately, the earliest texts I have been able to locate only date from 1951. Since that time variants have been reported from Arizona State (#13 B), the University of Missouri (#13 C), Texas University (Abrahams-ISR A, p. 15), Western Kentucky State College, and Ohio Wesleyan (#13 A) in addition to the dozen collected at Michigan State and three at Indiana University. However, it is apparent from all these texts, both from their geographical distribution and from their length, that the song has been in oral tradition for a considerably longer period of time, certainly dating back to two or three decades earlier at the very least.

Like its first cousin "Phi Delta Theta" (#12), individual stanzas are taken from scattered contemporary and older sources, though there is less of such borrowings with this song than with the former. One favorite verse:

My honey went to the circus
To see what she could see.
And when she saw what an elephant had
She cried for an SAE.

appears in a text of "Bang Bang Lulu" collected by Randolph in 1951 ("Unprintable" Songs," II, p. 351) which the informant learned in

¹1912. Other stanzas of "Sing, Brothers, Sing" are found in recent texts of other college songs, "High Above A Pi Phi's Garter" (#9) and "Never Trust A (Sigma Nu)" (#4) being two of many examples² in addition to the aforementioned "Phi Delta Theta."

The following two texts, collected at Michigan State, are remarkable in that their verses number forty-two between them, yet only four of these stanzas are held in common. They are reprinted here in full to give the reader some idea of the extensive development of this song in campus tradition. Although some of the Zeta Beta Tau verses were probably improvised, it should also be noted that by and large most of the stanzas have reappeared in other texts collected over the years. The first of the two versions was collected by Dean Wakefield in the Sigma Alpha Epsilon house between 1951 and 1955.

Said God to Brother Abraham,
 "Choose your fraternity,"
 So Abraham went ATO,
 And God went SAE

Chorus: I tell you sing brothers, sing, hallelujah!
 Sing, brothers!
 And let Phi Alpha ring,
 Sing brothers, sing, sing, sing.

¹This same item appears as a unit by itself in J. Kenneth Larson's Songs and Ballads (ms., McCammon, Idaho, n.d. [ca. 1952], in the appendix). I have also heard Dave Van Ronk, urban singer of folksongs, sing these lines November, 1964 as part of a song called "Some Such Mind," which he said he learned in a bar.

²See above (p. 77) for the "Kappa pledge" stanza in "High Above A Pi Phi's Garter" as collected by Xenia Blom. The "Virgin Mary" verse from "Sing, Brothers, Sing" appears in the text of "Never Trust A Sigma Nu" turned in from Michigan State by Barbara Blakely (above, p. 50).

The Betas built a chapter house
 The best they've ever had;
 It was the first erection that
 A Beta ever had.

Lock the gates of Heaven,
 And throw away the key;
 And hide the Virgin Mary,
 Here comes an SAE.

I wish I were a diamond ring,
 Upon a Theta's hand;
 And every time she wiped her ass
 I'd see the promised land.

Mary had a little lamb,
 A tasty piece of mutton;
 And every time it wagged its tail,
 It showed its Phi Delt button.

The Thetas have enormous breasts,
 As you can plainly see;
 But they're not filled with milk, you see,
 It's beer for SAE.

When a Kappa gets the urge,
 To lose the golden key;
 She slaps her ass upon the grass
 And yells for SAE.

I went down to the Roxie,
 To watch the strippers go by;
 And who the hell do you think I saw,
 But the sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

A pea-green freshman walked the streets,
 A Beta pin he spied;
 He thought it was a service flag,
 And that three men had died.

The tests are very hard you know,
 An Alpha Chi O said;
 The teacher was a Sig Alph,
 So they took the tests in bed.

Out behind the chapter house
 We'll pile our garbage high;
 And underneath the whole damn mess,
 We'll put a Sigma Chi.

I say there Brother Miller,
 What's that up in the sky?
 Bless my heart, Brother Mitchell,
 It's Beta Theta Pi.

And when we build our chapter house,
 We'll build the chimney higher;
 So when the Sigma Chi's fly by,
 They won't put out the fire.³

When Chi O has the urge,
 And doesn't have a spouse;
 She drops a nickel in the phone,
 And calls the Sig Alph house.

My girl goes to Michigan State,
 And I go where I please;
 But when we go to bed at night,
 We're making SAE's.

I took my girl to the circus,
 To see what we could see;
 And when she saw what the elephant had,
 She wouldn't go home with me.

They call 'em the Virgin Islands,
 But this I cannot see;
 I know a man who lives there,
 He is an SAE.

And when in later years we sit,
 With children on our knee;
 We'll teach them that the alphabet,
 Begins with SAE.

Although "Sing, Brothers, Sing" is most commonly known as an SAE song, several texts have been collected from other Greek units, especially the Zeta Beta Tau fraternity. Judging from the length of the version below

³The first of two verses of "Old Grimes," found on p. 136 of Arthur H. Faucet's Folklore From Nova Scotia (Philadelphia, 1931), reads:

Old Grimes he want a thousand bricks
 To build his chimney higher
 To keep his neighbors' dogs and cats
 From pissing in his fire.

it would not be amiss to suggest that this song must have been fairly strong in the local ZBT fraternity tradition at Michigan State. There is no information available concerning the collector or the date on which it was taken down, but on the basis of the verse about the Rosellini-Ingrid Bergman affair, it is possible to infer that the text was written down no earlier than 1951.⁴ The principal fraternities mentioned, Sigma Alpha Mu and Alpha Epsilon Pi, are rival Jewish groups; the Alpha Epsilon Phi sorority also has the same religious background.

Chorus: Sing, brother sing!
Sing, brother, sing!
And we'll let our chapter ring,
Let it ring, ring, ring!

If Jesus Christ were here today
There's two things he would be;
A student at old MSC
And a brother ZBT.

When we're in the army,
All captains we will be;
'Cause Brigadier General Ginsberg
Is a brother ZBT.

God said unto Abraham
"Choose your fraternity."
Abraham went AEPI,
So God went ZBT.

If I knew an eagle,
I know what I would do.
I'd be the bird that dropped the turd
On Sigma Alpha Mu.

Lock up the gates of heaven
And throw away the key.
Lock up the Virgin Mary,
Here comes a ZBT.

⁴And no later than 1956 since the archives were transferred to Indiana University at that time.

When we go down to Flint,
 We all will get in free,
 Because the madam's boyfriend
 Is a brother ZBT.

They found a piece of shit one day
 And tossed it to the sky.
 And when it fell to the earth
 It spelled out AEPi.

Out behind the B.E. house,
 The garbage piled high;
 Underneath the whole damn mess
 You'll find an AEPi.

Here's to brother _____.
 A man who really scores;
 Because the girls that he takes out
 Are only two-bit whores.

A bunch of greasers came to town
 To see what they could buy.
 They stole a jar of vasoline
 And went to AEPi.

The Phi's⁵ gave up their candles
 When they began to see
 That the only thing for them
 Was a brother ZBT.

We built ourselves a chapter house;
 We built it big and strong,
 To keep those goddamn AEPi's
 From pissing on our lawn.⁶

B.E. is our chapter,
 MSC is our school.
 East Lansing is our college town,
 And _____ is our shul.

If Betty Grable came to town,
 She'd go out on a spree.
 She'd kiss the boys of AEPi
 And go down on ZBT's.

⁵Who this group is is not clear; possibly the Pi Phi's (compare with the similar motif in "We Are The Pi Phi's" on p. 73), but much more probably the Alpha Phi's. The latter are often just simply called "Phi's."

⁶This is reminiscent of the song "We Are Pissing On Your Lawn" (see #17 below).

Old Ingram [sic] Bergman had a kid
 As plain as plain can be.
 Rosellini must have been
 A brother ZBT.

The AEPhi's like tangerines;
 The Sig Delts like their berries.
 But we go out with D Phi E's
 Because we like our cherries.

All the girls of Phi Sig Sig,
 They think they are queens.
 But we take out the Phi Sig Sigs,
 Because they are sex machines.⁷

If we want our cookies off,
 We call up SDT's.
 But when we want it in the ass,
 We call the D Phi E's.

The Apes they like their loving;
 The Teps they think it's fine.
 But we the men of ZBT,
 We like our 69.

The Teps they like their children [chicken?];
 The Phi Eps like their quail.
 But we the men of ZBT,
 We like our piece of tail.

Sorority pin, sorority pin,
 Oh how I envy you.
 You sit upon a mountain top
 With everything in view.

And when we go to _____,
 The girls all shout with glee.
 They raise their skirts above the knee
 And shout for ZBT.

If I had a pile of bricks,
 I'll tell you what I'd try;
 To have a bunch of broken windows
 Over at Alpha Epsilon Pi.

And when we're dead and buried
 Beneath the fiery sea,
 We'll grab the devil by his tail
 And shout for ZBT.

⁷Compare with the same motif in "No Hiding Place Down There" on p. 39 above.

Most of the more popular stanzas appear in one or the other of the two long texts above. "Sing, Brothers, Sing" does not seem to be sung to any immediately recognizable tune; hence the music for the texts collected by me are given in the appropriate places below.

13 A. Collected from Evan Bukey of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity of Ohio Wesleyan University in the spring of 1961. The "Phi Alpha" found in this and other variants of the chorus is connected with that fraternity's initiation ritual and evidently is symbolic of some aspect of these rites. The Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority pin mentioned in verse two is in the shape of a key. And the chances are somewhat better than usual that the last verse originated at Ohio Wesleyan since the SAE's and Phi Gams live next door to each other on the OWU campus and have been longtime rivals; at any rate the local SAE's were especially proud of this stanza.

The Pi Phi's have the biggest boobs
 It's very plain to see;
 Instead of having milk in them
 There's beer for SAE.

Chorus: I tell you, sing, brothers, sing hallelujah,
 Sing, brothers, and let Phi Alpha ring;
 Sing, brothers, sing, sing, sing.

When Kappa gets the urge
 She rubs the golden key;
 She slaps her ass upon the ground
 And yells for SAE.

Daniel in the lion's den
 As happy as could be;
 He knew the lions wouldn't hurt
 A brother SAE.

The Betas are building a new house;
 Of that we're very glad;
 It will be the first erection
 That a Beta ever had.

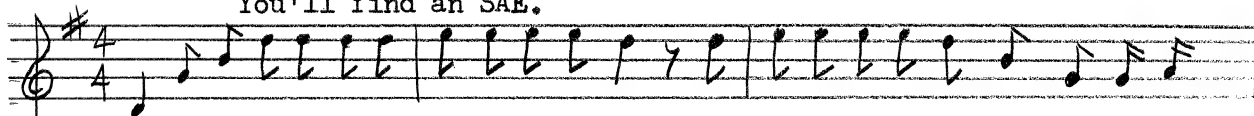
A Phi Gam died the other day;
 A good Phi Gam was he;
 He died a natural Phi Gam death;
 A case of old VD.



13 B. Clay McMullen, member of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University, sang this fragment on December 6, 1963. He learned it from a Kappa Alpha Theta sorority girl at Arizona State in 1962.

Chorus: Sing, brothers, sing along,
Oh sing along with me.
I'll tell you all the joys that come
To an SAE.

On every Kappa active
There is a Kappa key;
On every Kappa pledge
You'll find an SAE.



13 C. Collected from Jon Kwitny, member of Phi Sigma Delta fraternity at the University of Missouri during the years 1958-62, who said it was a favorite Phi Sig house song. The "Omega" mentioned in the chorus refers to the local Phi Sigma Delta chapter. The lyrics are set to the same tune as #13 A.

Chorus: Sing, brothers, sing,
Sing, brothers, and let Omega ring
Sing, brothers, sing, sing, sing.

I ask you brother _____,
What is that in the sky?
I tell you brother _____,
It's a flying AEPI.

A farmer took a pile of dung
And threw it in the sky.
And when it came back down to earth
It spelled out AEPI.

The trouble in the Gaza Strip,
It does not bother me,
'Cause I know Gamal Nasser
Is a brother ZBT.

I wish I was a diamond
Upon a Kappa's hand.
And everytime she took a bath
I'd see the promised land.

On every Kappa active
There is a golden key.
On every Kappa pledge
There is a Phi SD.

They're called the Virgin Islanders,
But this cannot be,
I know a man who lives there,
And he was a Phi SD.

Oh Rachel is our cook,
For her there is no match.
The boys sign out for dinner
When she cooks up one of her batch.

Pi Phi has its arrow,
Kappa has its key.

.
They call a Phi SD.

14. I'm Sorry I Pledged

I have been able to uncover little about this dirge except that it turns up in many variant forms within the fraternity and sorority confines. The earliest text I have discovered is one of two collected at Michigan State, which is dated 1948. Five more were previously turned in by Indiana University students,¹ and I also collected two texts from Ohio Wesleyan which are printed below. One other appears in the anonymous manuscript "College Folklore" (p. 86), which is based on material collected at the University of Arkansas early in 1957.

In shape and form this song fits into the limerick pattern. It has the same number of metric feet and the AABBA rhyme scheme characteristic of the limerick, and sometimes the same tune ("Gay Caballero") as well. In addition, like most individual limericks, the theme or plot of "I'm Sorry I Pledged" is an entity in itself.² Since the lyrics also constitute one of the few short "musical jokes" in campus tradition rather than the usual choric song,³ in all probability one never will hear only one variant stanza on any given occasion before the singers move on to some other song.

Although most of the variants describe fraternities, most commonly ATO (Alpha Tau Omega) and SAE (Sigma Alpha Epsilon), one or two sorority

¹Four of which were collected by Lillian Fay Zahrt (1960-62), one of Indiana University's two most noteworthy female collectors of college songs (the other being Xenia Blom, roughly a contemporary of Miss Zahrt).

²It is not, however, printed in Legman's The Limerick which attempts to reproduce all known bawdy limericks from both printed and oral sources.

³See p. 24.

forms have been collected as well:

I'm sorry I pledged Alpha Phi [pronounced "fee"];
They're making a fool out of me.
There's Kappa. There's Theta.
There's Gamma Phi Beta.
I'm sorry I pledged Alpha Phi.

I'm sorry I pledged Alpha Gam;
Oh what a sucker I am.
I could have pledged Theta,
Or Pi Phi, or Kappa.
I'm sorry I pledged Alpha Gam.⁴

A fraternity variant much like the above, and rather uncharacteristically non-obscene, was collected by Nancy Reeves at Indiana University in 1957:

I'm sorry I pledged SAE,
They're making a queer out of me.
I would have pledged Beta
Or Phi Delta Theta.
I'm sorry I pledged SAE.⁵

In addition to the "Gay Caballero" tune, I have also noted the lyrics being set to "Blest Be The Tie That Binds," or recited instead of being rendered musically. The latter evidently is the case in regard to a text collected in 1961 at Western Kentucky State College which is simply labeled "Joke":

⁴Both collected by Lillian Fay Zahrt, Indiana University, 1962 and 1960 respectively. Another variant she turned in is similar to #14 B but begins "I'm glad I depledged SAE ... They were making a queer out of me ..."

⁵Possibly a girl's reworking of a fraternity text.

You'll be sorry if you pledge Sigma Nu
Cause they'll make a queer out of you.
They're not like the others
Cause they sleep with their brothers.
You'll be sorry if you pledge Sigma Nu.

14 A. I found this text in the Skip Landt file which is described on p. 39 . The stanza here is identical with the 1948 text from Michigan State collected by Virginia Baldwin, so far the earliest known to me, except that the latter contains the word "love" at the critical juncture instead of the word "eat."⁶ No indication was given as to what tune, if any, was to be used.

I'm sorry I pledged ATO;
 I could have done better I know.
 I hate all my brothers
 And eat all the others;
 I'm sorry I pledged ATO.

14 B. Sung by R. Frederic Hafer, Indiana University graduate student, on January 21, 1964 to the tune of "Blest Be The Tie That Binds." Hafer learned it at the University of Cincinnati during his undergraduate days (1957-61). I also collected a literally duplicate text from Evan Bukey, Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity member at Ohio Wesleyan University, about 1961. He used the "Gay Caballero" tune in speeded-up form.

I'm sorry I pledged SAE.
 They're making a queer out of me.
 They're not like the others,
 They sleep with their brothers.
 I'm sorry I pledged SAE.

⁶In vulgar slang, "eat" is often a synonym for fellatic or cunnilingus, particularly the latter.

15. Brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi

Long a fraternity favorite, this highly obscene brag has been collected as a song of many different Greek groups, although it is most commonly thought of as especially being the property of Beta Theta Pi. It was printed in mock dramatic fashion in an exceedingly rare and bawdy songbook, the Lyra Ebriosa,¹ in 1930, and is reprinted here for its comparative and historical value since the original work which contains it is so scarce. The reader should fill in the words "Beta(s)" or "Beta Theta Pi" in the appropriate blanks.

"The Master _____"

Air Connu

Chorus of _____ off-stage:

O, we are jolly _____, yes every one!

The Master _____ with them; basso profundo:

Oh, I'm the Master _____, O, I'm the Master _____!

Omnes, approaching:

To the colleges we go,

Where we've never been before,

And each one of us is here to do or die!

We succeed because we must

And because we place our trust

In the fellowship of _____!

¹Issued privately in a southern seaboard state. (Cf. Legman, The Horn Book, p. 398.) The only known copy is in the University of Kentucky Library although a xerox reproduction is on file in the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University.

Cheer, cheer, cheer the jolly _____!
 Brightly sparkles every eye!
 We succeed because we must and because we place our trust
 In the fellowship of _____!

A loud but wealthy stranger appears, singing:

In Bohunkus, Tennessee
 Lived a bootblack that was me,
 And my father swept the shit from off the street!
 But one day when I was young,
 He found a diamond in the dung,
 So he sent me here to give you boys a treat!

The _____, now on stage:

Cheer, cheer, cheer the wealthy stranger!
 Raise your loving-cups on high!
 For whene'er the story's told of a piss-pot full of gold!
 We will drink a health to _____!

Six months later, the Stranger, very conservatively clad, appears and sings:

I've a dozen suits of clothes
 And I buy my shirts and hose
 Where I always pay the most but get the best!
 Now, boys, don't you be surprised
 For it's just as you surmised,
 There's a _____ diamond on my manly breast!

The _____, frantic with admiration:

Cheer, cheer, cheer the MASTER _____!²
 Raise your thunder-mugs on high!
 And we'll drink another glass to the latest horse's ass
 In the fellowship of _____!

²Pledges who have been affiliated with a fraternity for more than one semester, but who for one reason or another have not been initiated into active membership, are called "master pledges." I have heard the "Master Beta" joke in campus riddle form: Q. What do you call second semester Beta pledges? A. Master Betas (Indiana University, 1963).

This song seems to have been an outgrowth of the bawdy folksong "Little Ball of Yarn," sung to the same tune, as suggested by Legman (The Horn Book, p. 421), but better illustrated by a text collected at Western Kentucky State College in 1952 by a student of D. K. Wilgus:

In my prison cell I stand, with my peter in my hand
And my balls are dangling on the prison floor.
You can see the bloody snag, where she hit me in the bag.
Oh I'll never fuck a Beta any more.

Chorus: Hail, hail, you masturbaters!
Raise your thundermugs on high,
And we'll drink another glass
To a perfect horse's ass,
To the sisterhood of Beta Omega Chi.³

The files of songs collected by Wilgus at Western Kentucky also contain two other variants, one of local origin, the other a text noted down by Wilgus from his own student days at Ohio State University (1936-41). Besides the ten or so items collected at Michigan State and Indiana University which are held in the latter's folklore archives, reports have been made on the song's existence at Northwestern, Swarthmore, Ohio Wesleyan (#15 A), and Texas University (Abrahams-ISR A, p. 19), the latter opening with the first verse of "Adam" (#6) before proceeding with the lyrics of "Brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi." A combination of this song with a variant form of "Damn, Damn, Damn The Kappa Gammas" (#11) occurs in a somewhat cleaner text collected by Barbara Brownell at Michigan State University in 1956:

³Evidently a local sorority. Sometimes the word "sisterhood" is used to preface the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, facetiously indicating "fairy" (homosexual) tendencies.

'Twas down in Tennessee, a bootblack that was me.
 My father shoveled garbage in the street.
 When I was very young he found a diamond in his dung,
 And sent me to this fraternity.

Damn, damn, damn Phi Gamma Delta;
 To hell with Beta Theta Pi;
 Damn the Delts and all the rest for we know we are the best
 We're drinking sons of guns of Lambda Chi.

Hail, hail, you worthy brother,
 Raise your glass on high.
 For we'll have another glass for the biggest horse's ass
 That was ever pledged to good old Lambda Chi.

A Marine Corp reworking, reported in Don Higginbotham's classic paper on Marine folklore, submitted to Roger Abrahams at the University of Texas ca. 1963, shows a remarkable combination of strains of "Brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi," with "Damn, Damn, Damn, the Kappa Gammas" (#11), "Walking Down Canal Street," and the very bawdy old armed service song, "The Friggin' Fusileers":

I was born in Tennessee, there my heart was young and free,
 My father shoveled horse shit all the day;
 Then one day when work was done, he found some diamonds in the dung,
 And sent me off to join the 8th Marines.

Chorus: Oh, it's hail, hail, hail the 8th Marines,
 To hell with the field artillery.
 Fuck the zoomies and the rest, we are Uncle Sammy's best,
 We're the fucking, fightin', friggin' 8th Marines.

Walking down Canal Street beatin' on every door,
 I'll be a son of a bitch if I could find a whore.

(The chorus follows each two line stanza.)

When I finally found a whore, she asked me up to sin,
 I'll be a son of a bitch if I could get it in.

When I finally got it in, I wiggled it all about,
 I'll be a son of a bitch if I could get it out.

We found a broken bottle, we found some broken glass,
 We found a bunch of swabbies and shoved it up their ass.

When I finally got it out, it was blue and sore,
I'll be a son of a bitch if I could fuck some more.⁴

Chorus variation is frequent. The concluding lines of one MSU text,
to cite one example, read:

...For I just received the word that they pledged another turd
To the brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi.⁵

The tune used is "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."⁶

⁴The first verse and chorus are sung to the usual "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"; the "Walking Down Canal Street" section to "Bell Bottom Trousers."

⁵Collected by Mary Lou Schweizer in 1951. The text stems from a prep school (further details not available).

⁶Known in its older forms as "Road to the Isles."

15 A. This is another Ohio Wesleyan text from the Skip Landt file described on p. 39 which I copied in the spring of 1959.

In the class of '53, there's a son of a gun like me,
And his father shovels horse shit all the day.
So one day while he was young, he found a diamond in
the dung,
And a Beta Theta he turned out to be.

Ring ching ching for Beta Theta,
Flush me once around the bowl.
Someone forgot to pull the chain, so forever I'll remain
In the brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi.

15 B. Collected from Tom Keppler, member of Sigma Pi fraternity at Indiana University, on October 23, 1964.

Stroke, stroke, stroke you Master Betas.
Wave your foamin' cocks on high.
And we'll tip another glass to the dear old horse's ass;
To the sisterhood of Beta Theta Pi.⁷

⁷See footnote #4.

16. Let's All Go And Piss On The Beta House

I have seen only a half dozen texts of this song, but these are scattered among the University of Texas (Abrahams-ISR N, p. 2), Indiana State College, Connecticut Wesleyan, and Western Kentucky State College, as well as Indiana University.

Randolph ("Unprintable" Songs, I, pp. 125-126) gives two texts from Ozark tradition which may be possible antecedents of the contemporary college form. The earliest was collected in 1927, as follows:

Old gray mare, she shit on the whiffle tree,
 Shit on the whiffle tree,
 Shit on the whiffle tree,
 Old gray mare, she shit on the whiffle tree,
 Down in Arkansas.¹

The second, noted down in 1938, differs from the above only slightly. The tune, as the reader no doubt has already realized, is "The Old Gray Mare."

One variant from WKSC, sung by the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity, combines the song with the quasi-traditional house favorite of the Alpha Tau Omega group, "We Are The Great Big Hairy-chested Men," in such a manner as to spoof the latter fraternity:²

¹A clean variant is printed in Sandburg's American Songbag as the second stanza of "The Old Gray Mare."

²Collected in 1959. Some of the repeated phrases in both stanzas are evidently inadvertently omitted. This is the earliest dated text I have seen. "We Are The Great Big Hairy-chested Men" is also sung to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare." Its position in regard to the campus oral tradition is the same as "Adam" (#6) although it does not turn up in combination with other songs nearly as often.

Let's go up on top of the Beta House,
Top of the Beta House,
Let's go up on top of the Beta House;
Piss on the ATO's.

We are the great big, uh -
Hairy chested men, uh -
Hairy chested men,
We are the great big hairy chested men,
We are the ATO's.

Other texts provide less striking variation. Another Western Kentucky item opens with the line "Put on your old grey bonnet" before going down to "urinate" on the Beta house. A 1962 Indiana University text reads "Let's all go and ... (sniff) on the Beta house."

16. Collected from Gerald Johnson, Indiana University graduate student, on October 4, 1964. He learned it as a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity at Connecticut Wesleyan University three or four years ago. The Commons Club mentioned in the second verse was formerly the local Sigma Chi fraternity. A second stanza is not usual in this song.

Let's all go and piss on the Beta house,
Piss on the Beta house, piss on the Beta house;
Let's all go and piss on the Beta house
Till it floats away.

Till it floats away,
Till it floats away,
Let's all go and piss on the Beta house
Till it floats away.

Let's go down and come on the Commons Club,³
Come on the Commons Club, come on the Commons Club;
Let's go down and come on the Commons Club
Till it floats away.

Till it floats away,
Till it floats away,
Let's go down and come on the Commons Club
Till it floats away.

³The word "come" in this context is usually taken to mean sexual orgasm.

17. We Are Pissing On Your Lawn

This is another song which is undoubtedly far more widespread than the few texts collected so far would indicate. It has been reported at Ohio Wesleyan, Hanover College, DePauw University, Michigan State University, Wabash College, and Indiana University, the earliest text stemming from Michigan State in 1944, as follows:

Phi Delta Theta, we are pissin' on your lawn, (3 x)
We are, oh yes, we are.

A more "genteel" variant (as the informant put it) was also reported from Michigan State in 1951:

Alpha Chi Omega, we are tinkling on your lawn, (3 x)
And we don't give a good Goddamn.

Rather obviously, the name of the fraternity or sorority utilized in the lyrics is entirely arbitrary and very much subject to the whim of those singing, although (on the basis of the few texts I have seen) "Phi Delta Theta" does seem to be a more popular choice than most.

These poetic lines are usually set to the stirring music of "John Brown's Body."¹ Owing to certain feminine physiological difficulties, and given the general tenor of the song, it seems entirely probable that this sentimental ditty is far more currently rendered by college men than women.

¹I have heard of three separate instances on three separate campuses where the song was accompanied by direct and literal action on the part of those singing.

17 A. Collected from Clay McMullen and Ray Brandell, members of Indiana University's Kappa Delta Rho fraternity, on December 6, 1963. Forest Redding, a third brother in the same group, was familiar with the song using "Phi Delta Theta" in place of "Kappa Alpha Theta." I have also heard an identical text from Ohio Wesleyan which substitutes the name "Phi Kappa Psi."

Kappa Alpha Theta, we are pissing on your lawn,
 Kappa Alpha Theta, we are pissing on your lawn,
 Kappa Alpha Theta, we are pissing on your lawn,
 Come out and we'll piss on you!

17 B. This variant was learned from Tom Dexter, member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, DePauw University, who said that the local Phi Delta Theta chapter had bolted to a slab of concrete the large rock in front of their house which people used to be fond of rolling away. Consequently, frustrated and disgruntled souls could only abuse the boulder on the premises under the watchful eyes of the Phi Delts. The date of collection was December 29, 1963.

Phi Delta Theta, we are pissing on your rock,
 Phi Delta Theta, we are pissing on your rock,
 Phi Delta Theta, we are pissing on your rock,
 And tomorrow we will shit!

17 C. Indiana University graduate student Gerald Johnson contributed this variant, sung to the tune of "Mary Had A Little Lamb," on October 4, 1964. It came from his undergraduate days at Connecticut Wesleyan three or four years ago.

We are pissing on your lawn,
Delta Kappa Epsilon.
We are pissing on your lawn;
Come out and we'll piss on you.

18. Yea, Boo

Eleven variants from Michigan State and two from Indiana University are in the IUFA, and ten others collected at the University of Texas and vicinity are in the possession of Roger Abrahams.

Technically this is not a song in most cases since the lyrics consist of a spoken (more often bellowed) interchange between one or more leaders and a crowd. But since they are very likely to be heard in the middle of any late-hour song session on campus, and upon occasion are combined with a chorus in cante-fable form (see especially #18 D), they are included in this collection.

Roger Abrahams recently pointed out¹ the ties "Yea, Boo" has with Type 2014A of the Aarne-Thompson Type Index entitled "The House Is Burned Down." Like the "song," the tale turns on a rapid reversal of sympathy expressed by the listener in response to each new explanatory statement made by the narrator. Abrahams states though that it is virtually impossible to tell whether the college favorite is a direct descendant of the prose forms, or whether it is simply a folkloristic cousin.

Oscar Brand has recorded a version under the title of "Parties" on his ABC-Paramount album Oscar Brand Sings For Adults (ABCS-388), which uses the following chorus (to the tune of "Mary Had A Little Lamb"):

Parties make the world go round,
World go round, world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
Let's have a party.

¹Roger Abrahams, "The House Burned Down Again," Journal of American Folklore, LXXVI (1963), pp. 337-39.

Never having heard or seen this refrain anywhere else, I was interested to note that whereas I could find only one other source containing "Yea, Boo," this being the "Old American Ballads" manuscript (1952, p. 31), the text in this instance was quite close to the one Brand uses, and the "Parties" chorus, while not a part of the same lyrics in the manuscript, nevertheless appears on its own as a separate entity some pages later.

Although most informants report that improvisation of lines frequently occurs, most stanzas are nevertheless taken from a traditional stock in oral circulation. Either one person may assume the responsibility for calling them out for the audience to respond to, or this function may be shared by several or many.

18 A. Collected from Linda Rethmeyer, Indiana University senior, on December 8, 1963. She learned it in the Irvington Methodist Sunday School in Indianapolis about 1958-59, and said it was known locally as "Joe's Bar."

Leader: This is Joe's Bar!
Crowd: Yea!

Leader: No minors allowed!
Crowd: Boo!
Leader: Before seven!
Crowd: Yea!

Leader: Joe's Bar closes at midnight!
Crowd: Boo!
Leader: Open at 12:01!
Crowd: Yea!

Leader: Joe's Bar has only two waitresses!
Crowd: Boo!
Leader: Two to each man!
Crowd: Yea!

Leader: You can't walk the waitresses home!
Crowd: Boo!
Leader: They walk you home!
Crowd: Yea!

Leader: Joe's Bar has only one bubble dancer!
Crowd: Boo!
Leader: No bubbles!
Crowd: Yea!

Leader: Joe's Bar has only one location!
Crowd: Boo!
Leader: One block long!
Crowd: Yea!

18 B. Dave Mabey, Indiana University senior, claimed he knew the lyrics as "Five Mile Bar." He gave them to me on December 12, 1963.

Leader: My bar is only one-and-a-half foot wide!
Crowd: Boo!
Leader: Well it's five miles long!
Crowd: Yea!

Leader: My bar is not going to have a club around it!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Leader: It's gonna have a field house!
 Crowd: Yea!

Leader: It's only gonna have two dancing floors!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Leader: It's gonna have five necking floors!
 Crowd: Yea!

Leader: We're not going to serve any liquor here!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Leader: We've got five cent beer!
 Crowd: Yea!

Leader: Our bar closes at midnight!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Leader: But it opens at 1 A.M.!
 Crowd: Yea!

Leader: There'll be absolutely no necking on the dancing floor!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Leader: But there'll be no dancing on the necking floor!
 Crowd: Yea!

Leader: We're only gonna have twelve barmaids!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Leader: But we're gonna have only eleven dresses!
 Crowd: Yea!

18 C. R. Frederic Hafer said he heard "Yea, Boo" at the University of Cincinnati during his undergraduate days (1957-61). This text was taken down on January 21, 1964.

Leader: I'm going to put up a building!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Leader: It's going to be a bar!
 Crowd: Yea!

Leader: The bar's only going to be a foot wide!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Leader: And a mile long!
 Crowd: Yea!

Leader: Not going to serve any beer!

Crowd: Boo!

Leader: Whiskey!

Crowd: Yea!

Leader: Girls are going to be in dresses from head to foot!

Crowd: Boo!

Leader: Made out of cellophane!

Crowd: Yea!

Leader: There's not going to be any screwing around
on the dance floor!

Crowd: Boo!

Leader: There's not going to be any dancing on the
screwing-around floor!

Crowd: Yea!

18 D. This elaborately developed variant combines "Yea, Boo" with the chorus of an old popular favorite, "Salvation Army,"² and the entire recitation is placed within the framework of a Salvation Army meeting. The text was collected from John Clark, Tom Keppler, and John Weston of the Sigma Pi fraternity at Indiana University on October 22, 1964.

Leader: For seven long years I stood on the corner!
For seven long years these hands have not touched
the body of a naked woman!
For seven long years these lips have not touched
alcohol.
For seven long years this mouth has not uttered a
bad word!

Member of the crowd:

What have you been doing for the past seven years?

Leader: I've been standing on this goddam corner beating
this goddam drum!...singing

²"Salvation Army" has been recorded in its own context (free of any ties with "Yea, Boo") by Oscar Brand on his Singalong Bawdy Songs album (Audio Fidelity AFLP 1971). The chorus, both musically and textually is identical to the one printed here.

Chorus: [all sing]
 Salvation Army, Salvation Army.
 Put a nickel on the drum,
 Save another drunken bum.
 Salvation Army, Salvation Army,
 Put a nickel on the drum and you'll be saved!

Member of the crowd: Testimony! Testimony!
 Leader: Brother _____?

Brother _____: All girls will wear tin dresses!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Brother _____: All guys will be given can openers!
 Crowd: Yea!

Chorus: [singing] Salvation Army, Salvation Army, etc.

Member of the crowd: Testimony! Testimony!
 Leader: Brother _____?

Brother _____: Two bubble dancers!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Brother _____: One bubble!
 Crowd: Yea!

Chorus: [followed in similar fashion by]

Brother _____: All bedroom doors must be locked!
 Crowd: Boo!
 Brother _____: From the inside!
 Crowd: Yea!

Brother _____: All the booze down here will be dumped
 into the Jordan River!³
 Crowd: Boo!
 Brother _____: Okay Brothers, open your hymn books to
 page 46, and gather us down by the
 river.
 Crowd: Yea!

³Although the Jordan River could presumably be taken to mean the river of biblical fame, here it means the local stream that runs through the Indiana University campus.

19. I Love A Billboard (Chi O)

The previously collected older texts on file in the IUFA, the first of which comes from Michigan State in 1944, are all variants of "I Love a Billboard," and possess no sorority orientation. Sometimes the sign is a "circus" or "college" billboard instead of one that is "sexy." The lyrics of an offbeat MSU text even substitute the words "hound dog" in place of the cherished poster, reading:

I love a hound dog, I always will,
Because a hound dog gave me such a thrill.
When I was younger, but just a child,
A sexy hound dog drove me wild.¹

Still another variant understandably prefers a sex "busboy" to a similarly erotic billboard. In any case, the song seems to be known throughout the country since it has been reported not only in the Midwest, but in such distant regions as Montana.

Frequently the text is combined with other college favorites. One from Michigan State fuses "I Love A Billboard" with the similarly titled but quite different and probably older² "Billboard Song":

I love a billboard, I always will,
Because a billboard gives me such a thrill.
Now when I was a little child,
A billboard simply drove me wild.

¹Collected by Pat Roberts, Michigan State University, 1955.

²The "Billboard Song" was in print as far back as the early 1920's. See the Indiana Song Book (1921, p. 176), and Paradology (edited by E. O. Harbin, Nashville, 1928, p. 38) for early texts. According to Alan Dundes ("Advertising and Folklore," NYFQ, XIX (1947) p. 147), the words may be sung to the music of "Bell Bottom Trousers."

As I was walking down the street,
 A billboard met my eye.
 The things that the billboard said
 Would make you laugh and cry.
 The winds and rains had come that day
 And washed it half away,
 And of the things remaining,
 Here is what it had to say:

Come smoke your coca-cola,
 Drink ketchup cigarettes.
 See Lillian Russell russel
 With a box of oysterettes.
 Bay run is good for horses _____.³

I have collected some variations which have shifted the song's theme away from the world of advertising, substituting a commentary on the easy virtue of the women of one or another sorority.⁴ These new reworkings have taken their place alongside the older billboard (et. al.) forms, but as the variety of field texts below indicate, have by no means entirely displaced them in college song tradition.

The tune is another familiar college marching band number which I am told is "The Billboard March" by John Phillip Sousa.

³Collected by Sally Pearson, Michigan State University, 1945. See pp. 132-133 for combinations of "I Love A Billboard (Chi O)" with other items.

⁴The Indiana University Folklore Archives do not contain any texts with these Greek oriented lyrics, hence I will not attempt to estimate how long these variations have been extant except to say that it is likely they are of less age than the "Billboard" forms.

19 A. Ray Brandell and Clay McMullen of the Indiana University
Kappa Delta Rho fraternity sang this on December 6, 1963.

I took a Chi O up on a hill,
Because a Chi O always will.
I love a Chi O, I always will,
Because a Chi O always will.

19 B. Dave Mabey said that his second stanza was composed by the
pledges going through "hell week" at the Delta Chi fraternity in 1961,
in grim appreciation of the old stunt of swallowing goldfish which they
participated in rather reluctantly. He sang it on December 12, 1963.

I love a billboard, I always will,
Because a billboard gave me such a thrill.
When I was only a little child,
A sexy billboard drove me wild.

I love a goldfish, I always will,
Because a goldfish gave me such a thrill.
When I was only a little child,
A sexy goldfish drove me wild.

19 C. An interesting combination of "I Love A Billboard" with the
"knock-knock" jokes occurs in this text from R. Frederic Hafer, currently
an Indiana University graduate student, but who learned it at a leadership
conference which he attended while a student at the University of
Cincinnati (ca. 1960). The crowd is divided into two groups, and a game
is played to see first if one side can erect the billboard by means of a
"knock-knock" joke, and then if the other side can destroy the sign by the
same means. The game keeps going until one side or the other is unable to
come up with a response which will counteract the opposition's latest

maneuver.⁵ Hafer's lyrics were collected on January 21, 1964.

First Group (Spoken): Knock, knock!
 Who's there?
 Ima
 Ima who?

(Sung): I'm a gonna build a billboard up on a hill
 That sexy billboard gives me such a thrill.
 When I was younger and just a child
 That sexy billboard drove me wil-l-ld.

Second Group (Spoken): Knock, knock,
 Who's there?
 Dinah
 Dinah who?

(Sung): Dynamite that billboard up on a hill
 Because that billboard gives me such a thrill.
 When I was younger and just a child
 That sexy billboard drove me wil-l-ld.

* * * *

⁵There is one text from Michigan State, collected by Joan Blizman in 1954, which also integrates a "knock-knock" statement with this song:

I love a billboard, I always will,
 Because a billboard gives me such a thrill.
 When I was younger and just a child,
 A sexy billboard drove me wild.

Knock, knock.
 Who's there?
 Olive.
 Olive, who?
 Olive a billboard, I always will...
 (Repeat song through again)

There is no indication, however, that a continuous game was made out of the song similar to that done with the Hafer variant.

Second Group (Spoken): Knock, knock
 Who's there?
 Detta
 Detta who?

(Sung): Detonate that billboard up on a hill
 (etc.)

19 D. Jean Fox and Carol Adams of the Chi Omega sorority at Indiana University indicated that this combination of "I Love A Chi O" with the well known "Mimi, The College Widow" is sung by Chi Omega girls all over the state of Indiana. They sang it on March 14, 1964.

I love a Chi O, I always will,
 Because a Chi O always will.
 When I was younger and just a child,
 A little Chi O drove me wild;
 They call her Mimi, the college widow,
 Queen of the university.
 She laid the cornerstone of knowledge;
 In fact she laid the whole damn college.
 Hey, look at Mimi a-standin' by the door;
 They call her Mimi, the college....widow!

The music for "Mimi, The College Widow" is printed here since the song does not appear on its own in this collection.



19 E. Susan Rider of the Pi Beta Phi sorority at Indiana University contributed this short variant on April 28, 1964. R. Frederic Hafer (see #19 C) also knew a similar two line song which was circulated about the Tri Delts or the Chi O's at the University of Cincinnati ("They are the Tri Delts (Chi O's) and always will / Because the Tri Delts (Chi O's) always will-l-l"). Hafer said that his lyrics were a cliché, and were as apt to come up in the course of a conversation as a verbal expression as in the form of a song. The Pi Phi variant, however, is always sung.

I love a Pi Phi, I always will,
Because a Pi Phi always will.

20. I Wanna Be A College Girl (Boy)

The song is printed with music as "I'd Like To Be A Friend" in the Indiana University Song Book, (1921, p. 184), and in E. O. Harbin's Paradology (1928, p. 41) as "Um-m And A Little Bit More" with the first line of the only stanza beginning "I Want To Be An Epworth Leaguer...." A somewhat different variant appears in Lynn's Songs For Singin' (San Francisco, 1961, p. 107) which may be an original popular tune upon which the college adaptation is based:

I want to be a friend of yours, uh hm, and a little bit more.
 I want to be your steady date, uh hm, and a little bit more.
 I want to be the one you love, then I couldn't ask for more.
 I'd have all that's comin' to me, uh hm, and a little bit,
 Hm and a little bit, hm and a little bit more.

Seven texts collected from Michigan State are held in the IUFA. These show an orientation to the college locale similar to those in this field collection below (#20 A and D). Another, reflecting no specific orientation, was submitted to Dr. Harold Thompson at Cornell University by John Burns in 1948 (NYSHAF A B):

I want to be a friend of yours, umph, and a little bit more.
 I want to be a friend of yours, umph, and a little bit more.
 I want to be a flower growin' at your door.
 I want to give you all I've got, umph, and a little bit more.

I want to be a bumble bee buzzing round your door.
 I want to give you all I've got, umph, and a whole lot more.

The lyrics seem to have stemmed from formal, probably printed, sources which have restrained textual variation on a scale comparable to

most of the college-oriented songs in this thesis (#1-32). Nevertheless, the lyrics are circulated orally among students about as much as many of the others.

20 A. Sung by Tom Dexter of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity at DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, on December 29, 1963. Dexter's text is somewhat longer than the average variant (which usually contains only about two verses). Although sometimes sung as a "formal" fraternity song, it nevertheless is a favorite with the members on more relaxed occasions. It is customary to insert one's own favorite sorority where one presumably is dating, or would like to date, in the third verse where the Alpha Phi group is named. At this point it often becomes a contest between members to see who can shout out his sorority the loudest.

I wanna be a college boy, hmm, and a little bit more,
 I wanna be a college boy, now who could ask for more.
 I wanna go to DPU, now who could ask for more.
 Then I'll have all that's coming to me, and hmm, and a little bit,
 hmm, and a little bit, hmm, and a little bit more.

I wanna be a fraternity man, hmm, and a little bit more,
 I wanna be a fraternity man, now who could ask for more.
 I wanna be a Lambda Chi, now who could ask for more.
 Then I'll have all that's coming to me, and hmm, and a little bit,
 hmm, and a little bit, hmm, and a little bit more.

I wanna date a sorority girl, hmm, and a little bit more.
 I wanna date a sorority girl, now who could ask for more.
 I wanna date an Alpha Phi, now who could ask for more.
 Then I'll have all that's coming to me, and hmm, and a little bit,
 hmm, and a little bit, hmm, and a little bit more.

I wanna be a friend of yours, hmm, and a little bit more,
 I wanna be a friend of yours, now who could ask for more.
 I wanna be a clinging vine climbing up your wall,
 Then I'll have all that's coming to me, and hmm, and a little bit,
 hmm, and a little bit, hmm, we'll have a ball.

20 B. Dexter indicated that sometimes the DePauw Lambda Chi's would sing a somewhat bawdier variant in their off moments, usually when someone was drunk and feeling good.

I wanna be a college man, hmm, and a little bit more,
 I wanna be a college man and get the campus whore.
 I wanna be that college man, now who could ask for more.
 Then I'll get all that's coming to me, and hmm, and a
 little bit, hmm, and a little bit, hmm, and a little bit more.

20 C. In the fall of 1963, Army recruiters stopped at the DePauw campus and distributed literature headlining, "You too can be an Action Guy." The Lambda Chi's thereupon parodied the song again to:

I wanna be an Action Guy, hmm, and a little bit more,
 I wanna be an Action Guy and go away to war.
 I wanna be an Action Guy kicking down your door.
 Then I'll get all that's coming to me, and hmm, and a little
 bit, hmm, and a little bit, hmm, I'll rape your wife.

20 D. Collected from Susan Rider, Indiana University Pi Beta Phi sorority girl, on April 28, 1964. In the second stanza again (as in #20 A), the individual preference is yelled out against the choices of other members.

I wanna be a college girl, hmm, and a little bit more.
 I wanna be a sorority girl, mhmm, and a little bit more.
 I wanna be a Pi Beta Phi, I'll not ask for more.
 I'll have all that's coming to me, mhmm, and a little bit,
 mhmm, and a little bit, hmm, and a little bit more.

I wanna date a college boy, hmm, and a little bit more.
 I wanna date a fraternity boy, mhmm, and a little bit more.
 I wanna date _____ (name), I'll not ask for more.
 I'll have all that's coming to me, mhmm, and a little bit,
 mhmm, and a little bit, hmm, and a little bit more.

21. Don't Send My Boy To (Princeton)

This song undoubtedly dates at least as far back as the "rah-rah" collegiate era of the 1920's. University place names are substituted randomly as the individual singers desire, although the school to be avoided is more consistently designated as Harvard than any other. Two texts from New York State were collected around 1935 by Sherle Goldstone (NYSHAFAG), both of which combine this song with "To Hell, To Hell With _____ (name)" (to the chorus of "The Battle Hymn"). One of these is also interesting for the fact that it discusses a girl's impending fate rather than that of the male, more usually the case:

"Don't send my girl to Skidmore,"
 The dying mother said.
 "Don't send my girl to Syracuse,
 I'd rather see her dead.
 Don't send my girl to Vassar,
 Or even worse, Cornell.
 And as for Cortland Normal School,
 I'd see her first in Hell."

Chorus: To hell, to hell with Cortland Normal,
 To hell, to hell with Cortland Normal,
 To hell, to hell with Cortland Normal,
 To hell with C.N.S.

Evidently one finds "Don't Send My Boy To (Princeton)" joined with other college songs about as often as not. In the IUFA, a number of texts are combined with various local Michigan State songs:

"Don't send my boy to Harvard,"
 The dying mother said.
 Don't send my boy to Illinois,
 I'd rather see him dead.
 But send him off to MSC;
 I'm sure he'll do right well,
 And rather than to Michigan,
 I'd see my boy in

I wanna go back to Michigan State,
 To dear East Lansing town
 Where all the girls are beautiful
 And never let you down.
 I wanna go back to Michigan State
 'Cause that's where I belong.
 I wanna go back, I gotta go back
 To Michigan State. So long.

Beside the winding Cedar
 Where the trees are evergreen,
 There is the finest institute
 That you have ever seen.
 The Spartan teams will win again;
 They'll smash right thru that line.
 I wanna go back, I gotta go back
 To Michigan State sometime.¹

Another possesses the same opening stanza, but then switches to:

...But rather than old Michigan, I'd see him first in --
 M.S.C., M.S.C., M.S.C. all hail!
 Let's go down to Monty's for another keg of ale.
 M.S.C., M.S.C., M.S.C. all hail!
 Let's go down to Monty's for another keg of ale.²

¹Collected by Judy McIntosh, Michigan State University (then MSC), 1943. This is the earliest of several texts combining these two songs.

²A 1952 item from Jud Pettis (no collector given). Two or three texts from the 1950's combine these two songs. Monty's is a local beer hangout for college students not uncommonly mentioned in local student songs. The tune for "M.S.C. All Hail" is not given, though from the structure of the verse, "Jingle Bells" might be offered as one possible guess.

A third combination from Michigan State again begins with "Don't Send My Boy To Harvard," then breaks into "Sing A Song of Colleges":

...But rather than to Michigan,
I would see my boy in hell.

We sing a song of college days,
And tell you where to go:
To M.S.C. for pretty girls,
Wisconsin where they grow;
O-hio for champions,
Purdue for jolly men;
Chicago for her standards high,
And for suckers.....Michigan.³

Textual variants include an interesting fraternity version collected at the University of Minnesota in 1944:

"Don't let my son pledge Chi Psi,"
The dying mother said.
"Don't let him be an SAE,
I'd rather see him dead.
Don't let him go to old Psi U,
Deke, or Sigma Nu.
I hope and trust my boy will just
Be pledged to Delta U."⁴

and a service reworking printed in William Wallrich's Air Force Airs (1957), p. 43:

"Don't send my boy to Berlin,"
The dying mother said.
"Don't send my boy to Berlin.
I'd rather see him dead.
For when the flak starts poppin'
With fighters all around,
Don't send my boy to Berlin.
Just keep him on the ground."

³Collected by Joe Kleinsmith, 1952. The earliest recorded combination of these songs occurs in a 1948 text.

⁴Collected by June Andrews. The text is in the IUFA.

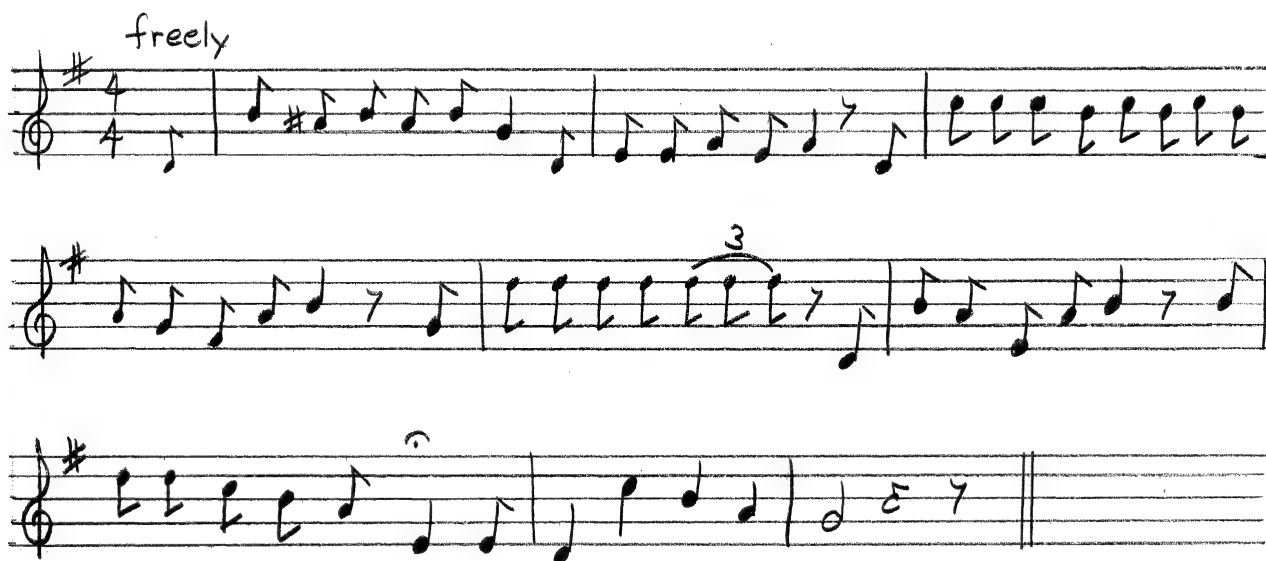
Although a number of popular tunes have been named as the melody to which the lyrics of "Don't Send My Boy To (Princeton)" are sung, including "Down By The Old Mill Stream,"⁵ and "In The Good Old Summertime,"⁶ the music more commonly heard is given after the Dexter text below.

⁵Listed as such on a text in the IUFA which was collected in a Michigan high school.

⁶Lynn, Songs For Singin', p. 47.

21. Collected from Tom Dexter of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity at DePauw University, December 29, 1963. Tom has also heard the song sung by students from Cornell, Gettysburg College, and elsewhere.⁷

"Don't send my boy to Princeton,"
The dying mother said.
"Don't send him up to old Purdue,
I'd rather see him dead.
Just pack that boy to DPU;
It's better than Cornell.
But rather than to Wabasssht
I'd see my boy in hell."



⁷It is interesting to note that Wabash College, DePauw's arch rival, has a variant reversing the sentiments in Dexter's text above. The following was submitted to the IUFA by Ann Castro in 1957:

"Don't send my boy to Michigan,"
The dying mother said.
"Don't send my boy to Harvard,
I'd rather see him dead.
Just send him down to old Wabash,
It's better than I.U.
But rather than to old DePauw,
I'd see my boy in -----
The evening by the moonlight, etc.

22. The Twelve Days of Finals (Christmas)

The old English Christmas favorite is parodied here in a quite repugnant and heavily obscene campus takeoff, which nevertheless has managed to find some favor among college men. The only other text I have located prior to those in this field collection was turned in to the Michigan State files in 1954:

On the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
A douche bag in a pair tree.

(similarly and cumulatively)
Two purple tits
Three maidens laying
Four fuckers fucking
Five pubic hairs.

Evidently the lyrics are not always carried past the first five or six verses with any consistency (see also text #22 A as a case in point). Probably the memorization of so many cumulative lines is the key factor in explaining why some variants end after only a half dozen or so phrases, instead of the usual twelve.

22 A. The Delta Chi fraternity at Indiana University, during the 1962-63 school year when I lived in that house, would occasionally sing this after an informal meal.

On the first day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me
A hand job in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me
Two brass balls,
And a hand job in a pear tree.

(similarly and cumulatively)
Three French ticklers
Four nuns humping
Five niggers hunching.

22 B. Collected from Clay McMullen, Ray Brandell, and Forest Redding of the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University on December 6, 1963, who learned it from another member of that house. Its ultimate origins in their fraternity can be traced back to its importation from the Indiana University Marching Hundred Band. (Note: another text, stemming from a local Phi Delta Theta fraternity party, is not printed here since it is akin to this item and is badly fragmented.)

On the first day of finals,
My true love gave to me
A hand job in a pear tree.

On the second day of finals,
My true love gave to me
Two brass balls,
And a hand job in a pear tree.

(similarly and cumulatively)
Three French ticklers
Four cock suckers
Five motherfuckers
Six sacks of shit

Seven scrotums swinging
 Eight assholes gaping
 Nine nipples dripping
 Ten twats a'twitching
 Eleven lezzies¹ leaping
 Twelve bunnies hunching.²

22 C. Several anonymous members of the Phi Kappa Psi house at Ohio Wesleyan University sang this variant text in May, 1964, in rich resplendent five part harmony.

On the first day of Christmas,
 My true love gave to me
 A hum job in a pear tree.

(similarly and cumulatively)
 Two sweaty nads
 Three French breasts
 Four inches wet
 Five dripping safes
 Six shooting hard-ons
 Seven shriveled testes
 Eight maidens bleeding
 Nine sixty-nine's
 Ten twats a'twitching
 Eleven empty scrotums
 Twelve fairies fucking.

¹Slang for lesbians.

²The informants could not recall the proper words and had made up this line as a substitute more than a year earlier.

23. On The Steps

Judging by the large number of texts collected at Michigan State University between 1947 and 1956, this song seems to have been enormously popular on that campus. Thirty-six variants were submitted to the archives there, several being dated as early as 1944. Prior to this field collection eight texts had been previously recorded at Indiana University. One text from Ohio Wesleyan University (#5 A) has also turned up. The place name of the institution mentioned in the opening line varies considerably, often being cited as MSU, IU, "Med School," or various dorms; or running over a long list of fraternities and sororities such as Phi Psi, DU (most common at Michigan State), Phi Delt, "Sammy," Theta, and Chi Omega.

An anonymous text collected at Indiana University in 1957 adds an extra two line variation:

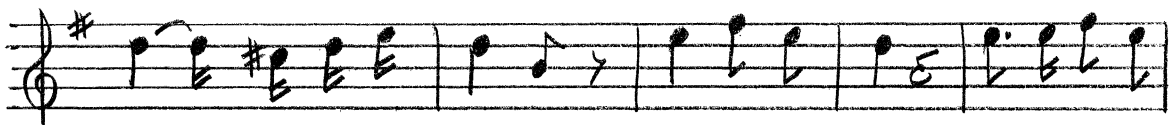
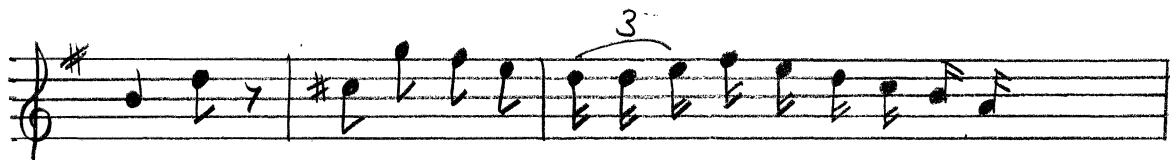
...Who could be it's father, maybe it's you,
Just another bastard son of Sigma Alpha Mu.
And who could be its mother, maybe it's you,
Just another girl gone down for Sigma Alpha Mu.

Another variant, collected by Eleanor Stafford at Michigan State in 1947, changes the ending to: "Just another Phi Delt blamed on old Psi U."

Gershon Legman thinks this song is most popular among college girls.¹ His contention is supported by the texts turned in from Michigan State students, more than two being submitted by girls for each one from boys, though it is not meant to be suggested thereby that it is noticeably uncommon in the repertoire of the college male.

The melody commonly used is given below:

¹Personal conversations, November, 1963.



23 A. Collected at Ohio Wesleyan University from Bob Keller and a friend, members of Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity, in the spring of 1961.

On the steps of Phi Psi,
Crying like hell,
Lies a newborn baby,
My how that son of a bitch can yell.
Oh who could be its father,
Maybe it's you or I.
It's just another bastard son
Of old Phi Psi.

23 B. Sung by Forest Redding, Clay McMullen, and Ray Brandell, members of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University, on December 6, 1963.

On the steps of IU,
Crying like hell,
Lies a newborn baby;
Listen to that son of a bitch'n bastard yell,
Who could be its father?
Maybe it's you.
Just another bastard son
Of old IU.

23 C. Jean Fox and Carol Adams of the Chi Omega sorority at Indiana University provided this variant on March 14, 1964.

On the steps of Chi Omega,
Crying like hell,
Lies a newborn baby.
Listen to that bastard yell.
Who can be its father,
Maybe it's you.
Just another bastard son
Of Sigma Alpha Mu.

24. To Thee _____ (name of college)

There is virtually nothing to recommend this dirge; even the cleverness which explains the popularity of so many other college songs is lacking here. The lyrics are leaden, the subject grim, and the whole atmosphere of the song morbid and melancholy. Yet the song seems to have possessed a remarkable currency among students in recent years, particularly among coeds. Fifty-four texts were turned in by students at Michigan State University between 1947 and 1956, one of the largest grouping of texts about any one song collected at Michigan State during those years. Nineteen more have been submitted to the IUFA which were garnered from Indiana University collegians, also a relatively large figure. In addition, scattered variants have turned up from other sometimes sparsely collected institutions such as Purdue, University of Michigan, Wayne State, two or three Michigan high schools, Ohio Wesleyan (below), Western Kentucky, and Texas University (Abrahams-ISR A, p. 17), all but the last two being on file in the IUFA. The earliest texts, collected at Michigan State, date from 1947.

Variations, especially in the last five lines, are numerous. A few of these ought to be mentioned; the concluding declamation most commonly reads "To hell with you, _____ (name of college)" but also varies to more obscene oaths such as "MSC, shit on thee" and "Oh piss on you MSU (IU)." The pursuant men mentioned may be listed as bad men, profs, frat men, vets, dorm men, and fairies, to name a few. Or the aforementioned lechers may be replaced in part with "Her cares will be fewer / with no frat boys to screw her." At times an additional refrain will be tacked on

or substituted in place of "If I have a daughter, I'll send her...,"
which states:

If I have a son, I'll send him to Harvard
As far from this hole as can be.
No sorority girls to break him,
No sorority girls to make him...¹

As one might judge from the lyrics, this song seems to be especially popular with girls. At Michigan State more than forty of the fifty-odd texts submitted were collected from coeds; in addition, there is a note on one of the variants stating that the song was popularly sung while waiting on lunch lines in the women's dorms. And at Indiana University all texts turned in were collected from campus women.

The tune is "My Wonderful One."

¹This excerpt from a text submitted by Margaret Lutton, Michigan State University, 1953.

24. Collected from Bob Keller and a friend, members of Alpha Sigma Phi fraternity, one afternoon in the Ohio Wesleyan University physics lab in the spring of 1961. The opening muse, "To thee lesbian....," is almost certainly a corruption of the similar syllabic-sounding phrase, "To thee, Wesleyan..." (reference to "Ohio lesbian" being a local campus pun).

To thee, lesbian, I pledge my abortion
The loss of my virginity;
To the friends I have made,
And the friends who have made me,
They'll linger in my pregnancy.
If I have a daughter, I'll send her to college
As far from this hole as can be,
Where Kappa Sigs woo her,
And Alpha Sigs screw her.
On thee, lesbian, I pee!

25. High Above The Wabash River (Far Below Phi Sig Delt Standards)

This parody of Cornell's alma mater hymn has turned up in different forms over sizeable geographical areas, the earliest text I have been able to locate stemming from Union College, New York, in the mid 1930's (NYSHAPA G):

Down among Cayuga's ditches,
There's an awful smell.
Where 3,000 sons-of-(***)
Call themselves Cornell.
So lift our banner,
Speed it onward.
Loud our praises tell.
Hail all hail, old Union College.
Down to Hell with Cornell!

In 1947 this song was collected at Michigan State as simply:

High above Cayuga's waters,
There's an awful smell,
Some say it's Cayuga's waters,
Some say its Cornell.

James Huntley of Terre Haute, Indiana, former Indiana University student, sang a version to Frank Hoffmann in July, 1961, combining elements of both texts above with still other flattering paeans:

Far above the Wabash River,
There's a terrible phew!
Some say it's the Wabash River,
We say it's Purdue.
Dirty low-down sons of bitches,
Bastards, fairies too,
Till we meet again, phew-ew,
Fall back on this [middle finger raised in obscene
gesture], will you.

A variant similar to the first four lines of the above text from Union College is presented in Frank Lynn's Songs For Singin' (1961, p. 97). Another was received by folklorist Roger Abrahams in a student collection made about 1963 (Abrahams-ISR A, p. 12), this last reflecting a fraternity orientation:

Far below Acacia's Standards,
There's a motley crew.
One hundred and twenty sons of bitches
Known as Sigma Nu's.
Half the world is white and pure;
The other half is Sigma Nure.¹

A different Greek variant is found in the Western Kentucky State College archives which was collected by Bob Jensen from the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity in 1957:

On the shores of Kitchie-goomey,
There's an awful smell.
It's an old abandoned shit house
That they call Phi Del.
Dirty bastards, sons of bitches,
Mother f---ers all.
Fifty thousand horses asses
That they call Phi Del.

A final three texts, similar to each other and to item #25 A, were also submitted to Roger Abrahams as part of another student project in 1963 (Abrahams-personal C, no page number), one example here sufficing to represent the three:

¹See this pun on Sigma Nu in "Phi Delta Theta" (#12) on p. 90. This couplet is better known as a derogatory chant (independent of any song) or verse (part of "Phi Delta Theta") about the SAE fraternity, with racist undertones:

Half the world is white and free;
The other half is SAE.

Down upon the Trinity Bottom,
Plain for all to view,
Stands an old abandoned outhouse
Known as Baylor U.

At Indiana University, the song has always assumed the role of a derogatory dirge concerning Indiana University's arch rival, Purdue.

25 A. Collected from Linda Rethmeyer, Indiana University senior,
December 8, 1963.

High above the Wabash River,
Blocking out the view,
Stands an old abandoned outhouse
Known as old Purdue.

25 B. Sung by Marv Knoll of the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University, February 2, 1964. A friend of his in the Marching Hundred Band came up with the last four lines in late 1960 or early 1961, and Knoll has continued to sing the song in this manner since that time, although he has never heard the same lyrics from other independent sources. L. G. Wright is the Purdue band director.

Knoll also heard a variant which began the second quatrain with the words "Agriculture, horticulture..." and ended with "To hell with old Purdue." A text virtually identical to that printed below was also collected from three fraternity brothers of Marv's, who said they learned it from him.

High above the Wabash River,
Blocking out the view,
Stands an old abandoned outhouse
Known as old Purdue.
Boilermakers, they're all fakers
Led by L. G. Wright.
If you want a first rate blow job,
Go see him tonight.

25 C. Jon Kwitny, member of Phi Sigma Delta fraternity at the University of Missouri during the years 1958-62, sang this text on June 1, 1964.

Far below Phi Sig Delt standards
There's a motley crew.
Fifty dirty sons of bitches,
Sigma Alpha Mu.

26. Moo, Moo, Purdue

A dozen texts were collected at Michigan State as far back as 1950 and are filed in the Indiana University Folklore Archives as "Moo, Moo, MSU." One of these presents some slight variations, as follows:

Oh give me a college
Where the men have no knowledge...
And the food in the dorm tastes like hay.
Boo, Boo MSU (MSC),
As that is the college for me...¹

The song has also been previously recorded five times at Indiana University and in recent years has achieved semi-official status as an anti-Purdue song to be sung by the entire crowd attending the pep rally preceding the annual football game with Purdue. This recognition no doubt has had some effect in nullifying changes through the process of oral transmission, the relative lack of which are reflected in the different texts collected so far.

The song is a parody of "Home On The Range."

¹From a text submitted by Jack Crosby, 1955.

26 A. Sung by Linda Rethmeyer, Indiana University senior, on December 8, 1963, who learned it from Peggy Dickens, daughter of Indiana University's ex-football coach Phil Dickens, who led the mass singing of this dirge at the pep rally prior to the football game with Purdue in 1961.

Oh give me a school where the students play pool,
And the cows roam the campus all day.
Where seldom is heard an intelligent word,
And the athletes all get high pay.

Moo, moo, Purdue,
Oh that's the only school for you,
Where a chimpanzee gets a bachelor's degree,
And even a Phi Beta Key.

26 B. Dave Mabey, Indiana University senior, learned the song while on an Indiana University debate team trip circa 1961-62. It was collected on December 12, 1963.

Oh give me a school where the professors play pool,
And the cows roam the campus all day;
Where seldom is heard an intelligent word;
And the athletes all get high pay.

Moo, moo, Purdue,
Oh that's the only school for you.
Where the chimpanzees get a bachelor's key
Or even a Phi Beta Key.

26 C. Some members of the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at IU told me in the spring of 1964 that the lines of this song might be parodied in their house on occasion to denigrate the Phi Mu sorority, then generally considered to be the worst sorority on campus insofar as social prestige was concerned (the Phi Mu's have since gone off campus):

Moo, moo, then screw,
Phi Mu's are the only zoo for you...

27. Bring Out The Old Silver Goblet

This convivial parody of "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet" has turned up in a variety of forms and in innumerable combinations with other college songs for more than a generation. It is known all over the country, having been reported at Ohio State, Northwestern, Brigham Young University (#27 below), the University of Texas, and Cornell (NYSHAFa below); not to mention eight texts held in the Western Kentucky State College Folklore Archives, and twenty-two from Michigan State plus two more from Indiana University found in the files of the latter's college song materials.

The earliest text I have located was collected by Sherle Goldstone from a student at Colgate University about 1935 (NYSHAFa G):

Put out your silver goblet with the maroon and white on it,
And roll in another keg of beer! (Spoken:) Who said beer?
For it's not to college that we came for knowledge,
But to raise hell while we're here.

A large number of variants were collected at Michigan State over the years dating from the mid 1940's to 1956. One fuses "Bring Out The Old Silver Goblet" with a fairly well known bawdy folksong, "Put On Your Old Gray Bustle":

Put on your old gray bustle; get your fanny in a tustle,
And we'll drink another glass of beer.
For it ain't for knowledge that I came to college
But to raise hell while I'm here.¹

Another, later printed in Lynn's Songs For Singin' (1961, p. 135), invokes

¹Collected by Merrill and Virginia Walker, Michigan State University, 1947.

the "log cabin and hard cider" spirit of the frontier:

"Let's get stinkin'," said old Abe Lincoln
As he rolled out another keg of beer.
For it's not for knowledge that we came to college,
But to raise hell while we're here.²

Still another interesting reworking from Michigan State indicates that people go to college to do more than just "raise hell":

Put on your 'ole green sweater with the M.S.C. letter,
And we'll be members of the varsity.
For it's not for knowledge that we go to college,
But to: (Variations)
1. Raise Hell while we're here.
2. Drink beer while we're young.
3. Prevent virginity.³

An anti-Beta Theta Pi fraternity parody of the college lyrics (a parody of a parody) was collected by Nancy Reeves at IU in the Spring of 1957.

Bring out the old paper goblet with the Beta bird upon it,
And we'll all have another cup of tea.
Oh we won't drink beer (cause we're mother's little queers),
And she might get mad at me.

"Bring Out The Old Silver Goblet" also is often sung in combined form with other popular favorites such as "Away With Rum," "Drink Beer, Drink Beer," the "Pink Pajamas" parody of "The Battle Hymn," and the "Souse Family," most of which are of a similar bon vivant tippling character. One example among a large number of these which might be cited

²Margaret Harris collected this at MSU in 1948.

³Collected by Raymond Hill, MSU, 1950.

joins an interesting fraternity parody of the "Souse Family" with our by now familiar "Silver Goblet":

Bring out that old silver goblet with the ZBT on it,
And we'll open up another keg of beer.
For we all came to college, but we didn't come for knowledge,
So let's raise hell while we're here.

So here's to Zeta Beta brothers,
Here's to Zeta Beta brothers.
May she always be the best fraternity.
As we raise a glass of Pabst,
Here's a toast to Beta Eps
And to our fraternity.

So we will drink, drink, drink,
Drunk, drunk, drunk,
Drunk last night, and drunk the night before,
And I'm going to get drunk tonight
Like I never got drunk before.
For when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the best fraternity.

Now the best fraternity is ZBT,
And on the top she will always be.
There's a Pi Lambda Phi and a Sigma Alpha Mu,
The Phi Sigma Delta and the Kappa Nu.
Singing glorious, glorious,
One AEPhi for the four of us.
So glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us can make her all alone.
Damn near.

Oh I think we ought to have a drink,
Oh I think we ought to have a drink,
Oh I think we ought to have a drink,
For the benefit of Zeta Beta Tau.⁴

Another form of textual variation occurring in this song is the wide variety of second stanzas which frequently appear. Unlike the text immediately above and others of its ilk which are composed of two (or more) songs united, these verses are a continuation of the tune of "Bring Out The

⁴Collected by Stuart Small, Michigan State University, n.d.

Old Silver Goblet" as well as the theme. A Cornell item collected by Lois Benjamin in the early 1940's (NYSHAFA) presents one unique verse:

Get off the old water wagon, and we'll all get a jag on,
It's the best thing that's happened here in years.
And we'll toast old Chancy to the students' fancy,
While the co-eds pass around the beer.

Get out the old silver goblet with the Beta seal upon it...⁵

At Michigan State, another two additional stanzas have turned up fairly regularly:

They took away our whiskey and they took away our beer,
And they took away our cigarettes too..
But we thank the Lord above us that we still have to love us
All the coeds of old MSC.

But we thank the Lord above us that we still have to love us
All the coeds of old MSC.

So we'll drown our sorrows for we know that tomorrow
We may never have another drop to drink. (Drop to drink)
For we know that our liquor is a damn sight thicker
Than you get from out of the, get from out of the,
get from out of the sink.⁶

An AEPI text contains a second verse reflecting fraternity sentiments:

So take a Zeeb for his money or a Sammy cause he's funny,
Or a Tep or a Phi Epsilon Pi,
But if you want to go out drinking and you want to come
home stinking,
Take a boy from AEPI.⁷

⁵In the interests of space the rest of the routine lines are omitted. Here the "new" stanza is the first rather than the second.

⁶Collected by Ted Larson, MSU, 1953.

⁷David Perlmutter noted this text down at MSU in 1953.

27. Collected from William "Bert" Wilson, Indiana University graduate student, on January 2, 1964. He learned it as a member of the Tau Sigma fraternity at Brigham Young University during the years 1951-53. Those whose Mormon morals would not permit them to favorably acknowledge strong drink or curse words would substitute the words "root beer" for "Miller's High Life" and "heck" instead of "hell."

Bring out the sold silver goblet with the Tau Sig upon it,
And we'll open up another keg of beer (Miller's High Life)
For we go to college not just to gather knowledge,
But to raise hell while we're here.

28. Give A Cheer (In The Cellars Of Old _____)

Although it is probable that the great majority of songs which are found both on the campus and in the high school originally filtered down from the former to the latter, this may be one example where the reverse is true. In the IUFA there are nearly six times as many texts from a wide variety of Michigan high schools as there are from Michigan State students.¹ At Western Kentucky State College the five variants collected by students of D. K. Wilgus all stemmed from high schools; at Indiana University the only previously collected text was likewise taken from this age group.

The tune used is the familiar "Caisson Song" from the older army days. Although the variation from text to text is liable to be primarily in one or two lines, it is nevertheless still possible to note rather different forms of the song. Two items collected at Michigan State will serve to illustrate: both use motifs which are quite commonly found in the ordinary variants of "Give A Cheer," yet because some were selected while others were not, the results are fairly different. The first was collected by John J. Albert in 1942:

Give a cheer, give a cheer
 For the boys who drink the beer.
 In the cellars of old Delta Chi.
 Look out teeth, look out gums,
 Look out belly, here it comes.
 In the cellars of old Delta Chi.

¹Twenty-nine variants from Michigan high schools and five from Michigan State. The earliest of the former dates back to 1941; the latter to 1942.

If the cops beat on the door,
 We can sleep, we can snore
 And drink all the more
 In the cellars of old Delta Chi;
 If Hannah comes in here,
 We'll say "Johnny, have a beer!"
 In the cellars of old Delta Chi.

The other variant was collected by Nancy Lapeer in 1952.

Give a cheer, give a cheer,
 For the girls who bring the beer
 To the cellars of old Campbell Hall.
 They are brave, they are bold,
 And the liquor they can hold
 Is a story that's never been told.
 For it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle
 As the beer goes down the muzzle,
 The R.Z.'s go staggering down the hall. They want more.
 And if Mrs. Snow is near,
 Say "Come on Gert, have a beer!"
 In the cellars of old Campbell Hall.

A somewhat similar text is printed (with a copyright notice by the editor) in Lynn's Songs For Singin' (1961, p. 137) as "The Cellars of Timberline Lodge,"² and has an additional stanza I have not found elsewhere:

Roll it out, roll it out,
 As the seventh keg goes out,
 In the cellars of Timberline Lodge.
 Turn the tap, turn the tap,
 Or remove the bottle cap
 In the cellars of Timberline Lodge...

One Michigan high school variant combines "Give A Cheer" with "In The Halls" (#32):

²Timberline Lodge is a ski resort in Mount Hood, Oregon.

For it's beer, beer, beer that makes you want to cheer,
In the halls, in the halls.
For it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle as the beer goes down
the muzzle;
Call out your number loud and strong.
If Mussey should appear, tell 'em Rosbeck brought
the beer
In the cellars of Hamtramck High.³

³Collected by John T. DeGutis at his Hamtramck High School in Hamtramck, Michigan, in 1948.

28 A. Bert Wilson, Indiana University graduate student, recalled this fragment from his undergraduate days at Brigham Young University during the years 1951-53. It was collected on January 2, 1964.

Give a cheer, give a cheer,
For the boys who make the beer
In the cellars of old BYU...

28 B. R. Frederic Hafer, graduate student at Indiana University, sang this partial text of "Give A Cheer" on January 21, 1964. It stems from his high school days in Cincinnati about 1955. Elder High was the chief rival school in the area.

Give a cheer, give a cheer
For the boys who drink the beer
In the cellars of old Elder High.
They are brave, they are bold,
Oh the whiskey they can hold
In the cellars of old Elder High.

29. Godiva

Eleven texts were collected at Michigan State from 1947 through 1956. Four more supposedly have been gathered at Indiana University (though I could locate but two in the IUFA), and variants have turned up from Ohio State¹ and MIT (see below, pp. 170-171).

Although most commonly sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body" (or "The Battle Hymn"), "Godiva" is actually another relative of the "Rambling Wreck From Georgia Tech" family of college parodies which have often become inextricably woven together.² The closest parallels among this group are found in "Expecting An Engineer" and "We Are, We Are," the latter in modified form serving as the chorus of "Godiva."³

Unlike the field item below none of the various texts previously collected that have come to my attention have reflected a fraternity orientation in their lyrics. There is a faint English (or pseudo-English) flavor in a number of these older texts, probably because of the references

¹As part of the Ohio State Sailing Club manuscript of songs (p. 3) submitted to the IUFA by Xenia Blom in 1961.

²The structure of both tunes is quite similar and it is a simple matter to confuse the two.

A preliminary listing of the "Rambling Wreck" family of related parodies would include "We Are, We Are," "Never Trust A (Sigma Nu)" (#4), "I'm A Drunken (Beta)," "Expecting An Engineer," "Adam" (#6), "Eve" (#7), and "Godiva" (#29). In addition, elements from other songs such as "Just Put Her In A Corner" (#3), "Who Am I, Sir?" (#5), "Olympus" (or "Jupiter"), "A Freshman Came To College," and the Michigan State offshoot of the latter, "Hygiene 11A," must also be reckoned with when dealing with the entire picture. To appreciate more of the complexity of the relationships of this group, see songs #3-7 below, especially "Adam" (pp. 61-63).

³See also "Drink Beer, Drink Beer" in the IUFA for the same theme in another song. The unique verses contribute most to the individuality of "Godiva."

to such places and people as Coventry and Sir Francis Drake, but the implications to be made, if any, are worthless without more documentation.

Recently Joseph Hickerson, now assistant at the Archives of American Folksong in the Library of Congress, sent me a copy of the longest text of "Godiva" yet turned up, it being a part of a ditto sheet MIT songbook which Hickerson estimates to have been manufactured within the last two or three years at most.⁴ The text is reprinted here for its comparative value:

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride
To show the royal villagers her fine and pure white hide.
The most observant man of all, an engineer of course,
Was the only man who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

Chorus: We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers
We can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers.
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum and come
along with us,
For we don't give a damn for any damn man who don't
give a damn for us.

She said, "I've come a long, long way and I will go as far
With the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar.
The man who took her from her steed and led her to a bar [beer?]
Was a bleary-eyed survivor and a drunken engineer.

My father was a miner from the northern malamute.
My mother was a mistress of a house of ill repute.
The last time that I saw them, these words rang in my ears,
"Go to MIT, you son of a B_____, and join the engineers."

The Army and the Navy went out to have some fun.
They went down to the taverns where fiery liquors run.
But all they found were empties, for the engineers had come
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum.

⁴Anonymous, "The One The Only Baker House Super-Duper Extra Crude Song Book," ditto print, n.d., p. 10. A copy of this songbook is now on file in the Institute For Sex Research, Bloomington, Indiana. I have been told there is a Baker House at MIT; Joe Hickerson also reports one at Ohio State.

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais
[Calais] way.

They heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed out their way.
But the engineers had beat them by night and half a day
And though drunk as hooligans, you still could hear them say.

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone
Without a stitch upon her, she was naked as a bone.
On seeing that she had no clothes, an engineer discoursed,
"Why the damn thing's only concrete and should be reinforced."

Princeton's run by Wellesley, Wellesley's run by Yale,
Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail.
Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand,
But Tech is run by engineers, the finest in the land!!!!

If we should find a Harvard man within our sacred walls,
We'll take him up to physics lab and amputate his balls.
And if he hollars Uncle, I'll tell you what we'll do,
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up
with glue.

MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup,
And MIT will be MIT when Harvard's busted up.⁵
And any Harvard son of a bitch who thinks he's in our class
Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the beaver's ass.

A maiden and an engineer were sitting in the park.
The engineer was working on some research after dark.
His scientific method was a marvel to observe:
While his right hand wrote the figures, his left hand
traced the curves.

⁵These lines are commonly found elsewhere in such songs as "Adam" (#6, see p. 62), most usually with the opening two sentences of the verse immediately preceding making up the balance of the stanza. There is such a variant on record (NYSHAFAG) from the mid-1930's from New York, given as a separate song in itself, beginning: "R.P.I. was R.P.I. when Union was a pup."

29. Forest Redding, Clay McMullen, and Ray Brandell of the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University contributed this variant on December 6, 1963. It was brought into their house in 1962 by Ron Walker, another member, although the specific source from which he obtained it is variously reported as his father (who belonged to another national fraternity) or the Kappa Delta Rho national convention at Lafayette College (Pennsylvania) held in the summer of 1962.

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride,
To show off to the villagers her pretty bare white hide,
The most observant fellow was a KDR of course,
The only one that noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the KDR's,
We can, we can, we can, we can win any lady's heart.
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, and come
along with us,
For we don't give a damn for any old man that don't
give a damn for us.

Her father was a miner in the northern town of Butte,
Her mother was a keeper of a house of ill repute,
The last words that she said to him, they almost broke
his heart,
"Get out of here, you son of a bitch, and join the KDR's."

30. Here's To _____ (He's True Blue)

This song has been used to accompany a variety of college drinking games for many years. A New York variant collected in the mid 1930's (NYSHAFA G) breaks down the more usual single stanza into two verses:

Here's to _____ (name),
 She's true blue.
 She's rounder through and through.
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.

Here's to _____ (name),
 She's O.K.
 Think she's going to heaven
 But she's going the other way.
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.

In more recent years, forty-three texts have been collected at Michigan State, and together with four more from Indiana University, are on file in the Indiana University Folklore Archives. Four Kentucky variants are deposited in the Western Kentucky State College holdings in the possession of D. K. Wilgus.

At tippling sessions the song is the signal for the individual who has broken the rhythmic pattern of the familiar game of "buzz," or that of any one of several variations of "Indian,"¹ to submit to the friendly

¹In "Indian," each person has a sign (making a fist, putting two fingers behind his ear, etc.). A leader makes first his own sign and then that of someone else's. The person so indicated in the second gesture must then make his sign, and then that of a third person, and so on. The whole sequence is done in quick rhythm which must not be broken. Some variations on this game use spoken words to accompany clapping in time. "Indian," however, is played silently with gestures alone.

penalty of "chug-a-lugging."² At other times the lyrics simply serve as a ritual chorus used to toast in turn each person in the circle, each individual chug-a-lugging as he is serenaded by the group. A 1936 alumnus of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University told the writer that if meanness was intended, the drinker who had just tilted his glass would immediately be called upon to chug-a-lug again, and if he played the rules fairly, would soon be laid out under the table.

In spite of the brevity of the lyrics, a number of variations are to be found. A short text from Iowa³ goes:

Here's to _____ (name),
He's true blue.
Looking for his old wha-zoo.

Most frequently, however, it is the middle lines which vary textually. Those presented here, for example, differ from both field items on pages 176-177:

Here's to _____ (name), he's true blue;
He's a drunkard through and through.
He won't let us dance, he won't let us sing.
He won't let us do a goldarn thing.
So fill him up a bumper, fill him up another;
He'll either go to heaven or the other way.
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
He'll either go to heaven or the other way.⁴

²A drinking term used to denote the continuous swallowing of one's entire drink (usually beer) without stopping.

³Collected by Bob Jensen from the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity in Iowa City, Iowa (no college or date listed). The text is in the WKSC archives.

⁴Collected by Maribelle Horr, Michigan State University, 1946.

In a few cases, the command to "drink" will differ slightly. A 1953 MSU text, to cite one instance, omits any reference to the term "chug-a-lugging," and simply concludes:

...So drink, brother _____ (name),
So drink, brother _____ (name),
Drink. Drank. Drunk.⁵

⁵Collected by Jo-Anne Gelow.

30 A. Dave Mabey, Indiana University senior, said that he and his Delta Chi fraternity drinking buddies would invariably sing this at beer blasts while playing "Indian." This text was collected on December 12, 1963.

Here's to Jack, he's true blue,
 He's a bastard through and through.
 He's a drunkard so they say;
 Tried to get to heaven and went the other way.
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug.



30 B. Collected from Bert Wilson, Indiana University graduate student, who learned it during his undergraduate days at Brigham Young University, 1951-53. He sang it on January 2, 1964. The tune used is virtually identical to the one printed above. As is the case with most renditions of this song, the last line is repeated until the individual being serenaded has finished his glass.

Here's to Dick, he's true blue.
He's a drunkard through and through
And if in the next world we should meet,
Hand in hand we'll face the heat.
And drink chug-a-lug, drink chug-a-lug...

31. Let's All Get Drunk And Go Naked

"The Bear Went Over The Mountain" provides the tune for these candidly honest and refreshingly straightforward lyrics. A half dozen or so texts have turned up in the last few years at Michigan State and Indiana University, the earliest stemming from the former school in 1953. As one might suspect, the song is most commonly heard at informal drinking functions, and as such is included in this collection as representative of a number of other similar college favorites not presented in these pages which are likewise brief, sometimes imaginative, but always explicitly frank and to the point.¹

A 1954 Michigan State University variant, differing somewhat from the field item below, was collected by Jack Beattie:

Let's all get drunk and get naked,
 Let's all get drunk and get naked,
 Let's all get drunk and get naked,
 As naked as can be.

As naked as can be, as naked as can be.
 Let's all get drunk and get naked,
 Let's all get drunk and get naked,
 Let's all get drunk and get naked,
 We'll have a naked good time.

Other concluding lines are reported as "To hell with wearing clothes," and "And let it all hang out!"

¹Other examples of this type of college song include "At Thanksgiving," "I'm A Fairy," "Breezes," "_____ Days To Vacation," and "Hark The Herald Angels Shout." Texts for all of these are held in the IUFA.

31. Collected from Dave Mabey of the Indiana University Delta Chi fraternity on December 12, 1963.

Let's all get drunk and go naked,
Let's all get drunk and go naked,
Let's all get drunk and go naked,
And jump in a great big pile.

And wiggle around a while,
And wiggle around a while,
Let's all get drunk and go naked,
And jump in a great big pile.

32. In The Halls (On The Farm; In The Corps)

This undoubtedly would have to be selected as one of the two or three songs most likely to be known by nearly all college students, many of whom learn it in high school, at camp, or in the military service rather than on the campus. Nevertheless, it is very widely heard and sung at college beer parties and other informal campus social functions, and the student who has never had this ditty grace his ears probably is the exception rather than the rule. Nearly eighty texts taken from student tradition at Michigan State and Indiana University are preserved in the IUFA alone.¹ Recent printings of related forms of "In The Halls" are found in Frank Lynn's Songs for Swingin' Housemothers (1961, pp. 76-77) as "On The Leland Stanford Junior Farm," and in The New Song Fest, edited by Dick and Beth Best (1955, pp. 104-105) as "The Quartermasters Corps."

The notes to Songs of the Spanish Civil War (Folkways Record FH 5436) state that "The Quartermaster's Store" is an old British army marching song. This is undoubtedly correct in spite of Wallrich's comments on the same song in his Air Force Airs: "Popular in World War II, with an origin that is college fraternity...." When the song made the jump to this side of the water, however, is not easy to say. I have not been able to find traces of it in American tradition prior to the aforementioned Spanish Civil War, but I would hazard the guess that in all probability it was sung by the Yanks in World War I, and possibly even

¹Michigan State variants omit the verse popular at Indiana University and other schools, "Oh it's cold (hot) roast duck that makes you want to sandwich." Otherwise there are no textual differences discernible on purely geographical lines.

earlier. Currently though, "The Quartermaster's Store" and its variants are only one branch of the song's American family tree, the other limbs being the two well known college-oriented versions, best listed under the headings of "In The Halls" and "On The Farm," after the common refrains found in each.

Rhyming the names of a succession of beverages is nothing unique insofar as student songs are concerned. "Drink It Down," traceable on the campus for nearly a century,² is printed in Irwin Silber's Songs of the Civil War (New York, 1960, pp. 189-190) as a drinking favorite of the warring armies. The similarity of the contents of these lyrics to "In The Halls" is obvious:

Here's success to Port,
 Drink it down, drink it down.
 Here's success to Port
 For it warms the heart for sport,
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down.

(similarly)
 Here's success to Whiskey
 For it makes the spirit frisky.

Here's success to Ale,
 When it's made us strong and hale.

-verses #1, 3 and 6

A song collected at Cornell in 1945 entitled "They Say There's A Barge Down The River" (NYSHAF) also employs the theme of substituting different drinks in each verse:

²A version of which is printed as "The Good Old Spring" in the American College Songbook (Orville Brewer and Co., Chicago, 1882) with a note "Sung at the reunion of the Athenian Society [Ohio Wesleyan University], June 27, 1871."

They say there's a barge down the river;
 They say that it's loaded with beer.
 They say that there's a barge down the river;
 Why the hell isn't it here.³

Succeeding stanzas will replace "beer" with "wine" or "gin," and alter the last line to "What the hell's taking the time," or "Why the hell isn't it in." The exact genetic relationship, however, between these and the "In The Halls" family of texts, if any, is yet to be determined.

On rare occasions a fraternity variant will turn up. One or two such texts are found in the Michigan State files, but these are all simply additional stanzas to "The Quartermaster's Store." Most striking is an item collected at Southwestern University (Texas)⁴ in 1961-62 (Abrahams-personal, anonymous) which orients the refrain towards the college locale, specifically "the great big Phi Delta Theta lawn."

Oh, it's those sweet ADPi's
 With those sexy, sexy eyes,
 On the lawn, on the lawn,
 Oh it's those sweet ADPi's
 With those sexy, sexy eyes,
 On the great big Phi Delta Theta lawn.

Chorus: My eyes grow dim; I cannot see.
 I have (he!) not (ho!) brought my specs with me.

(Similarly)
 Oh, those sweet DZ's
 You always want to sweeze [sic].

Oh, it's those Phi Mu ladies
 That always act so shady.

Oh, it's the Delta Delta Deltas
 That keep you in a swelta.

³Text submitted by W. D. Baldwin.

⁴Collected from Virginia Haase. No name for the collector is given.

Oh, it's the steel gray and blue
That means a yellow bird for you.

The most commonly heard form of the chorus follows in greater or lesser degree the "My eyes are dim..." theme cited above in "On The Lawn." Those familiar with Southern white spirituals will recognize these lyrics as none other than the cante-fable parody of the old-style lining out of hymns, especially "Amazing Grace." In a number of instances the texts in the Indiana University Folklore Archives change the refrain to:

My teeth are dull. I cannot chew.
It comes from opening cans of brew;
It comes from opening cans of brew.⁵

Another variation which combines the "My eyes are dim..." lines with the "Drink beer, drink beer..." stanza found in several other college songs was turned in at Indiana University by Jack Osborne in 1956:

Drink beer, drink beer,
Oh, drink beer with me
For I don't give a damn for any old man
Who won't drink beer with me.
My eyes are dim,
I cannot see-ee-ee.
I have, hey,
Not, ho
Brought my specs with me;
Brought my specs with me.

"In The Halls" is a popular song in mixed student groups as well as at stag beer blasts.

⁵As in the text from JoAnn Ewing, MSU, n.d.

32 A. Sung by Dave Miller, Ohio Wesleyan freshman resident of Dorm #2, spring, 1961.

Oh there's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer
In the halls, in the halls
Oh there's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer
In the halls of old Dorm Two.

(Similarly)
There's gin, gin, gin
That makes you want to sin.

There's rum, rum, rum
That makes you want to come.

There's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky.

32 B. Bert Wilson, Indiana University graduate student, sang this relic of his undergraduate days at Brigham Young University (1951-53, 1956-58) on January 2, 1964.

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I did not bring my specs with me.

Oh its beer, beer, beer that makes you want to cheer,
On the farm, on the farm,
Oh its beer, beer, beer that makes you want to cheer,
On the Idaho State Junior Farm.

Oh its whiskey, whiskey, whiskey that makes you feel
so frisky
On the farm, on the farm,
Oh its whiskey, whiskey, whiskey that makes you feel
so frisky
On the Idaho State Junior Farm.

32 C. Collected from Susan Rider, member of Pi Beta Phi sorority at Indiana University, on April 28, 1964. She learned the song at a Phi Delta

Theta fraternity party in 1962.⁶

Oh it's beer, beer, beer, that makes you want to cheer
In the halls, in the halls.
Oh it's beer, beer, beer, that makes you want to cheer
In the halls of PDT [Phi Delta Theta].

My eyes are dim (are dim)
I cannot see-ee-ee.
I have (hey!) not (ho!) brought my specs with me.

(similarly)

Oh it's gin--that makes you want to sin.
Old Black Label--that lays you on the table.
Oh it's old old scotch--that rots out your crotch.
It's old Fall City--that makes her show her titty.
Whiskey--that makes you feel so frisky.
Wine--that makes you feel so fine.
Wine--you'll do it all the time. (or "Will do it all the time")
Old Thunderbird--that makes you lay a turd.
Old Vodka--that makes you lay a gotcha.⁷
Water--that makes you think you oughter.
Cold roast duck--that makes you want to...sandwich.
Old Fall City--that makes you feel so shitty.

⁶I have deposited several other texts in the IUFA which largely duplicate those printed here.

⁷The informant could not define the word "gotcha." R. Frederic Hafer, IU Folklore Archivist, has since informed me that the term either means "beaver" (female genitalia or pubic hair) or a "vertical smile" (a girl sitting down with legs and skirt wide apart). Possibly the term "gotcha" as used in the Rider text has somewhat different implications as the verb "lay" fails to make clear sense in the context of Hafer's definitions.

33. My God, How The Money Rolls In!

This enormously popular "anti-family"¹ parody of "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean" has a long history in print, partially because by excluding some verses and including others the lyrics can be made to retain some of their zestiness, and yet at the same time remain acceptable to all but the absolute prig. Its earliest clean appearance insofar as I have been able to ascertain, is on p. 381 of Sandburg's American Songbag (1927). The following year it appeared in Paradology (p. 18) mixed together with the traditional lyrics of "My Bonnie." More recent expurgated variants have appeared in G.I. Songs (1944, p. 161), Air Force Airs (1957, pp. 189-90), and in Songs for Swingin' Housemothers (1961, p. 177).

The earliest bawdy text is found in "Dave E. Jones," A Collection of Sea Songs and Ditties (ca. 1928, p. 40). Since then it has appeared in Larson's manuscript collection, "Typical Specimens of Vulgar Folklore" (1952), and in Walsh's "Songs of Roving and Raking" (ca. 1961, p. 64), and was recorded in more or less unexpurgated form by Oscar Brand on his album, Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads, Vol. 4 (Audio Fidelity AFLP 1847) about a half a dozen years ago. A dozen texts from Michigan State and three from Indiana University have been collected at those schools since the late 1940's. Three more are on file in the WKSC Folklore Archives.

¹Legman (The Horn Book, p. 421) notes several of these songs, including this one, which he says has a Scottish cousin, "My Father Was Hanged For Sheep-Stealing." The "anti-family" song is British in origin, at least insofar as the more modern forms are concerned.

Mark Sullivan, writing in Our Times: The Twenties,² is undoubtedly correct in suggesting that the variant opening stanza:

My sister sells snow to the snowbirds;
My father sells bootlegger gin;
My mother, she takes in the washing;
My God, how the money rolls in!

is reflective of prohibition days.

An unusually lengthy text, submitted to the Indiana University Folklore Archives by June Ripperger in 1956, includes variants of most of the stanzas in this song that one is usually likely to hear but also one or two others that seemingly are less common in student tradition (verses #2 and #5):

My father makes counterfeit money;
My mother she makes bathtub gin;
My sister makes love for five dollars.
My God! How the money rolls in!

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in
My God! How the money rolls in!

My brother's a pimp and a hustler;
My nephew sells dope with a grin
To kiddies to buy with their lunch money
My God! How the money rolls in!

My aunt keeps a girls seminary;
She teaches them where to begin.
She never says where they're to finish.
My God! How the money rolls in!

My uncle's a slum missionary;
He saves all the young girls from sin.
He'll save you a blonde for a shilling.
My God! How the money rolls in!

²Mark Sullivan, Our Times: The Twenties, New York, 1935, p. 446.

My cousin's a veterinary [sic] surgeon
 With instruments long, sharp and thin.
 He only does one operation,
 But look how the money rolls in.³

I've spent all the counterfeit money;
 I've drunk all the synthetic gin;
 I've been making love to my sister.
 My God! What a mess I am in!

³A variant of the more common:

My grandma sells cheap prophylactics,
 And punctures the head with a pin,
 'Cause Grandpa gets rich from abortions.
 My God, how the money rolls in!

33. Sung by R. Frederic Hafer on January 21, 1964. He said he learned the lyrics at the University of Cincinnati as an undergraduate during the years 1957-61, adding that the song was a popular one there in mixed group singing. This particular text, however, is actually a slightly corrupted form of Oscar Brand's recorded rendition (see p. 186 above), which probably because it is relatively unemasculated as few of Brand's "bawdy" songs are, has managed to partially work itself into student oral tradition.

My father makes book on the corner,
 My mother makes bath tub gin.
 My sister goes down for a dollar.
 My God, how the money rolls in!

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in,
 My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in,
 Rolls in, rolls in,
 My God, how the money rolls in!

My uncle's a poor missionary.
 He saves fallen women from sin.
 He'll save you a blonde for five dollars.
 My God, how the money rolls in!

My grandfather sells prophylactics,
 And punctures the ends with a pin.
 While grandmother takes an abortion.
 My God, how the money rolls in!

34. The Eagles They Fly High (In Mobile)

Legman states that Colonel Shoemaker noted an ancestral form, "On Goat Hill," in the Pennsylvania hills prior to 1900, but that the song survives today only in parodies such as "Up At Yale," or "In Mobile."¹ He gives sample texts of the latter two, and for the closely related "Over There," in The Limerick (1953, pp. 321-22). However, the history of this song is a half century older than Legman indicates. Sigmund Spaeth, in Read 'Em And Weep (1927, p. 33) notes that this family of texts can be traced back to a "pop" song entitled "Over There" which first appeared in 1844.² It was included in the American College Song-book (1882, pp. 242-43) in this latter form.

The subsequent printed history of traditional texts is a long one. It was parodied by American soldiers during the Philippine occupation of 1900-02 as "The Monkeys Have No Tails In Zambonanga," and appeared as such in Dolph's Sound Off (1929, pp. 64-65). Meanwhile it had been published in the erotic classic, Immortalia, (1927, p. 81) as "In Mobile," and also as "Over There" (p. 151). Vance Randolph collected a number of different versions in his wanderings about the Ozarks: "The 'Taters They Grow Small"³ ("Unprintable' Songs," I, p. 233), "The Story of Siam," ("Unprintable' Songs," II, p. 632), and three texts of "In Arkansas (Ozark Folksongs, III, pp. 17-19). Still another form, "In Bombay,"

¹The Horn Book, p. 425.

²This, unlike the bawdy texts named "Over There" which appear in Immortalia, Folk Poems and Ballads, and The Limerick, described in these pages, consists entirely of respectable lyrics.

³Actually a non-bawdy form of "Over There." See also Spaeth's text in Read 'Em and Weep, p. 33.

slightly differently structured, is found in J. Kenneth Larson's manuscript, "Songs and Ballads" (n.d.), based on material from McCammon, Idaho. Other bawdy printings include Folk Poems and Ballads (1948, p. 42, as "Over There") and "Count Palmiro Vicarion's" Book of Bawdy Ballads (1956, #X, as "In Mobile").⁴ One should also note the popularity of another campus form of this song, "There Are No Chi Omegas At Purdue," which is presented in this collection as a separate entity (#1) since it retains its individual character much more markedly than do texts of the "In Mobile"- "Up At Yale"- "Over There" branch of the family.⁵ It should also be pointed out that in terms of meter and phrase repetition, the entire "Eagles They Fly High" complex belongs to the great "Captain Kidd"- "Sam Hall" tree of songs, which Bronson has traced back to the sixteenth century.⁶

Six texts of "The Eagles They Fly High" ("In Mobile") were collected from students at Michigan State, and two more from individuals at Indiana University. These are on file in the IUFA. One, an item collected by John J. Albert at Michigan State University, dated 1942, includes the only

⁴Two other versions, both clean, might be mentioned here. Country music immortal Uncle Dave Macon was associated with a related song, "In Nashville," the reference for which I have unfortunately misplaced. And in Twice 55 Community Songs (1932), a song, "Down In Mobile" is printed, but there is some doubt in my mind that there is any relationship between this text and the song under discussion here.

⁵See the notes to "There Are No Chi Omegas At Purdue" for further related documentation.

At Indiana University I recently discovered still another college adaptation of this song form, entitled "There'll Never Be A Nigger Sigma Pi."

⁶Bertrand Bronson, "Samuel Hall's Family Tree," California Folklore Quarterly [now Western Folklore], I (1942), pp. 47-64. See also Anne G. Gilchrist's article in the Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, III, (1938), pp. 167-170. The Laws numbers for "Captain Kidd" and "Sam Hall" are K35 and L5 respectively.

fraternity lyrics I have encountered in this song to date:

There are no Kappa Alpha Thetas in Mobile,
There are no Kappa Alpha Thetas in Mobile,
There are no Kappa Alpha Thetas
They've been taken by the dirty Dekes and Betas
Down in Mobile, in Mobile.⁷

The reader is also especially referred to the Legman text discussed above, as it contains many of the stanzas most often found in texts taken from traditional sources.

On the basis of the little evidence I have been able to accumulate, it would seem that "In Mobile" is not as popular on the college campus as it once was, and that its real strength in the student oral tradition lies in its offshoot, "There Are No Chi Omegas At Purdue."

The music is the same as for the last mentioned title, and is described above on p. 33.

⁷The fourth and last verse. Only this stanza contains Greek references.

34. Collected from R. Frederic Hafer, currently an Indiana University graduate student, who learned the song from his mother, she having sung it at the University of Cincinnati while a student there about 1930.

Oh the eagles they fly high down in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high down in Mobile,
Yes, the eagles they fly high
And they pfft right in your eye;
It's a good thing cows don't fly down in Mobile.

35. Hey La Li Lo (Hey Lolly Lo; Hey Li Lee Li Lee)

First printed as a Negro folksong from the Bahamas ("Married Man Gonna Keep Your Secret") in John and Alan Lomax's Our Singing Country (New York, 1941, pp. 84-86), this catchy refrain was picked up and to some extent popularized by Pete Seeger and the Weavers in the early and middle 1950's.¹ It, however, has been introduced into college oral tradition on a large scale only in the past five or six years, as a result of the rendition recorded by the "pop" folksinging trio, the Limelitters.²

The lyrics for the most part are of a separate and older character.³ Most might be best characterized as belonging to the "I've Got A Girl..." family of texts which has a long history in both Negro and White traditions.⁴ Randolph says ("Unprintable' Songs," I, p. 153) that virtually all such verses probably stem from the old minstrel piece, "I've

¹See Folk Songs of America and Other Lands (Decca DL 5285), and The Weavers at Carnegie Hall (Vanguard 9010) for Weavers' renditions, and Pete Seegar's Sampler album (Folkways FA 2043) for his recording.

²Their version appears on Tonight In Person (RCA Victor LPC 132), and is distinctly different from the recordings by Seeger and the Weavers, most importantly in that the Limelitters use a calypso-styled rhythm to carry the song, while the others use a straight unbroken 2/4 time. Hence the ultimate source, musically speaking, is immediately identifiable; in the great majority of cases it is the Limelitters.

³Both the Weavers and the Limelitters added new verses and stressed a certain amount of on-the-spot improvisation in their singing, but the lyrics which have tended to coagulate most consistently around the "Hey La Li Lo" chorus are traditional.

⁴The IUFA card index refers to this complex as the "She Won't Do It" series of texts, a designation which I find too limiting. Quite a number of different songs belong to this group, including "Honey Babe," "She's A Mattress Tester," and others, many of which are best identified by their choruses ("Hey Bob A Re Bob," "Hurry On Down To My House, Honey" etc.).

Got A Gal In Baltimore" (sometimes known as "Little Liza Jane"). The "dozens" also provide some distant parallels from Negro sources, more in a similarly structured verse pattern than content-wise.⁵ Nevertheless, the relationship between

I know a girl in Baltimore;
She'll give it to you on the floor.⁶

and the Negro taunt quoted in Roger Abrahams' Deep Down In The Jungle... (p. 52)

I fucked your mother on an electric wire;
I made her pussy rise higher and higher.

is fairly evident, even though the social function of each of the two differs considerably.⁷ In any case, in view of the long and constant process of intermixture and overlapping of this type of lyric, it appears virtually impossible at this time to separate most of the individual stanzas according to their ethnic origins, except where, as in the above instance, one isolated and special usage of such material has developed.

One other text of this song, dated 1962, was previously collected at Indiana University and is deposited in the folklore archives there.

⁵Some hint of this is given in the chapter entitled "The Element of Verbal Contest" in Roger Abrahams' recent book, Deep Down In The Jungle... (Philadelphia, 1964). Many more actual texts, however, are presented in his Ph.D. thesis (upon which his book is partly based), "Negro Folklore From South Philadelphia" (University of Pennsylvania, 1962), pp. 224-228.

⁶These lines are taken from the Susan Rider text below (#35 B).

⁷Unlike the college student who sings "I've got a girl..." impersonally, and as part of a crowd which will then contribute other verses in a spirit of joie de vivre, the Negro "dozens" are always specifically personal and have to do with a direct opponent's family, and are the means through which a hostile verbal battle is fought.

35 A. These lyrics are the only ones I have encountered in texts of this song which are oriented towards the fraternity system. They were sung by a senior high school student (whose name I never did get), the daughter of one of the AF-ROTC Captains teaching at Ohio Wesleyan University, in February or March, 1962.⁸

The Delts, they are a real fine crew.
 Hey la li la li lo.
 They keep their pants on when they coup.
 Hey la li la li lo.

Chorus: Hey la li la li la li,
 Hey la li la li lo.
 Hey la li la li la li,
 Hey la li la li lo.

The Kappas have the golden key,
 Hey la li la li lo.
 The key to their virginity.
 Hey la li la li lo.

35 B. Collected from Dave Mabey, Indiana University senior, on December 12, 1963, who learned the song at college drinking functions and on other occasions of a like nature. The third verse seemingly derives from an evening in the fall of 1962 when the Limelitters gave a concert at Indiana University. In the course of their routine, one of them made some rather crude remarks about reversing the action of the television westerns on the order of "shooting the women and raping the buffalo." At the end of the evening, when they sang this song, some student got up and "improvised" this stanza---which momentarily stopped the performance in its tracks. At a second show, later in the evening,

⁸My brother also told me that about the same time he had heard another OWU variant which integrated the old folk joke theme of "combination underwear" ("...he couldn't get them off 'cause he lost the combination") with the standard "Hey la li lo" chorus.

the same sequence occurred. Since then this verse has gone into the student oral tradition on campus. (See also its appearance in item #35 E.) Mabey states that he has heard the lines sung many times at drinking parties in the past two years. But since the verse has little meaning outside of the context in which it was used at the Limeliter concert (except as a parody of "I know a girl who lives on top of a hill / If she won't do it, her sister will), it remains to be seen how long it will remain in oral circulation.⁹

Chorus: Hey li lee li lee li lee,
 Hey li lee li lee lo.
 Hey li lee li lee li lee,
 Hey li lee li lee lo.

Well I know a girl and her name is Carol,
 Hey li lee li lee lo.
 There's no sweat 'cause Carol's sterile,
 Hey li lee li lee lo.

I know a girl who lives on a hill,
 Hey li lee li lee lo.
 If she won't do it, her sister will,
 Hey li lee li lee lo.

I know a girl who lives on a hill,
 Hey li lee li lee lo.
 She won't do it, but her buffalo will,
 Hey li lee li lee lo.

35 C. Jerome Wenker, Indiana University graduate student, heard these lines from Boston college students about 1955. He sang them in January, 1964.

⁹The Limelitters, however, had reportedly incorporated the joke-"spontaneous" verse sequence into their concert routine on other occasions after appearing at Indiana University; hence it is theoretically possible that the lines have been taken up elsewhere.

I had a girl and she was willin',
 Hey la li la li lo.
 Now I'm taking penicillin,
 Hey la li la li lo.

I had a girl and she wasn't willing,
 Hey la li la li lo.
 Now I'm up for rape and killing,
 Hey la li la li lo.

35 C. Sung by Marv Knoll, member of Indiana University Kappa Delta Rho fraternity, on February 2, 1964. Knoll added he learned the last verse at a party at Ohio State a year ago.

Chorus: Hey lolly, lolly, lolly,
 Hey lolly, lolly lo.
 Hey lolly, lolly, lolly,
 Hey lolly, lolly lo.

I know a girl who lives in a tree,
 Hey lolly, lolly lo.
 No one can get her but Tarzan and me,
 Hey lolly, lolly lo.

I know a girl who drives a truck,
 Hey lolly, lolly lo.
 All she likes to do is drive,
 Hey lolly, lolly lo.

I know a girl from South Korea,
 Hey lolly, lolly lo.
 She's the one who gave me gonorrhea.
 Hey lolly, lolly lo.

35 E. This long text was sung by Susan Rider, Indiana University Pi Beta Phi sorority sophomore, on April 28, 1964, who claims "it is a widely known campus song."

Chorus: Hey laddie, laddie, laddie,
 Hey laddie, laddie lo.
 Hey laddie, laddie, laddie,
 Hey laddie, laddie, lo.

I know a girl all dressed in red,
 Hey laddie, laddie lo.
 Makes her living on a bed,
 Hey laddie, laddie lo.

(similarly)

I know a girl all dressed in green,
 She goes down like a submarine.

I know a girl all dressed in green,
 She's what I call a sex machine.¹⁰

I know a girl all dressed in blue,
 She'll show you just what to do.

I know a girl all dressed in black,
 Makes her living lying on her back.

I know a girl all dressed in brown,
 She's the girl who really goes down.

I know a girl in Abilene,
 I won't screw her, she's so god damn mean.

I know a girl in Baltimore,
 She'll give it to you on the floor.

I know a girl in Boston, Mass.
 Gives me sass and I slap her ass.

I know a girl in New Orleans,
 Makes that stuff run down my jeans.

I know a girl in Kansas City,
 Has a tattoo on her titty.

I know a girl in old Kentuck,
 She doesn't kiss but she sure does fuck.

I know a girl who lives on a hill,
 She won't do it but her mother will.
 (variant line) She won't do it but her buffalo will.

I know a girl all dressed in pink,
 She sure makes my finger stink.¹¹

¹⁰See this motif in "No Hiding Place Down There" (#2), above on p. 39.

¹¹See this motif in "High, High Sales" (#41), below on p. 231.

36. Virgin Sturgeon

Although less repulsive in character than a number of other erotic pieces in this collection (e.g. #37, 38, 45, 47, etc.), this song nevertheless has been relegated to the bawdy songbooks and mimeographica until very recently insofar as its printed history is concerned. It first appears in "Dave E. Jones'" A Collection of Sea Songs and Ditties (ca. 1928, p. 11). Thereafter, although it was very popular on the campus in the 1930's and 40's (and in the armed forces during the latter decade),¹ it evidently was not set down in print again, with one exception,² until 1952, when it was included in the Air Force collection, "Old American Ballads" (p. 10), and in Larson's "Typical Specimens of Vulgar Folklore" (p. 31). Subsequently, the lyrics have appeared in Vicarion's Book of Bawdy Ballads (1956, #XXV), Wallrich's Air Force Airs (1957, pp. 184-85), Walsh's "Songs of Roving and Raking" (ca. 1961, p. 79), and in Lynn's Songs For Singin' (1961, p. 33). W. Elson Richmond also recalls a New York pianist and cafe singer, Dwight Fiske, recording a more subtle version of this song in the late thirties.

¹Around 1935, Sherle Goldstone (NYSHAFAG) noted that "Virgin Sturgeon" was sung by Union College (New York) men "over and over again." Wallrich says (Air Force Airs, p. 184) that he heard the song sung by the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at the University of Colorado in the 1930's. Fifteen texts were collected at Michigan State during the late 1940's and early 1950's. Three more were turned in at Indiana University since 1956, and one variant appears in the Ohio State University Sailing Club manuscript of songs (ca. 1961), a copy of which is in the IUFA.

²This is the mimeographed "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" (Pershing Rifles, City College, New York, 1944), which I have not seen. Larson's text, cited above, is a reprint of this variant.

The "blue and gray" stanza, often included in many variants, which reads:

Oh, the postman came one very fine day;
The policeman came the very next day.
Nine months later there was Hell to pay;
Who fired that shot, the Blue or the Grey?³

has frequently been found in oral tradition as a separate entity in itself. It has been printed as such in the "Dave E. Jones" collection mentioned above (p. 36 as "Dolly Gray!"), in Larson's "Typical Specimens of Vulgar Folklore," and in Harde's manuscript, "Lusty Limericks and Bawdy Ballads," as "The Civil Whore" (p. 42).

Two thematic strains run through this song. One centers around the sex life of various kinds of fish and aquatic creatures; the other deals with the use of caviar as an aphrodisiac elixir used to stimulate dormant or declining sexual desire.⁴ In addition, a number of extraneous verses which really have nothing to do with either theme have filtered in and become part of the song's lyrics (such as the "blue and gray" stanza). Given the opening lines about virgin sturgeon (the song is usually known by this name), one might hypothesize that the original "ur" text dealt only with the amorous activities of the sea creatures, and that the lyrics dealing with caviar as a stimulant were incorporated into the song somewhat later, though field texts collected nowadays often blend together

³As taken from the lyrics collected by Jane McClintock printed on pages 202-203. The wording, of course, may vary slightly with the individual text.

⁴This theme of the aphrodisiac miracle agent is also central to the famous bawdy song of college students and non-college students alike, "Lydia Pinkham."

elements of both.

Since items #36A and B do not contain a very full cross section of representative stanzas which occur in this song other than those concerning sex life in the sea, it is also worth printing at this point for its comparative value a 1946 Michigan State text which possesses a number of verses portraying other typical sights and sounds commonly found in the lyrics of many variants:

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon,
Virgin sturgeon is a very fine dish.
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
That's why caviar is my dish.

Chorus: Um-pa, um-pa, um-pa-um-pa,
Um-pa, um-pa, um-pa-um-pa.

I fed caviar to my girlfriend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
Now my girlfriend needs no urgin';
There isn't anything she won't do.

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light;
He slept with a mermaid one dark night;
Results of this were off-spring three,
Two were fish and the other was me.⁵

Little Mary went sleigh riding,
And the sleigh turned upside down.
Little Mary started singing,
"Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground."

Oh the postman came one very fine day,
The policeman came the very next day.
Nine months later there was Hell to pay.
Who fired that shot, the Blue or the Grey?

⁵This stanza is, of course, the opening quatrain of the well known "Eddystone Light," which perhaps has become mixed in with "Virgin Sturgeon" because of, as noted, the fish flavor of many of the lyrics of the latter song (for example, text 36A). Wallrich's variant of "Virgin Sturgeon," printed in Air Force Airs, also contains the same lines from the "Eddystone Light," which in that case begin the song.

I fed caviar to my grandpop,
 He was a gent of ninety-three.
 Screams and shrieks were heard from grandma,
 He had chased her up a tree.

Out on the shores of Itchy-Goomy,
 Lived Big Chief Snake-In-The Grass
 He found his wigwam wasn't roomy,
 Ten little Indians went out on their ears.

Three little girls who powdered and painted
 Met three little boys after school.
 Two gave in while the other one fainted,
 Wasn't she the gosh-darn fool?

Madame Du Barry was the cutest thing,
 She gave up to the big fat king,
 She got riches while other little witches,
 Never got a gosh-darn thing.⁶

Sometimes the opening stanza varies to:

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon,
 The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish.
 But no good sturgeon wants to be a virgin;
 That's why caviar's a very rare dish.⁷

The lyrics are sung to the old favorite, "Reuben, Reuben, I've
 Been Thinking."

⁶Collected by Jane McClintock, MSU, 1946.

⁷Collected by David A. Scolatti, MSU, 1954.

36 A. Collected from Jerome Wenker, Indiana University graduate student, in January, 1964. He learned the song in Boston, Massachusetts around 1954-55.

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon,
 Virgin sturgeon is fine fish.
 Very few virgin need any urgin',
 That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend,
 She was a virgin tried and true.
 Now this virgin needs no urgin',
 There is nothing she won't do.

The trout is just a little salmon
 But half grown and minus scales,
 But the trout, just like the sturgeon,
 Can't get along without its tail.

Oysters they are fishy bivavles,
 They have young ones in their shells.
 How they diddle is a riddle;
 We don't know, so what the hell.

Mrs. Clam is optimistic,
 Shoots her eggs out in the sea;
 Hopes her suitor as a shooter
 Hits the same spot as she.

36 B. John Clark, member of Sigma Pi fraternity at Indiana University sang this text on October 22, 1964. It is commonly sung in his fraternity. The "Sung by the Whorehouse Quartet..." afterstatement is a cliché ending found at the conclusion of many texts of obscene songs, particularly as collected in the armed services.

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon.
 Virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish.
 Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin';
 That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend.
She's my girl friend tried and true.
Now my girl friend needs no urgin'--
I recommend caviar to you.

Sung by the Whorehouse Quartet.
Have you got a hard-on? Not yet.
Are you gonna get one? You bet!

37. The Big Fucking Wheel

Legman states that "...this is one of the ballads most frequently collected at present in America..."¹ Although the documentation of texts for this specific song scarcely go back twenty-five years, the concept of the phallic machine or wheel is at least a century and a half older.² A popular bawdy limerick (#1325 in The Limerick) repeats the same idea in another traditional form:

There was a young man from Racine,
Who invented a fucking machine.
Concave or convex,
It would fit either sex,
With attachments for those in between.
[Popular variant ending: But oh what a bastard to clean.]

Although Legman reports a 1939 variant from Yale,³ all the texts of this song taken directly from oral sources that I have seen, stem from the early 1950's or later. About ten of these were collected at Michigan State University and Indiana University, one being reported from as far afield as a boy's school in New Hampshire. Two more are held in the WKSC materials in the possession of D. K. Wilgus, and another is found in Judy Allred's collection of Texas University fraternity songs (Abrahams-ISR A, p. 18).

¹The Horn Book, pp. 422-23. Legman continues further, "Only its opening verse has ever been observed elsewhere; scrawled on the wall of a dressing-booth in a public bathhouse in Edinburgh, in January, 1957, 'in a childish hand.'" (p. 423)

²Legman gives extensive documentation of this concept in the notes to limerick #1325 in The Limerick (1953, pp. 447-48). Frank A. Hoffmann notes the recent circulation of prints of the "do-it-yourself" sex machines for women in the Journal of American Folklore issue devoted to problems of obscenity in folklore, Vol. 75 (1962), p. 189.

³Legman, Ibid., p. 448.

The lyrics also appear in two manuscript collections, the first being J. Kenneth Larson's "Typical Specimens of Vulgar Folklore" (1952),⁴ and the other the more recent (ca. 1958) "Lusty Limericks and Bawdy Ballads" compiled by "Dick Harde."⁵ It is printed in "Vicarion's" Book of Bawdy Ballads (1956)⁶ and is found on p. 111 of Walsh's home-manufactured production, "Songs of Roving and Raking" (ca. 1961). In the past few years, two expurgated versions have been recorded on wax, in one instance by the Hot Nuts group on their album cut at the University of Texas, On Campus (Gross #102), and in the other by the indefatigable Oscar Brand on his Bawdy Cowboy Songs (Audio Fidelity AFLP 1920). The inclusion without explanation of "The Great Wheel" (as Brand titles it) on an album of cowboy songs does seem a bit out of place. The clue, however, is possibly found in John Lomax's famous Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads, which prints a song entitled "The Gol-Darned Wheel" concerning a cowboy's first experience "riding" a bicycle.⁷ The connection nevertheless is tenuous at best since the melody lines used in each case are different, and the texts are so entirely unrelated. On the other hand, Bruce Jackson recently sent me a variant he collected from Glenn Ohrlin, traditional cowboy singer, now of Arkansas, but the history of this particular text

⁴Based on material from Legman's files.

⁵Printed as "The Monster Wheel" on p. 45. A copy of this collection is deposited in the Institute for Sex Research, Bloomington, Indiana.

⁶As item #1. Legman states that Vicarion's work is based on British materials (The Horn Book, p. 400), but in a letter to me dated July 21, 1964, emphasized that this text is American in origin.

⁷Revised edition, Macmillan Company, 1959, p. 269. The song is also printed in the early editions as well.

indicates that the song came to Ohrlin from World War II service sources.

A note to the text printed in "Vicarion's" Book of Bawdy Ballads states that the tune used to accompany the lyrics is the stately hymn, "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee." He evidently quotes Legman who gives the same information in The Limerick (p. 448). But whether this is actually the most commonly employed melody is very doubtful as far as I am concerned, although it is probably true that each collector tends to view the tune of his own experience as "the" most genuinely popular and widespread. At any rate, the music which I have noted from oral sources is printed below following the texts on pp. 209-210.⁸ Subsequent scholars can form their own opinions in regard to the accompanying tune as more variants are found.

Since psychological analysis is not our purpose here, I will do no more than refer to Legman's remark on p. 352 of The Horn Book, which says that this specimen of bawdy folklore is "...based on sex-hatred and the sadistic concept of coitus." Those interested may pursue the matter further.

A reworded variant of the last stanza given on the following pages was collected by Jack Pallatin at Indiana University (n.d.):

But--this is not the end of our story,
For the whole machine blew up in glory.
It gave with a shake a tremendous pop,
And rip[p]ed her apart from teap to twat.

⁸The melody is probably some older piece, which although seemingly familiar to me, I nevertheless have not been able to identify. The tune used in the Oscar Brand recording is entirely different from either the music of my field observations, the Lomax music for "The Gol-Darned Wheel," or "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."

37 A. Collected from R. Frederic Hafer, who learned the song at the University of Cincinnati in 1957 or 1958. The words, "Enough, enough..." in the third stanza may or may not be sung in shrill falsetto. The words "God damn" are sometimes used in place of "fucking" in the concluding lines of the second and fourth verses, depending on the individuals from whom Hafer had learned it. Hafer sang it on January 21, 1964.

There once was a sailor before he died,
I know not whether the cocksucker lied;
He said his wife had a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built himself a big fucking wheel.
Attached to it was a big dick of steel;
Two balls of brass were filled with cream,
And the whole fucking thing was powered by steam.

So round and round went the big fucking wheel.
In and out went the big dick of steel,
When at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

But there was one thing wrong with it.
There was no way of stopping it.
The maiden was split from cunt to tit,
And the whole fucking thing exploded in shit.

So round and round went the big fucking wheel.
In and out went the big dick of steel,
When at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

37 B. Sung by Jon Kwitny, formerly of the Phi Sigma Delta fraternity at the University of Missouri, on June 1, 1964. He said that it was imported into the local Phi Sig house in 1961 or 1962. Each stanza is sung slowly in the beginning, but more rapidly thereafter, simulating the wheel picking up steam.

I once knew a sailor who now has died.
 I wonder if the bastard lied.
 He told me of a girl with a twat so wide;
 This girl just couldn't be satisfied.

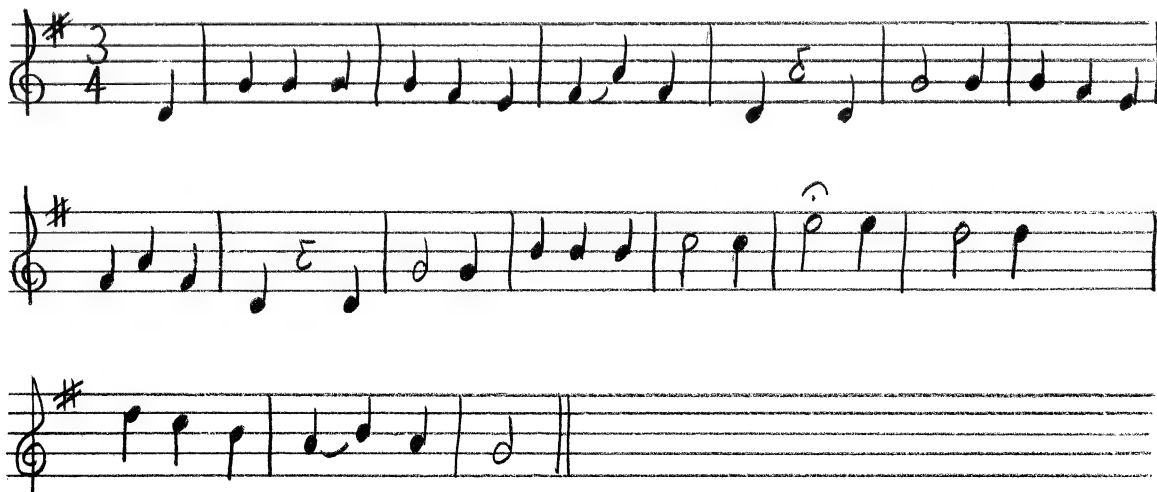
So he went and built a monster wheel
 And attached to it a prick of steel;
 Two brass balls that were filled with cream,
 And the whole damn thing was run on steam.

Around and around went the monster wheel,
 And in and out went the prick of steel,
 Until at last the maiden cried
 "Turn it off. I'm satisfied!"

But they could not stop the monster wheel;
 And they could not stop the prick of steel.
 In it went and away it ripped,
 And it tore her open from twat to tit.

The end of the story it is not clean,
 But that's what became of the fucking machine.

The tune used for both #37 A and B follows. It bears some resemblance to the second part of "Pop Goes The Weasel," although there may be a closer relationship to some other song which I am as yet unaware of (see footnote #8).



38. Last Night I Stayed Up Late To Masturbate

The psychologists and sociologists perhaps might enjoy toying with explanations for the fact that not one but three individuals have claimed to have written this morbid piece of assininity,¹ but whatever its history of authorship, the song definitely has entered the erotic oral tradition and is found all over the country from New York to California. A number of recent bawdy publications and mimeographica have printed the lyrics, none of which, to my knowledge, pre-date the early 1950's. It appears in two Air Force collections, the first a Korean War product, dated 1952, known as "Old American Ballads" (p. 5); the other a student project submitted by James Kellogg to Roger Abrahams at the University of Texas (Abrahams-ISR K, p. 17) based on songs heard at the U.S. air base in Guam during the years 1956-59. "Count Palmiro Vicarion's" Book of Bawdy Ballads (1956) gives one text (#XXXI) as "The Choric Song of the Masturbators." Another variant similar to both the "Vicarion" and "Old American Ballads" items is found in the manuscript, "Lusty Limericks and Bawdy Ballads" (ca. 1958, p. 37), whose compiler is named as "Dick Harde." Most recently the song appears in the rather well documented "Songs of Roving and Raking," which was put together at the University of Illinois around 1961. Two texts collected at MSU are held in the IUFA, and one other from WKSC is in the possession of D. K. Wilgus.

The "Vicarion," "Harde," and "Old American Ballads" variants, mentioned above, all speak of "pulling one's pud," and sometimes seemingly

¹According to Joseph Hickerson, former Indiana University Folklore Archivist.

smack of an English flavor. The "Harde" item, for example, reads in part:

Last night--
 I felt so hard, I pulled my pud.
 It did me good
 I knew it would
 ...Though people say to fuck a girl
 Or boy or dog feels mighty good,
 For personal enjoyment I
 would rather pull my pud.²

In addition, Legman states that "Vicarion's" work is based on British materials;³ however, it is likely that at least some of them, perhaps including his variant for this song, stem from American sources. Certainly "Old American Ballads," a product of the "Death Rattlers" Air Force Squadron, is largely composed of thoroughly American college songs. The origins of "Harde's" "Lusty Limericks and Bawdy Ballads" have not been clearly ascertained,⁴ but slang references to "pulling" or "pounding one's pud" are not uncommon in the Midwest. In any case, it would seem to me

²P. 37 of "Lusty Limericks and Bawdy Ballads."

³The Horn Book, p. 400. Legman also told me in personal conversations (11/63) that he knew of English variants; he did not indicate from what sources they came. "Vicarion" (in reality the poet Christopher Logue) theoretically might have seen "Old American Ballads" and copied out the text of this song, although there is no way of telling whether he did or not. The two texts are similar enough, and "Vicarion" (i.e. Logue) so notorious for his "improvement" of materials, that one suspects more than the folk process of change to be at work here. However, the link between the two has yet to be proved as of this writing. Nothing is known of "Harde," so that although his text is very much akin to the other two mentioned above, it is impossible to make any judgment whatsoever on whether the similarity is coincidental or not. These three variants are a good example of the problems of identification and interrelationship one has to work with when studying erotica.

⁴It is dated as having been received by the Institute For Sex Research in November, 1958. The condition of the manuscript is fairly new; otherwise there is no clue as to where it came from, or biographical details about the compiler.

that it is as yet an unproven statement to say that this variant form is of genuine English derivation.

Textual variation tends to crop up somewhat more frequently in the concluding lines rather than in other portions of the song. This, of course, is not an uncommon feature of folksongs, but may be aided and abetted in this case by the tune, "Funiculi, Funicula," to which the lyrics are usually sung. Those familiar with this last will no doubt recall that negotiating the last several bars of music simultaneously with the (original) words is apt to be a tricky business. Parodies using this melody face the same difficulties, and where they are dependent solely on oral transmission for their survival, as is true here, are most likely to undergo modifications. One ending, not included elsewhere in these notes or in the texts below, remarks:

Some people think that sexual intercourse is great,
But for maximum satisfaction, I prefer to masturbate.⁵

Another, suggested as an alternative possibility in an Indiana University text, concludes: "In the sofa, in the chair, you can beat it anywhere."⁶

⁵From an anonymous text submitted from a college student to Roger Abrahams at the University of Texas, ca. 1963.

⁶From the text from Steve Shriner, collected at Indiana University, 1957.

38 A. Tom Dexter learned this variant in his high school in Baldwin, New York, around 1960. Since then he has heard the song in various places on the DePauw University campus. He sang it on December 29, 1963.

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
 It was so grand, I used my hand.
 Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
 It was so neat, I used my feet.
 Oh bash it, smash it, slap it on the floor,
 Bang it, smash it, this is fun galore,
 Oh it's so neat to beat your meat while sitting on
 the toilet seat;
 Isn't life divine, funiculi, funicula.

35 B. Learned by R. Frederic Hafer in the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at the University of Cincinnati in 1958. At that time it was introduced into the fraternity repertoire from the pages of a mimeographed songbook put out by the ATO chapter at Carnegie Tech. This last had found its way to the Cincinnati campus after following a circuitous route through the hands of several Greek units at Ohio State University. Hafer's variant was collected on January 21, 1964. (Note: a fragmentary text not included in this thesis, but similar to this one, was collected at Ohio Wesleyan in 1961.)

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
 It felt so nice. I did it twice.
 Last night I stayed up late to masturbate.
 It felt so good. I knew it would.
 For you should see me working on the short strokes,
 I use my hand. It's really grand.
 You should see me working on the long strokes,
 It's really neat. I use my feet.
 Smash it, bash it, beat it on the floor,
 Smite it, bite it, ram it through the door.
 Some people say that intercourse is simply grand,
 But for all around enjoyment, I prefer it in the hand.

38 C. Collected from Jon Kwitny on June 1, 1964, who learned this variant as a member of the Phi Sigma Delta fraternity at the University of Missouri, 1958-62.

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate.
It was so grand, I used my hand.
Last night I stayed up late to masturbate.
It was so neat, I used my feet.
Kick it, hit it, knock it on the floor,
Smash it, bash it, toss it out the door.
Seventy-five percent effective as the nearest whore;
Some people say that girls are grand.
But I prefer to use my hand.

39. Limericks

By far the most comprehensive treatment given the limerick is that by Gershon Legman, noted scholar of erotica, first in his mammoth collection of bawdy limericks published anonymously as The Limerick (Paris, 1953), and more recently in his lengthy essay published in his The Horn Book (1964, pp. 336-453) entitled, "The Limerick: A History in Brief."

The Limerick contains 1739 bawdy and obscene limericks taken from both printed and oral sources, which are arranged according to subject matter under seventeen chapter headings such as "Organs," "Abuses of the Clergy," "Zoophilly," and "Diseases." Each individual item is given at least some brief documentation identifying the source from whence it came, and historical, folklore, and topical parallels are provided for a great many of the limericks included. From the annotations provided by Legman it is possible to see that some of the limericks collected from student oral tradition today have been in circulation for nearly a century, often in considerably varied forms. In regard to these vintage items, Legman writes:

Evidently their main circulation, in both their own century [the nineteenth] and this, was by word-of-mouth, in the classic folklore fashion, and certainly not via the very rare secret publications, of limited circulation, in which they were committed to print.¹

The chief value of The Limerick, however, is the fact that each item is numbered and hence it becomes possible to catalogue limericks recovered from oral sources according to Legman numbers, thereby greatly

¹The Horn Book, p. 438.

facilitating annotation and comparative study. A number of folklore scholars fortunate enough to possess a copy of The Limerick² already have taken to the practice of so numbering each limerick they receive, and I have adopted the same policy as the most expedient way of handling the field texts presented here.

Legman's essay, "The Limerick: A History in Brief," thoroughly covers both the clean and the bawdy limerick, and is a much more solid piece of work than most of the other speculative essays written on the subject, usually by rather ill-informed people (see, for example, the article by the late C. Grant Loomis in Western Folklore, XXII (1963), pp. 153-157 entitled "American Limerick Tradition," which deals rather haphazardly with the literary limerick efforts concocted by droodling newspaper editors and their ilk, while hardly daring to mention that bawdy limericks exist and that they are the only kind of limericks which exist in folk tradition. Legman repeatedly emphasizes this latter point, and everything in my field experience validates his contention one hundred percent).

One point that Legman makes in passing in his essay which ought to be stressed is that only about three hundred of the nearly two thousand bawdy limericks printed in The Limerick are actually transmitted in oral tradition today. Unfortunately, there is no real indication either in his essay or in his limerick anthology which of these are to be so designated.³

²Costing \$15 at the time it was issued, Legman's book has been out of print for some years. Getting it through U.S. Customs even if it were available is another obstacle prospective buyers would face.

³Legman's comments on pp. 437-38 of The Horn Book indicate that about one hundred and twenty of these genuinely traditional bawdy limericks are printed in the rare nineteenth century pornographic publications,

The interested student can get a better idea if he consults the holdings in the IUFA or other similar sources where he may see for himself which limericks recur over and over in texts taken from oral circulation.

Legman calls bawdy limericks almost the sole folklore of the educated classes,⁴ but tends to contradict himself in the same sentence with a long string of exceptions including "...jokes and tales...and a limited repertoire of bawdy and sentimental songs."⁵ He is surely correct, however in stressing that limericks are primarily enjoyed by the sophisticated strata of society, and are not found in quantity among working class people (although he also might have added that nevertheless some limericks do crop up now and then among these latter, usually less violent and extreme in character, and only one or two at a time rather than in clusters, as is more commonly the case among the highly educated cliques. Randolph, for example, scatters a number of loose limericks throughout his collection of "Vulgar Rhymes From the Ozarks" (manuscript, 1954), several of which were fairly obviously not taken from people who might be

Cythera's Hymnal, and The Pearl (with its successor The Cremorne). These are scattered throughout The Limerick but are indicated by means of the dates listed alongside, so that one might after a tedious process of analyzing the years printed next to seventeen hundred limericks be able to identify the entire corpus. But Legman does not say whether we are to regard every limerick that was printed in these sources as having survived in oral tradition down to the present day or not. Nor does he indicate which of the hundreds of verses he prints comprise the rest of the contemporary "float" (as he puts it) of traditional limericks.

⁴According to Legman, this point was evidently first made in Weston LaBarre's article entitled "The Psychopathy of Drinking Songs" printed in the journal Psychiatry, II (1939) pp. 203-212. Legman says that this is the only serious psychological study of bawdy limericks and other erotic verse that has yet been made.

⁵The Horn Book, p. 439.

classified as being among the cultural elite).

Another fact worth mentioning which Legman discusses at some length (The Horn Book, pp. 439-40) is that among college students limericks are sung and almost never recited. Moreover they are thought of as being "stanzas" to the "limerick song" which consists of a succession of bawdy limericks interspersed with a chorus of one sort or another, generally the verses being rendered to the tune of "The Gay Caballero," and the chorus (in America) to "Cielito Lindo." In any case, I have almost never encountered a limerick in the course of my own field collecting which was not sung, although I have inquired diligently for such exceptions.

Since the limericks collected in the course of this field project were numerous and also somewhat repetitious, a selected number of texts representing about half of the total number gathered are presented here as representative and characteristic of the entire corpus. They were all collected from male students (with one exception being a limerick chorus which was sung by a girl who had learned it from fraternity men), it being very unusual, as Legman again has noted,⁶ for women to care much for limericks, in part because of the continuously violent attitudes displayed towards the female sex, invariably made the butt and brunt of a huge number of limerick themes.

⁶Ibid., p. 453.

39 A. Collected from Dave Mabey of the Indiana University Delta Chi fraternity on December 12, 1963. The appropriate Legman limerick numbers are noted to the left of each stanza. Evidently the second line of the "China for Chili" chorus is the most susceptible to reworkings by the folk process (see, for example, #39 C).

1326 There once was a man from Racine,
 Who invented a fucking machine.
 On the ninety-ninth stroke
 The damn thing broke,
 And mashed his balls into cream.

Chorus: Aye, aye, yi, yi,
 At IU we never eat Pi Phis,⁷
 So let's have another verse
 Worse than the other verse,
 Waltz me around again Willy.

314 There once was a man from Adair,
 Who was fucking a girl on the stairs,
 On the ninety ninth stroke,
 The damn thing broke,
 And he finished her off in mid air.

1581 There was once a lady from Madras,
 Who had a magnificent ass.
 It's not pretty and pink
 Like you might think.
 But was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.

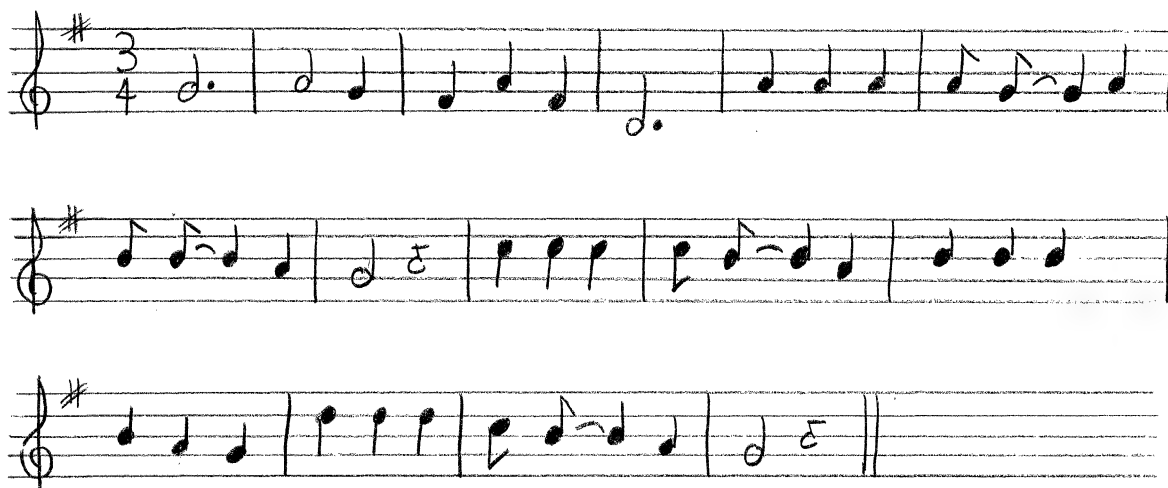
417 There once was a man from Nantucket,
 Whose prick was so long, he could suck it,
 He said with a grin
 As he wiped off his chin,
 If my ear was a cunt, I would fuck it.

⁷Another variant along this line was heard from a former student of the University of Missouri (1958-62) as "Freshmen never eat pussy..." The inference in both these lines is cunnilingual. An even greater elaboration of this theme is found in the chorus of an IU text I collected from John Clark on October 25, 1964.

Aye, yi, yi, yi,
 I'd rather get laid than get eaten.
 So sing me a chorus,
 While I eat your clitoris,
 So waltz me around again, Willie.

39 B. I heard a different and somewhat superior chorus sung in the Delta Chi house at Indiana University during the year I lived there (1962-63).

That was a very fine rhyme.
Sing me another one any old time.
Sing me another verse;
Worse than the other verse;
Sing me another verse now.



39 C. Jim Gallagher, Indiana University graduate student and formerly a member of Phi Kappa Tau fraternity at Middlebury College, Vermont, from 1958-62, recalled these limericks which he learned at that school. He sang them on January 4, 1964.

782 There once was a man from Kieth,
He circumcised himself with his teeth.
It wasn't for pleasure
That he took this measure,
But to get at the cheese underneath.

Chorus: Aye, yi, yi, yi,
In China they do it for chili.
So here comes another verse
That's worse than the other verse,
So waltz me around again, Willie.

(Variants of second line of chorus:
 Your mother swims after troop ships.
 Your father licks toilet seats.)

647 There once was a girl from Seattle,
 Who had the habit of sucking off cattle,
 Till a bull from the South
 Dropped a load in her mouth
 And made her ovaries rattle.

1234 There once was a girl from Dallas,
 Who used dynamite as a phallus.
 They found her vagina
 In North Carolina
 And her left tit in Buckingham palace.

463 There once was a hermit named Dave,
 Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
 I'll have to admit
 He was a bit of a shit,
 But think of the money he saved.

417 There once was a man from Nantucket,
 Whose cock was so long he could suck it
 He said with a grin
 As he wiped off his chin,
 "If my ear was a cunt, I would fuck it."

1529 There once was a girl from Thames,
 Who played the most curious games,
 She lit the front
 Of her grandmother's cunt,
 And watched it piss through the flames.

1073 There once was a girl from Azores,
 Whose ass was all covered with sores,
 And the dogs at her feet
 Ate the green meat
 That hung in festoons from her drawers.

313 There once was a man from Kent,
 Whose cock was so long it was bent,
 To save him the trouble
 He put it in double
 And instead of coming, he went.

1137 There once was a man from Boston,
 Who drove around in an Austin
 There was room for his ass
 And a gallon of gas,
 But his balls hung out and he lost them.

- 195 There once was a man from Alsace,
 Whose balls were made out of brass,
 When they clanged together
 They played "Stormy Weather"
 And lightning shot out of his ass.
- 582 There once was a Peruvian named Bruno,
 Who said "There is one thing I do know;
 A woman is fine,
 A boy is devine,
 But a llama is numero uno."
- 564 There once was a monk from Westeria
 Who was feeling decidedly inferior
 Until he did to a Nun
 What he shouldn't have done
 And now she's a mother superior.

39 D. Collected from R. Frederic Hafer, formerly of the University of Cincinnati (1957-61) and now an Indiana University graduate student, on January 21, 1964. Hafer learned one indicated verse from his Cincinnati grade school in the early 1950's.

- 335 There once was a lady in France,
 Who entered a train in a trance.
 Everyone fucked her
 Except the conductor,
 And he pumped off in his pants.
- Chorus: Aye, aye, aye, aye,
 In China men eat it with chili,
 So here comes another verse
 Worse than the other verse.
 Waltz me around again, Willy.
- 463 There once was a hermit named Dave,
 Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
 She was minus one tit
 And she stunk like shit,
 But think of the money he saved.
- 776 There once was a girl from Osarriage,
 Who didn't believe in marriage.
 She sucked off her brother,
 And licked out her mother,
 And ate her sister's miscarriage.

- 762 There once was a lady from Wheeling,
 Who had a peculiar feeling.
 She lay on her back
 And opened her crack
 And pissed all over the ceiling.
- 278 There once was a girl from Cape Cod,
 Who thought all babies came from God.
 But it wasn't the Almighty
 Who looked at her nightie.
 It was Rodger the lodger, by God.
- 1251 There once was a man from Calcutta,
 Who was pounding his pud in the gutter.
 The tropical sun
 Was too much for his gun,
 And all of his cream turned to butter.
- 1246 There once was a man from Bombay,
 Who fashioned a cunt out of clay.
 But the heat from his dick
 Turned the clay into brick,
 And ripped half his pecker away.
- 195 There once was a fellow from Glass,
 Whose balls were made out of brass.
 When they clanged together
 They played "Stormy Weather,"
 And lightning shot out of his ass.
- 1137 There once was a fellow from Boston,
 Who drove around in an Austin.
 He had room for his ass
 And a gallon of gas,
 But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.
- 97 There once was a fellow named Skinner,
 Who took a girl to a nine o'clock dinner.
 By eight it was in her,
 Not the dinner but Skinner;
 Skinner got in her before dinner. [from grade school]
- 1266 There once was a guy from Podunk,
 Who slept every night in a trunk.
 He dreamt that Venus
 Was tickling his penis,
 And woke up with a trunkful of gunk.
- 978 There once was a girl from Nansackie,
 Who had an affair with a blackie.
 The results of her sins
 Were triplets, not twins,
 One white, one black, and one khaki.

40. Some Mothers Have Sons In The Army

Wallrich prints two variants in Air Force Airs (1957, pp. 10-11), one of which he claims is a text from the World War I Air Force. Since the 1920's, a number of collections, mostly devoted to songs of the armed forces, have included one or more forms of this cynical commentary. In addition to those in the Wallrich anthology, two texts are given in Dolph's Sound Off (1929, pp. 155-56), one in Johnson's Bawdy Ballads and Lusty Lyrics (1935, p. 70), three in Palmer's G.I. Songs (1944, pp. 69, 85-86, 89), and one in Posselt's Give Out! (1944, p. 66).¹ The anonymous "College Folklore" manuscript (ca. 1957, p. 85) also contains two interesting variants.

The song is known under many different titles, ranging from "Mother, Take In Your Service Flag" (Sound Off, p. 155), and "S.O.S." (Bawdy Ballads and Lusty Lyrics, p. 70), to "A.S.T.P."² and "The Song of the Campus Commandos" (both in G.I. Songs, p. 89 and pp. 85-86, respectively). The special R-O-T-C lyrics, particularly favored by enlistees recruited into such campus programs,³ date back to the era of the Second World War.⁴ One verse

¹Edgar Palmer (editor of G.I. Songs) is a pseudonym for Eric Posselt (cf. Legman, The Horn Book, p. 399).

²"S.O.S." is Service on Supply. "A.S.T.P." is Army Specialized Training Program.

³This is sung frequently both at on-campus R-O-T-C (informal) occasions and at R-O-T-C summer camps. Attendance at the latter is required in the summer after the junior year of all who plan to become commissioned officers after graduation.

⁴The earliest A.S.T.P. or R-O-T-C variants appear in the songbooks (cited above) that were printed during the war.

Nine texts from Michigan State (five stemming from the armed services) are in the IUFA, several of these dating from the early 1940's. One variant from Indiana University has been turned in to date.

summarizes nicely the attitude of many such participants:

Some join for the love of their country,
Some join for the love of the sea.
But I have a friend in the Rot-C
Who joined for a college degree.⁵

Most of the texts, even those with a more emphatic (and bawdy) chorus, while sarcastic, nevertheless are fairly laconic in nature. It is worth printing one such representative item, since the field text presented below (p. 228) does not adequately portray the character and variety of stanzas found in the songs as it is apt to be sung by college students:

Some mothers have sons in the army.
Some mothers have sons on the sea.
But take the star out of the window, Mother.
You son's in the R.O.T.C.

Chorus: R.O.T.C., it sounds just like bullshit
to me, to me.
R.O.T.C., it sounds just like bullshit
to me.

Some mothers have sons in the army.
Some mothers have sons on the sea.
But take back your CARE package, Mother.
Your son's in the R.O.T.C.

Some boys belong to the boy scouts.
Some boys are scouts on the sea.
But take off that merit badge, brother.
You've advanced to the R.O.T.C.

Men are drafted to be in the army.
Men enlist to sail on the sea.
But you get the best deal of all, son;
Summer camp and R.O.T.C.⁶

⁵Verse two of the first text on p. 85 of "College Folklore."

⁶Collected by Kenneth Janke, Michigan State University, 1955.

Most of the printed texts of variants, whether they specifically follow the ROTC theme or the careers of the full time combatants of the several armed services, tend to reflect the "horse laugh" flavor of the above item. Occasionally, however, the lyrics are much more bitter. A Korean war reworking was sung as:

Take down that silver star, Mother,
And replace it with one made of gold.
Your son was a fine B-A-R man,
But he died at nineteen days old.

Tough shit, tough shit, tough shit, you all.

Take down that silver star, Mother,
And replace it with one made of gold.
Your son was an FMF Corpman.
He wore [a] cardousew of red.
Now he lies on the sands of Korea
With sixty-nine holes in his head.

Tough shit, tough shit, tough shit, you all.⁷

A variant of the R-O-T-C chorus is printed in "College Folklore" as:

Goldbrick, goldbrick, they're all in the R-O-T-C, you see.
Goldbrick, goldbrick, they're all in the R-O-T-C.

Another, from G.I. Songs (p. 89), begged:

Put me, put me, put me in A.S.T.P.,
Put me, put me, put me in A.S.T.P.

The melody used is "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean."

⁷Collected by Lloyd Weaver, Western State Kentucky College, 1960. This is one of two texts of this song collected at WKSC, and is now filed in the archives of material gathered at that school by D. K. Wilgus.

The second stanza evidently either is a corruption and combination of two verses, or mistakenly repeats the opening two lines of the first quatrain.

40. Collected from Dave Mabey, Indiana University senior, who said he learned the song on the way to and from ROTC classes. Rather uncharacteristically, there is nothing bawdy about the lyrics. Dave sang them on December 12, 1963.

Some mothers have sons in the army,
Some mothers have sons overseas.
But take down your service flag, mother,
Your son's in the R-O-T-C.

R-O, T-C,
Your son's in the R-O-T-C.

41. High, High Sales (When The End Of The Month Rolls Around)

Except perhaps for the chorus, the humor in this song leans strongly toward the "sick" variety, popular on a fairly wide scale among certain "sophisticated" elements of urban society since the mid-1950's. The only other text I have found was collected by William Lee Thornton in the summer of 1956 from an informant who learned it in Korea a few years earlier:¹

You can tell by the smell
When your girl isn't well
When the end of the month rolls around.
She will wiggle, she will squirm,
You will think she's got a worm
When the end of the month rolls around.

Oh, it's Hei! Hei! Hee!
In the kotex industry.
Call off your sizes loud and strong!
Small, medium, large, JUMBO!
Where'er you go, you will always know
When the end of the month rolls around.
When the end of the month rolls around.

Probably the lyrics originated somewhere in the armed services, most likely during the Second World War, and spread to the college campus shortly afterwards. In any case, this seems fairly typical in character of many of the more obscene songs of American fighting men.

The tune, as one might guess, is "The Caisson Song."

¹Preserved in the IUFA.

41 A. Collected from Clay McMullen and Ray Brandell, members of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University on December 6, 1963. The informants stated (and illustrated by their performance) that when singing the chorus, individuals from different parts of the room shout out the appropriate sanitary pad sizes, comically inflecting their voices in a variety of ways so as to create a thoroughly ludicrous and hilarious effect.

Chorus: Oh it's high, high sales in the kotex industry,
Shout out her sizes loud and strong,
[Spoken]
Small!
Medium!
Large!
Super-duper!
Get a mattress!

Oh you can tell by her walk that tonight we're gonna talk
When the end of the month rolls around.

Oh you can tell by the smell that she's not feeling very well
When the end of the month rolls around.

Oh you can tell by her squat that she's got cotton in
her twat
When the end of the month rolls around.

Oh you can tell by her stance that she's bleeding in
her pants
When the end of the month rolls around.

41 B. William "Bert" Wilson remembered this fragment from his undergraduate days in the Brigham Young University dorm, 1951-53. It was collected on January 2, 1964.

I can tell by the smell that your baby isn't well
When the end of the month rolls along.

For it's hi, hi, hee in the kotex industry...

41 C. Jerome Wenker, a recent IU graduate student, said he heard the following lyrics in the University of Minnesota High School in Minneapolis, about 1950-1951. He sang them to me in late January, 1965.

Hi, hi, hee in the kotex industry,
Call off your sizes loud and strong.
[spoken]
Junior, senior, super-duper,
Egads, Gertie, what a gash!

41 D. I overheard an anonymous Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity man at DePauw University sing these lines in April, 1964.

Oh you can tell it's her pink
That makes my finger stink...

42. Roll Your Leg Over

Although known by the vast majority of college men today, and by many coeds as well,¹ "Roll Your Leg Over" first gained a wide popularity during World War II in the armed forces. Legman has stated² that the lyrics were frequently sung in canteens and other places where the two sexes would meet and sing since the words in most cases were acceptable to a majority of females present. To my knowledge, the song has appeared only in three recent mimeographed collections, "College Folklore" (1957, p. 88) "Songs of Roving and Raking" (ca. 1961, pp. 99-100), and "Ohio State University Sailing Club Songs" (ca. 1960-62, pp. 35-36), but has also been recorded (in rather expurgated form) three times; twice by Oscar Brand (Bawdy Songs and Backroom Ballads, Vols. I and III, Audio Fidelity AFLP 1906 and 1824 respectively), and once by the Four Sergeants (Bawdy Barracks Ballads, ABC Paramount S-245).

The roots of "Roll Your Leg Over" can be traced back through the intermediary forms of "Hares On The Mountains" and "Sally, My Dear" to Child #44, "The Twa Magicians."³ The notes in Child suffice to give much of the background of the older themes of magical contest between supernatural adversaries as found in prose and poetic forms of "The Twa

¹Sixty-two texts were collected from Michigan State students, 1947-56, and twelve more from Indiana University undergraduates in more recent years. These are in the Indiana University Folklore Archives. Almost every student I have met at college has known this song.

²Personal conversations, November, 1963.

³Legman and I each reached this conclusion independently. I first noticed this relationship while doing research on "The Twa Magicians" for a report given in Dr. W. Edson Richmond's course on the English and Scottish ballads, Indiana University, fall semester, 1962-63.

Magicians," and it is only necessary here to point out the relationship in structure and content of Child #44's descendants, "Hares On The Mountains" and "Sally, My Dear," to "Roll Your Leg Over." Two stanzas taken from "Hares On The Mountains":

Young women they'll run like hares on the mountains,
 Young women they'll run like hares on the mountains,
 If I were but a young man, I'd soon go a hunting.
 To my right fol diddle dero, to my right fol diddle dee.

Young women, they'll swim like ducks in the water,
 Young women, they'll swim like ducks in the water,
 If I was a young man, I'd go and swim all after.
 To my right, etc.⁴

and one from "Sally, My Dear":

If the girls were all blackbirds, or the girls were all thrushes,
 If the girls were all blackbirds, or the girls were all thrushes,
 How many of the boys would go beating the bushes.
 Singing fol di-dingi di-do whack! fol-di-diddle-day.⁵

illustrate quite clearly the proximity of these songs to "Roll Your Leg Over":

If all them young ladies was fish in the ocean;
 I was a shark, I would show them the motion.

If all them young ladies were little white rabbits,
 I'd be a hare and I'd teach them bad habits.

⁴From Bertrand Bronson, The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, I, Princeton, New Jersey, 1959, p. 351.

⁵From Pete Seeger's record, Love Songs For Friends And Foes, Folkways FA 2453.

Roll your leg over, roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.⁶

The number of verses to "Roll Your Leg Over" in oral tradition is virtually endless, although certain of these crop up more often than others.⁷ I have personally noted almost ninety stanzas which have appeared at least several times among the various collected texts. One of these, usually sung as a conclusion to all the lyrics that have gone before, accurately analyzes the purpose and psychological outlet behind the singing of this and a great many other college songs:

We laugh and we sing and we joke all about it.
It's only because we are doing without it.⁸

Occasionally there is some minor variation in the chorus.⁹

⁶From the text collected from Susan Rider, printed below as item #42 C.

Other college songs which have Child ballad antecedents are "Never Trust A (Sigma Nu)" (#4), which can be traced back to Child #279; various forms of "Our Goodman," Child #274; and "The Mermaid," beginning "'Twas Friday morning when we set sail..." which derives from Child #289 of the same name. This last, however, seems to have died out in college oral tradition in recent years, though for the time being this must be a tentative rather than a final judgment since as yet all too little collecting has been done among college students.

⁷Those repeated in the various texts below are among the most commonly heard and reproduced.

⁸A variant of this, part of the text collected by Stanley Terry at Michigan State in 1956, reads:

You may think when you hear this that we're getting plenty,
But the sad truth is we're not getting any.

⁹A Michigan State text collected by Laura Hardin in 1954 combines one of the limerick choruses ("That was a very fine tune...") with the standard refrain of the texts below. See also the variant referred to in the note to item #42 A.

Stanley Terry (see footnote #8) reported an interesting bawdy rhyme as an afterthought to his text of this song, which is reminiscent

Walsh notes on p. 96 of "Songs of Roving and Raking" that the tune is also found as "Louisa," a Dutch children's song.¹⁰

in form to the "Roll Your Leg Over" lyrics:

If I had the cock of an old stud horse,
And the balls of a big baboon;
I'd stand on the corner of this old Creation,
And cornhole the Man in the Moon.

¹⁰I have not heard this song but know another Dutch song of a light nature entitled "Rosa," which is also somewhat reminiscent of the tune of "Roll Your Leg Over" (recorded by the Roger Wagner Chorale on Folk Songs of the Old World on Capitol (PER 8345)). The two Dutch songs possibly are related variants.

42 A. Clay McMullen, Ray Brandell, and Forest Redding sang this text on December 6, 1963, having learned it in the Indiana University Kappa Delta Rho house. Clay added that an optional chorus which he has heard in the fraternity is sung as "Roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over / oh roll your leg over; it's better that way."

Oh I wish all the girls were like diamonds and rubies,
And I were a jeweler, I'd polish their boobies.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over,
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish that all girls were statues of Venus,
And I were a stud with a petrified penis.

I wish that all girls were bats in a steeple
And I were a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

I wish that all girls were fish in a pool,
And I were a shark with a waterproof tool.

I wish that all girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I were a whale, I would show them the motion.

I wish that all girls were trees in a forest,
And I were a woodsman, I'd chop their clitoris.¹¹

I wish that all girls were bricks in a pile,
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style.

I wish that all girls were B-29's,
And I were a fighter, I'd buzz their behinds.

The tune for the above text follows, and is essentially the same for the other variants given as well:

¹¹The word "clitoris" is always given incorrect stress (cli-tóris) in this verse, and in fact the stanza is so well known among the college and military service groups that few realize the proper pronunciation is "clito-ris" with the accent on the first syllable.



42 B. R. Frederic Hafer learned these verses at University of Cincinnati stag parties as an undergraduate, 1957-61. He sang them on January 21, 1964.

I wish that all girls were like diamonds and rubies,
And I were a jeweler, I'd polish their boobies.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over,
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish that all girls were like bricks in a pile,
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style.

I wish that all girls were like trees in a forest,
And I were a woodsman I'd split their clitoris.

I wish that all girls were like the great wall of China,
And I were a truck, I'd drive up their vagina.

I wish that all girls were like telephone poles,
And I were a squirrel I'd stuff nuts up their holes.

I wish that all girls were holes in the road,
And I were a dump truck, I'd dump in my load.

I wish that all girls were like B 29's,
And I were a Spitfire, I'd buzz their behinds.

I wish that all girls were like trout in a pool,
And I were a shark with a waterproof tool.

I wish that all girls were like dx/dt ,
I'd integrate them and have them d me.¹²

I wish that all girls were like trout in a brookie,
And I were a trout I'd get me some nookie.

I wish that all girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I were a whale I would show them the motion.

42 C. Indiana University sophomore Susan Rider, member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, said that she heard this song at a Phi Delta Theta fraternity picnic in 1963, but that the lyrics were also sung occasionally in the Pi Phi house. She sang them on April 28, 1964. (Note: Two or three other texts of a similar nature to this and the above items except for a number of different stanzas, are omitted here, but are deposited in the IUFA.)

Chorus: Roll your leg over, roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all them young ladies were fish in the ocean,
I was a shark, I would show them the motion.

If all them young ladies were blades of grass,
I'd be a snake and I'd give them some ass.

If all them young ladies were bells in a tower,
I'd be a sexton and bang them for hours.

If all them young ladies were little white rabbits,
I'd be a hare and I'd teach them bad habits.

If all them young ladies were diamonds and rubies,
I'd be a jeweler, I'd shine up their boobies.

If all them young ladies were B-29's,
I'd be a bomber and buzz their behinds.

¹²My friends with calculus backgrounds tell me this is an enormously clever verse, which may account for its wide popularity among college and engineering students in spite of its esoteric nature.

If all them young ladies were bricks in a pile,
I'd be a mason and I'd lay them in style.

If all them young ladies were trees in a forest,
I'd be an axeman, I'd cut their clitoris.

If all them young ladies were statues of Venus,
I'd be a man with a petrified penis.

43. Barnacle Bill The Sailor

Legman gives much of the history of this song on pp. 201-202 and 225 of The Horn Book. On the latter page he states "Bollocky Bill The Sailor" (as the song was known originally prior to its expurgation for the popular medias) "...is a modern survival of the songs of the night-visit, known not only in Western Europe but all over the world...and is closely related to 'WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR,' in the original Merry Muses (ca. 1800, p. 119), and in many editions of Burns since."

"Bollocky Bill," to use its proper if all but forgotten name, was printed in a number of the erotic songsters of the past generation which include the Immortalia (1927, p. 109), the "Dave E. Jones" A Collection of Sea Songs and Ditties (ca. 1928, p. 5), and the Lyra Ebriosa (1930, p. 19). Manuscript texts are included in Goldstein's "Scottish Highland Folklore" (1959-60; an item from Aberdeenshire) and in "Songs of Roving and Raking" (ca. 1961, p. 100).

Expurgated printings include those in Shay's More Pious Friends and Drunken Companions (New York, 1928, p. 102, as "Rollicking Bill the Sailor"), Joanna Colcord's Songs of American Sailormen (W. W. Norton and Company, 1938; reprinted by Oak Publications, 1964, pp. 178-179, as "Abram Brown"),¹ Wallrich's Air Force Airs (1957, pp. 14-16, as "Barnacle Bill the Pilot"), and Lynn's Songs For Singin' (1961, p. 54). Frank Luther recorded "Barnacle Bill" for RCA Victor in 1929 (V-40043), and in the next year the record became such a popular hit that twice in later

¹Colcord admits on p. 178 of the Oak reprint of Songs of American Sailormen that "Abram Brown" was omitted from the earliest edition of her book (Roll and Go, Indianapolis, 1924) because of its bawdy character; the text given here, however, is hardly that either.

years Luther issued follow-up waxings for other labels under the pseudonym of "Bud Billings."² Since that time the song has been frequently heard on radio, recorded by various phonograph companies, and was even featured in the movie "Dames Ahoy" (always in more or less censored form).

Judging by the field texts presented below, and also from the half dozen items previously collected at Michigan State and Indiana University, the expurgated name "Barnacle Bill" has replaced "Bollocky Bill" even in the bawdy versions still afloat in oral tradition.

²A few details on Luther's recording of "Barnacle Bill" are given in E. S. Fish and E. H. Manning's article, "Story Man," Saturday Evening Post, February 9, 1946, pp. 37, 65-66. I am indebted to Archie Green for the additional data provided.

43 A. Sung by Clay McMullen, Forest Redding and Ray Brandell of the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University on December 6, 1963.

"Who's that knocking at my door?"
 "Who's that knocking at my door?"
 "Who's that knocking at my door?"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"Open the door and lie on the floor,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "Open the door and lie on the floor,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"But I'm only in my smock,"
 "But I'm only in my smock,"
 "But I'm only in my smock,"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"Fuck the smock; I want some cock,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "Fuck the smock; I want some cock,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"What if I should have a kid?"
 "What if I should have a kid?"
 "What if I should have a kid?"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"Dig a ditch and bury the bitch,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "Dig a ditch and bury the bitch,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"What if my parents should come home?"
 "What if my parents should come home?"
 "What if my parents should come home?"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"I'll kill your pa and fuck your ma,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "I'll kill your pa and fuck your ma,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

43 B. Jim Gallagher, Indiana University graduate student, sang this variant on January 4, 1964. He learned it at a Phi Kappa Tau fraternity party at Middlebury College in Vermont sometime between 1958-62.

"Who's that knocking at my door?"
 "Who's that knocking at my door?"
 "Who's that knocking at my door?"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"It's only me. I'm home from the sea,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "I just got paid and I want to get laid,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"What's that in between your legs?"
 "What's that in between your legs?"
 "What's that in between your legs?"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"It's only a pole to tickle your hole,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "It's only a pole to tickle your hole,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"What's that running down my leg?"
 "What's that running down my leg?"
 "What's that running down my leg?"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"It's only some juice to make you loose,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "It's only some juice to make you loose,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"What if we should have a kid?"
 "What if we should have a kid?"
 "What if we should have a kid?"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"Well we'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

"What if Ma and Pa should come?"
 "What if Ma and Pa should come?"
 "What if Ma and Pa should come?"
 Said the fair young maiden.

"Well you fuck with your Pa and I'll rape your Ma,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
 "You fuck with your Pa and I'll rape your Ma,"
 Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

44. Roll Me Over In The Clover

R.
N° 122

The notes in Walsh's "Songs of Roving and Raking" (p. 96) state that "Roll Me Over" is descended "from a sea shanty used for pumping ship, called 'Put Your Shoulder Next To Mine and Pump Away.'" More recently, according to the same writer, the song is derived, textually and melodically, from a more closely related ancestor, "Shove It Home."

Randolph prints two texts of "He Kept A-Pushing On" in "'Unprintable' Songs" (II, pp. 318-22), collected from informants who recalled learning them in 1910 and in the late 1880's respectively. These lyrics belong to the "I gave her inches one..." or "Shove It Home" series of variants from which the "This is number one... Roll me over, lay me down and do it again" forms derive.¹ The "Inches One" group has its non-bawdy counterpart in "I gave her kisses one..." which has found its way into print a number of times, though it has also survived in oral tradition as well. This last is referred to in Popular Parodies For Group Singing (1925, p. 57) and appears in Ozark Folksongs (III, pp. 89-91). A somewhat reworked text of "Kisses One" is also printed in the regretably titled Woody Guthrie Folk Songs (London and New York, 1963, pp. 84-85).

R.
N° 66

A number of other manuscript collections have included forms of "Roll Me Over" among their contents. J. Kenneth Larson in "Songs and Ballads" (n.d., Appendix item #33) gives a rhyme entitled "Half-past One"

¹See #44 A for an intermediary text which includes the "Inches One" motif but which is not followed by the usual concluding line of "Put your belly next to mine and shove it home." Instead the lyrics slip into the more common campus ending "Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again."

which is obviously a related variant; he also includes a song, "Drink Her Down,"² with the same "Roll Me Over" pattern ("Oh we had a drink of one...") in the section entitled "Late Ballad Finds." In "Typical Specimens of Vulgar Folklore," another manuscript put together by Larson, a text of "Shove It Home" appears, dating from 1946. The contemporary lyrics ("Roll me over in the clover...") are given in "College Folklore" (ca. 1957, p. 90) as collected at the University of Arkansas. Kenneth Goldstein has reported two texts, one fragmentary and one complete, in his "Scottish Highland Folklore" manuscript based on materials he gathered on a field trip in Scotland in 1960-61. Most recently, Lynn included a variant somewhat akin to "Drink Her Down" (cited above) in Songs For Singin' (1961, p. 48). = G. Legman piracy

Twenty-two texts were collected in recent years from Michigan State University college students, and a half dozen more have also been turned in from a like group at Indiana University.

In spite of the fact that it is a relatively easy matter to improvise stanzas to rhyme with the numbers one through ten, most of the individual lines are traditional and substantively recur often.

²This is not the much more widely known college drinking song, "Drink 'Em Down."

44 A. Clay McMullen of Indiana University sang this rather different version on December 6, 1963. He said he acquired it from two Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity men at the University of Arizona a year or so previously. Clay also added that the Delta Chi fraternity house at the University of Michigan knew the song.

Oh I gave her inches one, she said "Honey, this is fun,"
 Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
 Roll me over in the clover,
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

(similarly)

Oh I gave her inches two, she said "Honey, I love you,"
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again...

Oh I gave her inches three, and she said "Honey, this is glee,"
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again...

Oh I gave her inches four, she said, "Honey, give me more,"
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again...

Oh I gave her inches five, she said, "Honey, I'm alive,"
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again...

Oh I gave her inches six, she said, "Honey, this is kicks,"
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again...

Oh I gave her inches seven, she said, "Honey, this is heaven,"
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again...

Oh I gave her inches eight, she said, "Honey, this is great,"
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again...

Oh I gave her inches nine, she said, "Honey, this is fine,"
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Oh I switched from inches ten to twenty, she said, "Honey,
 this is funny;
 Put your cock back in your jock and drive me home."

The tune for these lyrics also closely approximates those used for the B and C texts.



44 B. Collected from James Gallagher, formerly of Middlebury College, Vermont, 1958-62, who learned these lyrics in the Phi Kappa Tau fraternity at that school. Jim noted that those who were not singing (and even those who were) would sometimes add grunts and feigned sighs of pleasure at the end of the chorus (Example: "Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again... Ohh yeahh!" (Or "Uhhhhh!")), Jim recalled hearing another version, probably improvised, which was sung in a falsetto voice that began with a girl's emphatic rejection of a boy's advances in verse "number one," but which saw the girl become progressively more sexually excited with each additional stanza. Unfortunately, Jim didn't remember enough of this reworking to be able to sing it.

This is number one and the fun is just begun,
 Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
 Roll me over in the clover.
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

This is number two and my hand's upon her shoe,
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
 Roll me over in the clover.
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

This is number three and my hand's upon her knee.
 Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
 Roll me over in the clover.
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

This is number four and we're now upon the floor.
 (Oh don't you dare!)
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
 Roll me over in the clover.
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again. Uhhh!

(similarly)

This is number five and my hand's upon her thigh.

This is number six and [something to do with] we could
 be in a fix.

This is number seven and it almost feels like heaven.

Oh this is number eight and it's tonight I won't have to
 masturbate.

Oh this is number nine and the feeling sure is fine.

This is number ten and we'll do it now again.

44 C. Sung by Susan Rider, Indiana University sophomore member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, on April 28, 1964. She indicated that she had heard the song at fraternity parties, but that occasionally it was also sung in the Pi Phi house. Another variant of the chorus which Susan knew, a throwback to the older "Shove It Home" forms, went "...Roll me over, lay me down, and drive it in."

Chorus: Roll me over in the clover,
 Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

This is number one and the story's just begun,
 Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
 Roll me over in the clover,
 Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

(similarly)

And this is number two and my hand is on her shoe.

And this is number three and my hand is on her knee.

And this is number four, I got her on the floor.

And this is number five and things are getting alive.

And this is number six and [words to the effect of]
something's beginning to mix.

And this is number seven and I feel like I'm in heaven.

And this is number eight and the doctor's at the gate.

And this is number nine and the kid is doing fine.

And this is number ten and we're going to do it again.

45. Cool

This song probably originated in the armed forces. It is printed in "Old American Ballads" (1952, p. 29), a collection of songs sung by Air Force fliers in Korea. Seven variants from Michigan State and four from Indiana University have been submitted to folklorists at those schools since the early 1950's. An undated item¹ turned in to D. K. Wilgus at Western Kentucky State College offers some textual differences:

Colder than a witch's tit,²
 Colder than a barrel of buzzard shit,
 Colder than the rim on a cocktail glass,
 Colder than the hairs on a polar bear's ass.

With the exception of the field variant below, I have not encountered texts of more than four lines in length.

The lyrics are set to the "pop" tune of a generation ago, "Three Little Fishes In An Iddy-Biddy Poo."

¹Collected by George Reecer.

²I have heard the expression "colder than a witch's tit" on a number of occasions in the form of a campus (and presumably armed service) proverb. In these cases, it was always spoken by men and never by women.

45. Collected from Bob Cellini of the Delta Chi fraternity at Indiana University in the spring of 1963.

Cool as the fish in the bottom of the pool,
Cool as the knob on an Eskimo's tool,
Cool as the dew on a blade of grass,
Cool as the ring around a polar bear's ass.

Cool as the nuts on an Arctic squirrel,
Cool as the boobs on an Eskimo girl,
Cool as a bucket of penguin piss,
Have you ever seen anything as cool as this?

46. In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree (parody)

In his "'Unprintable' Songs From the Ozarks" (II, p. 602), Vance Randolph prints a text of this parody which he collected from an informant in 1945, who said he had learned it around 1915:

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Between that girl's legs I could see
A little brown spot. 'Twas the hair on her twat,
But it certainly looked good to me.
So I asked as I tickled her tit,
If she though that my pecker would fit.
She said it would do, and we started to screw
In the shade of the old apple tree.

Essentially the same lyrics were included in the anonymous publication, Poems, Ballads and Parodies (probably Detroit, 1928, p. 54), but with a second stanza which read:

In the shade of the old apple tree
I got all that was coming to me.
In the soft dewy grass, I had a fine piece of ass
From a maiden that was fine to see
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
As he sunk his grub hooks into me.
Her ass it was fine, but you should have seen mine
In the shade of the old apple tree.¹

¹A 1955 text collected from Joan Bond at Michigan State is somewhat reminiscent of this stanza, in spite of the fact that it was supposedly "made up" by the informant's father. This latter is quoted as:

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where the little bee wouldn't let her be,
And with his naughty sting
He didn't do a thing,
But she screamed out a "Holy Gee!"
He did not sting her on the face,
And in fact I won't mention the place,
For she just stood around, for she couldn't sit down
In the shade of the old apple tree.

This text is closer to the "pop" lyrics.

The text in Poems, Ballads and Parodies was reprinted in Legman's The Limerick (1953, p. 23). Another version appeared in "Count Palmiro Vicarion's" Book of Bawdy Ballads (1956, item #IX):²

In the shade of the old apple tree,
A pair of fine legs I did see.
With some hair at the top, and a little red spot,
It looked like a cherry to me.

I pulled out my pride of New York.
It fitted just like a cork.
I said, "Darlin', don't scream while I dish out the cream
In the shade of the old apple tree."

And as we both lay on the grass,
With my two hands round her fat arse,
She said, "If you'll be true, you can have a suck too!
In the shade of the old apple tree."

Insofar as manuscript variants are concerned, both Larson's "Barnyard Folklore" (1952) and "Songs and Ballads" (n.d.) contain one text. One item has also been collected in the past decade from each of the Michigan State, Indiana University, and the University of Texas campuses.

²"Vicarion" (Christopher Logue) is known to have edited texts where he felt such was needed; hence there is some question as to whether this is an unadulterated item from oral tradition, or whether it has seen some "refinement" at his hands. Frankly, this text looks suspicious.

46. Sung by Jean Fox and Carol Adams, members of Chi Omega sorority at Indiana University, on March 14, 1964. The girls sang this to "Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown" but said they were very unsure of the tune (and in fact recited the last three lines). They said a few girls in the Chi O house knew the song, but that it was not popular on a large scale within the sorority.

Under the shade of the old apple tree,
That's where my first lover showed it to me.
It was big and it's black,
And she called it her crack,
And it looked like a manhole to me.

Well he pulled out that forty foot pole,
And stuck it into that manhole.
And he poured on the cream;
I heard her scream
Under the shade of the old apple tree.

47. Bye, Bye, Cherry

This parody of "Bye, Bye Blackbird" was first printed in the "Dave E. Jones" anthology, A Collection of Sea Songs and Ditties (ca. 1928, pp. 22-23). A quite similar text was taken down years later from presumably oral sources:¹

Take off all your underwear,
I don't care if you're bare.
 Bye Bye Blackbird.
You learned me how to dance and sing,
And even how to shake that thing.
 Bye Bye Blackbird.
You took me to your bungalow in the wildwood,
And there you took advantage of my childhood.
You put your hand beneath my dress,
And there you found a blackbird nest.
 Boy friend, Bye Bye.

Back your ass against the wall,
Here I come, balls and all.
 Bye Bye Blackbird.
I know I haven't got a lot,
But what I've got will fill you[r] twat.
 Bye Bye Blackbird
Put your legs around me tighter, honey.
Now my prick is starting to feel funny.
Hoist your ass and wiggle your tits
Till the great big snapper spits.
 Cherry, Bye Bye.

¹Collected by someone named Briggs in Chicago, November, 1951. This is listed as item #56 in the manuscript collection of erotic song material in the Institute For Sex Research, Bloomington, Indiana. The only difference of any consequence between it and the "Jones" text is that the last three lines of the first verse of the latter end with:

...He came once, I came twice,
Holy jumping Jesus Christ.
 Blackbird, goodbye.

Other variants appear in "Old American Ballads" (1952, p. 34), and in Larson's "Barnyard Folklore" (1952) and "Songs and Ballads" (n.d.) (these two latter texts are identical). A somewhat different reworking was collected by Frank Hoffmann from James Huntley, former Indiana University student, in July, 1961:

Won't your mother be surprised
When your belly starts to rise.
Bye, bye, cherry.
Won't your father be disgusted
When he finds the rubber busted.
Bye, bye, cherry.
Took her to my cabin in the wildwood.
There I took advantage of her childhood.
Stood her up against the wall,
Here I come, balls and all.
Cherry, bye, bye.

47 A. Collected from Ray Brandell, Forest Redding, and Clay McMullen of the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University on December 6, 1963. The informants evidently omitted three lines, but did not indicate in any way that they recognized that an omission had been made.

Back your ass against the wall,
Here I come, balls and all.
Bye, bye, cherry...
Wrap your legs around a little tighter.
I can feel my load is getting lighter.
Shake your ass and shake your tits
Till my little pecker fits.
Cherry, bye bye,

47 B. Dave Mabey, Indiana University senior, could only recall this fragment. He sang it on December 12, 1963.

Back your ass against the wall,
Here I come, balls and all.
Bye, bye, cherry...

48. Take It Out! (Woodpecker's Hole; Skunk's Hole)

The anonymous publication entitled The Stag Party (ca. 1890, not paginated) gives a rhyme quite probably related to the "Take it out!" theme presented here:¹

A woodpecker flew to the school-house yard,
And he pecked and he pecked for his pecker was hard.
Then the woodpecker flew to the school-house door,
And he pecked and he pecked till his pecker was sore.
After which he flew back in the yard again,
And the woodpecker's pecker got over its pain.

In Randolph's manuscript, "Vulgar Rhymes From the Ozarks" (1954, p. 204), a fragment learned by an informant in Missouri about 1912 was presented as:

Stuck my finger in a peckerwood's hole.
Peckerwood says "God damn your soul.
Take your finger out of my ass-hole!"

Randolph also indicates in his notes to the above song that while "peckerwood" does mean "woodpecker," to people in the Ozarks it also has connotations of "White trash."

Ray Wood, according to Randolph, prints a cleaned-up variant in Mother Goose in the Ozarks (1938, p. 28). More recently, the woodpecker lyrics, now in their expanded form (e.g. as in item #48) have appeared in "Old American Ballads" (1952, p. 10), in Larson's "Barnyard Folklore" (1952), in Kenneth Goldstein's "Scottish Highland Folklore" manuscript

¹This bit of verse is also given in Grant McAtee's Supplement 2 to "Grant County, Indiana, Speech and Song" (1946, p. 1), and in Larson's "Typical Specimens of Vulgar Folklore" (1952).

(a 1960 text; two verses), in the "Ohio State University Sailing Club Songs" collection (ca. 1960-62, p. 6), and on Oscar Brand's Singalong Bawdy Songs album (Audio Fidelity AFLP 1971).

Four texts from the Michigan State campus and two from Indiana University are now in the latter school's folklore archives. The Michigan State variants center around a skunk rather than a woodpecker:

Oh, I stuck my head in a little skunk's hole,
And the little skunk said, "God damn your soul.
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."

Oh, I didn't take it out, and the little skunk said,
"If you don't take it out, you'll wish you had.
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."

S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S! I removed it!²

Other endings of the elongated "woodpecker" form as presented in the field text below quote the bird as saying in his concluding remark, "I've had it!" or "I like it!"

The usual tune is "Dixie."

²Collected by Dale C. Ulrich at Michigan State University in 1953.

48. R. Frederic Hafer learned this song while a member of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at the University of Cincinnati in the late 1950's. He said that it was absorbed into his fraternity's oral song tradition after first having been introduced to the members through the pages of the mimeographed songbook put out by the ATO chapter at Carnegie Tech which had eventually found its way to the Cincinnati campus. Hafer sang the lyrics on January 21, 1964, adding that they should be sung very fast and pitched one key higher each time a new verse is begun. According to him this text is not complete.

Oh I stuck my pecker in a woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."

I removed my pecker from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said "God damn your soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it."

I replaced my pecker in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said "God damn your soul,
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, rotate it."

I rotated my pecker in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul,
The other way, other way, other way, reverse it."

49. The Ruptured Cowboy (Maria)

Five texts from Michigan State and one from Indiana University have been deposited in the folklore archives at the latter school, the earliest of these dating from 1946.

The theme here is so identical to that of "The Gay Caballero" that at first glance one tends to suspect more than a merely coincident relationship between the two, although this probably is not the case. "The Gay Caballero" is much longer and more fully developed in regard to the plot than is "The Ruptured Cowboy," as a single line of the latter song corresponds in its narrative statement to at least one entire verse of the former. To illustrate the matter more concretely, a variant of "The Gay Caballero" is printed below, and is then followed with a fairly complete text of "The Ruptured Cowboy":

I am a gay caballero;
I've come from Rio de Janeiro.
 I've brought with me
 My la trombali,
And both of my la trombaleros.

I went to a theater-o,
A very gay theater-o.
 I took with me
 My la trombali,
And both of my la trombaleros.

I met a gay señorita,
A very gay señorita.
 She wanted to play
 With my la trombali,
And both of my la trombaleros.

I took her to my villa,
And laid her on my pilla.
 She played with me,
 And my gay trombali,
And both of my gay trombaleros.

I got a case of the syphilio,
 A very sad case of the syphilio.
 I got it on me,
 And my la trombali,
 And both of my la trombaleros.

I went to a de Medico,
 A very good de Medico.
 He cut the end off
 Of my la trombali,
 And both of my la trombaleros.

Oh, I am a sad caballero.
 I'm going back to Rio de Janeiro.
 Minus the end
 Of my la trombali,
 And both of my la trombaleros.¹

much more condensed and concise "Ruptured Cowboy," sung to the tune
 "Rancho Grande," is nevertheless remarkably similar in plot:

I am a ruptured cowboy,
 I have the gonorrhea--syph too.
 I got it from Maria
 Underneath the apple treah,
 And now it's hard to peeah--shit too.
 I'm going to have the operation,
 The one they call the castration.²

¹Collected by Charles Crandall and John Little at Michigan State
 iversity in 1953. The tune for this song is even better known as that
 which limericks are sung. In spite of the fact that these verses
 e themselves bawdy limericks, Legman does not include them in The
merick.

²Collected by Merrill and Virginia Walker at Michigan State in
 46. According to their informant, there are still other additional
 nes which were not recalled at the time.

49 A. Clay McMullen sang this variant on December 6, 1963. He learned it in a Phoenix, Arizona high school in 1959 or 1960.

My name is Pancho Villa,
I got the gonorrhea.
I got it from Maria,
It hurts me when I peeah.

49 B. This fragment is interesting for the reason that it is not set to the "Rancho Grande" tune, but has been reworked so as to parody the popular song, "I Just Met A Girl Named Maria," from the movie, "West Side Story." This undoubtedly is a very recent change since the widespread familiarity of the latter melody has only come about in the past four or five years. This text was collected from Jon Kwitny, formerly of the University of Missouri, who indicated that he first heard it on that campus about 1960-62.

Maria, I just met a girl named Maria.
She gave me gonorrhea,
But she gave it to me freeah, Maria.

50. Bang, Bang Lulu

"Lulu" has a long history in its own right, but is also closely related to the traditional folksong "Charming Betsy,"¹ and in addition is quite reminiscent at times of "Cindy," and to a lesser extent, "Bile Them Cabbage Down." Randolph's "'Unprintable' Songs" (II, pp. 347-51) gives six texts, one of which was learned by an informant in 1912. A presentable variant sans chorus is included in Sandburg's American Songbag (1927, pp. 378-79), and another of somewhat dubious validity appears in Spaeth's Read 'Em and Weep (1927, p. 11).² A number of the erotic song collections contain texts, beginning with the Immortalia (1927, pp. 103-104),³ and since in Folk Poems and Ballads (1948, p. 94) and "Vicarion's" Book of Bawdy Ballads (1956, item #LXIV). Variants have also appeared in all three of the Larson manuscripts, and in Goldstein's "Scottish Highland Folklore" (1959-60). At least one recording of "Lulu" has been released, this by the New Lost City Bang Boys [New Lost City Ramblers] on a seven inch long play record entitled Earth Is Earth (Folkways 869).

As noted in the introductory comments to "Phi Delta Theta" (#12)

¹See, for example, Randolph's Ozark Folksongs, III, p. 195. The "rich girl, poor girl" motifs are stressed in both songs.

²The text given here is "Lulu Is Our Darling Pride" and is only faintly suggestive of "Bang, Bang Lulu." Spaeth says that this item appears in the Continental Vocalists' Glee Book published in Philadelphia in 1855. He, however, is vague as to whether a definite connection exists between this and the party song he refers to as "Don't Bang Lulu."

³On p. 48 of the Immortalia, an isolated four line stanza captioned "Poor White Trash" is given, which also belongs to "Lulu." It is similar to the third verse in the Hafer text (#50 A) below.

and "Sing, Brothers, Sing" (#13), several stanzas of "Lulu" have been slightly reoriented and incorporated into these campus fraternity favorites. The reader is referred to the notes of those songs for specific illustrations.

Occasionally, "Bang, Bang Lulu" is fused with "Ask Me No Questions" (#51):

Lulu had a baby,
 Called it Brother Jim.
 She put him in a piss-pot,
 And taught him how to swim.
 He swam to the bottom;
 He swam to the top;
 Lulu got mad,
 Pulled his little cocktail,
 Made it into ginger ale-
 Five cents a glass.
 And if you don't like it,
 You can shove it up your
 Ask me no questions,
 I'll tell you no lies,
 Mary's got a business
 A-buttoning up flies.⁴

or otherwise becomes part of the "Sweet Violets" family by dropping the final (and "bawdy") word of each sentence (or couplet) in favor of the chorus (or else the first word of the next sentence which possesses a similar sound to the word omitted; see the notes to "Ask Me No Questions" below). One such variant was collected by Jo-Anne Gelow at Michigan State in 1952:

⁴Collected by Frank Clark at Michigan State in 1952.

Bang bang Lulu, bang bang Lulu, we all feel sorry for you.
 Lulu went a-fishing, a-fishing for a bass,
 Along came a bumble bee and stung her in the --
 Bang bang Lulu, bang bang Lulu, we all feel sorry for you.
 Lulu went a-hunting, a-hunting for a duck,
 Along came a farmer boy and asked her for a --
 Bang bang Lulu, bang bang Lulu, we all feel sorry for you.
 Lulu went a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea,
 She saw so much water, she knew she had to --
 Bang bang Lulu, bang bang Lulu, we all feel sorry for you.

Some Michigan State variants change the name of the wayward gal from "Lulu" to "Sportsie":

Gang bang, Sportsie,
 Gang bang all night long.
 Who we gonna gang bang
 When Sportsie's dead and gone?⁵

"Lulu" is popular at both the high school and college levels, and several of my informants knew the song from both places. In addition, a circular rhyme found among both students groups (but usually sung independently of "Lulu") is more than a little similar to "Lulu," both in style and with regard to the tune ("Goodnight Ladies"):

Helen had a steamboat;
 The steamboat had a bell.
 Helen went to heaven;
 The steamboat went to --
 Helen had a steamboat... (ad infinitum)⁶

Although "Goodnight Ladies" is the most commonly heard melody, the tune to "Ask Me No Questions" (printed below on p. 271) is also used upon occasion.

⁵From the text collected by Mike Lieber, Indiana University, 1961.

⁶Collected by Betty L. Mason, Michigan State, 1952.

50 A. R. Frederic Hafer, formerly of the University of Cincinnati (1957-61), said that he sang this song both in his college and high school days. I collected it from him on January 21, 1964. The tune for this and the B text is "Goodnight Ladies."

Lulu was a bad girl,
She comes from way down town.
How does she make her living?
She makes it lying down.

Chorus: Bom, bom, bom, bang, bang Lulu,
Bang her good and strong-ong-ong,
Who're ya gonna bang bang
When Lulu's dead and gone?

The rich girls all use kotex,
The poor girls all use rags.
Lulu has a cunt so wide
She uses burlap bags.

The rich girls all use vaseline,
The poor girls all use lard.
Lulu uses axle grease
And pumps it twice as hard.

Lulu had a boyfriend,
His name was Diamond Dick.
She never got his diamond,
But often got his...

50 B. Collected from Marv Knoll, Indiana University junior, on February 2, 1964.

Bang, bang on Lulu.
Bang her all the day.
Bang away on Lulu
When I am gone away.

Took her to a football game,
Showed her how to punt.
Everytime she kicked the ball
I could see her cunt.

Took her to a baseball game,⁷
 Showed her how to pitch.
 Everytime she threw the ball
 I could grab her tit.

Some girls use kotex,
 Others use rags.
 Lulu saves money,
 She uses paper bags.

Knoll said he also sang "Lulu" in high school, the main difference in the lyrics being that the chorus he knew in high school went:

Bang, bang Lulu
 Bang her hard and strong
 Who is going to bang her?
 When I am dead and gone.

50 C. Jon Kwitny, formerly of the University of Missouri (1958-62), sang this relic of his college days on June 1, 1964. The music is the standard "Goodnight Ladies" for the chorus, but changes to the tune used for "Ask Me No Questions" (given below on p. 271) when the verses are sung.

Chorus: Gangbang Lulu, Gangbang Lulu,
 What are you gonna do
 For a midnight screw
 When Lulu's dead and gone?

Rich girls live in mansions,
 Poor girls live in huts.
 Lulu lives in a whorehouse
 With all the other sluts.

⁷Strains of this and the above verse are reminiscent of the opening lines of the Dexter text of "Ask Me No Questions" (#51 A).

51. Ask Me No Questions

Like "Bang, Bang Lulu" (#50), "Ask Me No Questions" is fairly widely known at the high school (and even grade school) level as well as on the college campus.

Several variants from oral tradition are given in Randolph's "'Unprintable' Songs" collection,¹ and other texts appear in Larson's "Songs and Ballads" and "Typical Specimens of Vulgar Folklore." One of Randolph's informants said that he had learned the song in the 1890's, hence there does seem to be some real vintage to the lyrics. An innocuous verse of "Ask Me No Questions" which ends "...But give me those apples, and I'll make you some pies," has also been collected from oral tradition, but apparently bears no relation (except the "Ask Me No Questions..." cliché) to the bawdy lyrics.²

The Opies in their book The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren,³ quote Tony Lumpkin as saying, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs" in Act III, Scene I of the 1773 play entitled, She Stoops To Conquer. Whether this is the origin of the cliché, and indirectly thereby, the song, is not a matter that is easily determined. "Ask Me No Questions," however, is one of a group of songs probably best described as the "Sweet Violets"

¹I, pp. 210-212 ("Evaline"); there are also quite a few texts belonging to the larger "Sweet Violets" family in the two volumes.

²This is given in Thomas W. Talley's Negro Folk Rhymes (New York, 1922, pp. 63-64), and also in Lillian Morrison's popular verse collection entitled A Diller, A Dollar (New York, 1955, p. 91).

³Peter and Iona Opie, The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren, Oxford, 1959, p. 183, fn. #2. The same information is given in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

family,⁴ named after one of the best known of its members. The characteristic feature in common of "In The Springtime," "There Once Was A Farmer,"⁵ "Shaving Cream," "Sweet Violets," "Suzanne," "Ask Me No Questions," and many others is the regular omission of the bawdy word that would ordinarily complete the rhyme of each couplet or stanza, and the substitution instead of either a chorus (such as is used in "Sweet Violets"), or the first word of the next line (as in "Ask Me No Questions") which often has a sound somewhat similar to the vulgarism omitted.

What distinguishes "Ask Me No Questions" from other closely related members of the "Sweet Violets" group, such as "In The Springtime" or "There Once Was A Farmer," is the familiar self-same line:

Ask me no questions:
I'll tell you no lies.

[usually followed by some variant of:]

If you get hit with a bucket of shit,
Be sure to close your eyes.

(Admittedly, however, it is difficult or even impossible at times to properly title blended texts.)

The tunes used include "Goodbye My Lover, Goodbye," "Goodnight Ladies," "Bell Bottom Trousers," and one which is printed below since I cannot identify it by title.

⁴Legman, R. Frederic Hafer, IU Folklore Archivist, and I all seem to have come up with this term independently. Perhaps others have too; it seems a logical designation.

⁵"Pop" versions (expurgated) have combined this song with the "Sweet Violets" chorus.

51 A. Collected from Tom Dexter of DePauw University on December 29, 1963, who learned it in his high school fraternity in Baldwin, Long Island (ca. 1960), and who has since heard it sung by (non-specified) college students. Dexter's text is fragmentary according to his own words.

Took my gal to a baseball game,
 We sat up in the stands.
 Along came a fly ball that hit her in the
 Country boy, country boy from way down South,
 If you don't want a licking, I'll kick you in the
 Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies,
 A guy got hit with a bucket of shit
 Right between the eyes. (repeat last three lines)



51 B. Marv Knoll, Indiana University junior, sang this relic of his grade school days in Michigan City, Indiana (ca. 1954-55), on May 9, 1965. He used the tune of "Goodbye My Lover, Goodbye."

Two Irishmen, two Irishmen,
Sitting in a ditch.
One called the other
A dirty son of a

Peter Martin, Peter Martin,
Sitting on a rock.
Along came a bumble bee,
Stung him on the

Cocktail, gingerale,
Five cents a glass.
If you don't like it
Shove it up your

Ask me no question,
I'll tell you no lies.
If you get hit with a bottle of it
Be sure to close your eyes.

52. The Sexual Life Of The Camel

This song seems to have been taken over, and in many cases shortened, from armed service tradition. Walsh includes it in "Songs of Roving and Raking" (ca. 1961, p. 101), along with documentation to the effect that the lyrics are a shattered survival of "Mush Mush Mush Touraliady," a song popular in the Navy in the last war, which in turn is based on a "traditional Irish hooley song of the same name."¹ Since World War II, Walsh adds, it has "matriculated to the colleges..."² An anonymous Michigan State variant of the armed service lyrics is reprinted here to indicate to the reader the nature and extent of the song's development as sung by U.S. fighting men:

Oh, the sexual life of the camel
Is more than anyone thinks.
After twenty long years on the desert
He tried to make the Sphinx.

Chorus: Singin' tura la ura la ati, Cincinnati,
Singin' tura la ura a
Singin' tura la ura la ati, Cincinnati,
Singin' tura la ura la ati, Cincinnati,

Oh the Sphinx' posterior orifice
Is clogged by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx' inscrutable smile.

There were some researches at Harvard,
By Darwin, Huxley and Hall.
They have proved the wild wooly hedgehog
Can never be buggered at all

¹P. 97.

²Ibid.

Now why don't they do it at Harvard
 The way that they did it at Yale;
 Successfully bugger the hedgehog
 By removing the quills from its tail.

Oh, the Captain he rides in a motorboat;
 The admiral he rides in a barge.
 It don't go a damn bit faster,
 But it gives the old bastard a charge.

In most cases it appears that college students have shorn the song of all but the original story about the camel, and retain only this last in their oral song tradition. Occasionally, however, one will encounter longer texts, such as the above, harking back to the war era. Printed variants, in both short and long forms, occur in Folk Poems and Ballads (1948, p. 12), "Old American Ballads" (1952, p. 6), "Lusty Limericks and Bawdy Ballads" (1958, p. 39), and in the aforementioned "Songs of Roving and Raking." Thirty-eight texts from Michigan State, seven from Indiana University, and one from Ohio State³ are in the IUFA.

³In the "Ohio State University Sailing Club Songs" manuscript, p. 24.

52. Collected from Jean Fox and Carol Adams of the Indiana University Chi Omega sorority on March 14, 1964. They learned it in their sorority house.

The sex life of a camel
Is more than you would think.
In a fit of amorous passion
He tried to screw the Sphinx.

The Sphinx's posterior orifice
Was caught in the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel's back
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

53. Christianity Hits The Spot

Technically speaking, sacrilegious songs do not constitute bawdry, but nevertheless material of this kind is as effectively barred from most forms of mass media as it would be if it contained the grossest sexual obscenities. Yet sacrilegious songs persist in contemporary oral circulation, and it is not unusual for them to be composed and sung at the college level. "Christianity Hits The Spot" and the following two songs serve to represent in this thesis this and other numerically small but still significant song idioms within the campus oral tradition.¹

¹In addition to sacrilegious songs and bawdy songs, one occasionally finds still other types of unprintable song lore among college students. Every now and then, for example, one will run across anti-Negro, or other anti-ethnic-group songs. An illustration of the former would be "Wake The Town And Lynch The Niggers," set to a "pop" tune of the 1950's, "Wake The Town And Tell The People," which I collected from "Fritz" Hafer in January, 1964. Hafer learned it at the University of Cincinnati in 1958, although he stated it probably came from a southern chapter of his fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega:

Wake the town and lynch the Niggers;
Hang them from the highest tree.
I'm against this integration;
That horseshit is not for me.

Another example of a similar kind of material, though usually less extreme in character, is "Shame On You, Notre Dame," which laments:

...You give the Wops and the Jews all their fame;
Why send Stinickivitch in the line?
Why not use Murphy or O'Brien?
You give the glory to the Polacks and French,
While all the Irish sit on the bench;
The whole world's wondering what became
Of the Irish from Notre Dame.

(The above text was collected at Michigan State in 1952 by Mary Lou Schweizer, and is sung to the "Notre Dame Victory March." It is in the IUFA.) Rather obviously, such material cannot be publicly circulated by mass media in this era of self-conscious equalitarianism, and can only be transmitted on a sub-literary or informal oral level. Almost no work, however, seems to have been done to collect and analyze this kind of songlore.

About 1950, the Pepsi-Cola Company featured a commercial television jingle with a catchy tune which soon gave rise to a number of parodies,² among which was this satirization of the way Madison Avenue might seek to advertise Christianity in the light of today's advertising methods. Within a short time³ "Christianity Hits The Spot" permeated all levels of urban American youth, from grade school youngsters on up to cynical collegians, and to this day continues to be sung among these age groups.

Alan Dundes included both the original advertisement lyrics and a variant of "Christianity..." in his article, "Advertising and Folklore," in the New York Folklore Quarterly in 1963.⁴ The earliest printed text of the parody I have seen is in the mimeographed "Crud and Corruption" (p. 79), issued in 1956. The lyrics were also included in "Songs of Roving and Raking" (ca. 1961, p. 94), and appeared in Sing Out!⁵ in 1962. Previously archived texts include five at Michigan State, three at Indiana

²Another, for example, made up by young school children, went:

Pepsi-Cola hits the spot.
Twelve full glasses, that's a lot.
Tastes like vinegar, looks like ink.
Pepsi-Cola is a stinky drink!

(Recorded by Pete Seeger on his Folkways album, Folk Songs For Young People (FC 7352)).

³I remember hearing this sung by a junior high school acquaintance in 1954 or 1955.

⁴Alan Dundes, "Folklore and Advertising," New York Folklore Quarterly, XIX (1963), p. 147. Dundes doesn't say where his text is from, although one might hazard a reasonable guess that it comes from the IUFA. In any case, the parody is similar to the variant given below as #53.

⁵In the "Folk Process" section, Sing Out!, Vol. 12, No. 5 (December-January, 1962), p. 47. This is a reprint of a text collected at the University of Texas by Sayles Leach, now in the possession of Roger Abrahams (Abrahams-personal).

University, one at Ohio State,⁶ and one at the University of Texas.

Several Jewish parodies of the Christian spoof have turned up. Joseph Hickerson collected one from Jim Hitchcock of Baltimore, Maryland, a University of California (Berkeley) graduate (ca. 1956), on October 19, 1963:

Judaism hits the spot;
Twelve whole tribes, that's a lot.
A kosher pickle and a circumcision too.
Judaism is the thing for you!
(Torah, Torah, Torah, Torah, Torah.)⁷

Another was submitted to the Michigan State Folklore Archives in 1956 by Marilyn Schwenn:

Isaac, David, Abraham,
We are the boys that eat no ham.
Pinch that penny and squeeze it tight,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, fight, fight, fight!

A slightly different ending of the "Christian" lyrics than that given in the field text on the next page, concludes:

...The Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost;
Christianity is the most!⁸

The tune is the old English melody, "Do Ye Ken John Peel."

⁶In the "Ohio State University Sailing Club Songs" manuscript in the IUFA, p. 27.

⁷The second verse of Hitchcock's text; the first being the more usual "Christianity Hits The Spot" lyrics (which ended: "Bible, Bible, Bible, Bible, Bible.")

⁸Taken from the text collected by Robert Scheifele at Michigan State University in 1954 (now in the IUFA).

53. Collected from Jon Kwitny on June 1, 1964. He learned the song while a student at the University of Missouri between 1958-62.

Christianity hits the spot;
Twelve apostles, that's a lot!
Holy Ghost and a Virgin too;
Christianity's the thing for you!

54. I Don't Care If It Rains Or Freezes (Plastic Jesus)

Some interest was shown in certain circles concerning the origins of "Plastic Jesus" after the publication of Ernie Marrs' topical song of the same name¹ in Broadside (of New York) early in 1964.² Marrs' slashing attack on those who profit by selling religious gimmickry was based on traditional lyrics, although the song in its newly composed form developed the old theme far beyond anything in oral circulation. Marrs also related his experiences with "Plastic Jesus," and how he happened to run across the song in an article entitled "'Plastic Jesus' Investigated," printed in Sing Out! later the same year.³ One interesting theory mentioned in that article concerning the origin of the lyrics states that they were first heard in the form of a radio commercial in Georgia some years ago, sponsored by the company manufacturing the plastic miniatures.

When Marrs' topical variant first appeared in Broadside along with some speculations on the background of the traditional words, several readers, including the present writer, submitted to the magazine what further information they had on hand. The net result was that Broadside soon published an article with the hairy title of "Ed Rush and Dick Reuss Pursue 'Plastic Jesus,'"⁴ which featured additional comments on the song's

¹Marrs says his composition should rightfully be called "Plastic Jesus Rides Again," although both Broadside and Sing Out! simply published the song as "Plastic Jesus."

²Broadside #39 (February 7, 1964), no page no. listed [p. 12].

³Sing Out!, Vol. 14, No. 5 (November, 1964), pp. 51, 53.

⁴Broadside #41 (March 10, 1964), no page no. listed [pp. 10-11]. I disclaim any responsibility for said title.

origins. Rush stated:

Folklore-wise, I've discovered that the song was originally a Negro camp meeting...song that went:

"I don't care if it rains or freezes,
Leaning on the arms of Jesus..."

and was the theme of a religious, or quasi-religious, radio show from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in the 1940's...⁵

In turn, I pointed out that "Plastic Jesus" in reality had been based on an older parody, which ran:

I don't care if it rains or freezes,
I am safe in the arms of Jesus.
I am Jesus' little lamb.
Yes, by Jesus Christ, I am!⁶

and that no texts of the "Plastic Jesus" lyrics have come to light except those collected within the past decade. The newer form, however, seems to have caught the public fancy and to have supplanted the older version, for apparently these days one hears only the "dashboard on my car" refrain.⁷

The earlier parody is traceable at least to the 1930's, for it appears in Sherle Goldstone's collection of college songs made in New York in 1934 or 1935. It is also found in another manuscript, dated 1943, compiled by one Bernard H. Shanholt, also currently held in the New York State Historical Association Folklore Archives. Randolph gives a text which is

⁵Ibid. [p. 10].

⁶This text was collected by Sherle Goldstone (NYSHAF G). The tune is listed (possibly erroneously) as "Reuben, Reuben."

⁷Since the notes to this song were written, however, I have begun to think more and more that there may be two separate parodies here, which bear little or no relation to each other except for a common parent on which each was based.

combined with a stanza of the bawdy "Poor Lil" in "'Unprintable' Songs" (II, p. 572) which he collected in 1950. "Crud and Corruption," issued about 1956, also includes this earlier form,⁸ and there are a half dozen similar variants found in the IUFA which were collected at Michigan State in the early 1950's.

Printed texts of the more recent "Plastic Jesus" lyrics, however, are not (as yet) so plentiful, "Songs of Roving and Raking" (ca. 1961) being the only manuscript containing the new words that I have seen.⁹

Although informants very often seem to know only fragmentary lines, there nevertheless do seem to be quite a number of verses floating about in oral tradition. Such evidently is the case with the stanzas included immediately below, which were gathered by the editors of Broadside:

It's worth a lot more than I spent;
I'll never get into an accident.

I don't need no double indemnity,
Long as I got the trinity.

I don't care if I crack up;
Jesus saves with His suction cup.

Plastic Jesus has gotta go,
He's lousing up my radio
With His magnet on the dashboard of my car.¹⁰

The second tune given below (and by far the most commonly heard), whether in reality a gospel melody or not, is rather reminiscent of the

⁸Bill Briggs (ed.), "Crud and Corruption," Boston, ca. 1956, p. 79.

⁹p. 94. The notes to the song say that rumor ascribes the lyrics to a student at Loyola.

¹⁰Letter from Sis Cunningham, editor of Broadside, to the writer, March 10, 1964.

melody line used to accompany the folksong, "Will the Weaver."

Several fragments collected in addition to the following field texts are omitted here.

54 A. Clay McMullen, Indiana University junior, sang this fragment on December 6, 1963. Forest Redding, fraternity brother and roommate of McMullen, then contributed the only line of a chorus that I have ever personally collected, having heard it while working on a road construction gang around his home in Fort Wayne, Indiana, a year or two before.

I don't care if it rains or freezes,
 Long as I got my plastic Jesus
 Sitting on the dashboard of my car.
 I don't care if it's dark and scary,
 Long as I got my magnet Mary
 Sitting on the dashboard of my car.

City cop, state cop, county sheriff...



54 B. Collected from John Clark of the Indiana University Sigma Pi fraternity on October 22, 1964. Clark indicated that in spite of the fact that one would think that there ought to be more to each stanza than two lines, such is not the case, and each couplet is sung (with a hillbilly accent) as an independent unit.

I don't care if it rains or freezes
Long as I got my plastic Jesus
Sitting on the dashboard of my car.

I don't care if its dark and scary
Just so long as that plastic Mary's
Sitting on the dashboard of my car.

I will drive all the way to Gary¹¹
Just so long as that plastic Mary's
Sitting on the dashboard of my car.

I sure know that I am the most--
With the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost
Sitting on the dashboard of my car.



¹¹Undoubtedly Gary, Indiana

55. Be Boppin' Jesus

The only previous text of this song that I have encountered is a relatively lengthy one collected by Mary Jo Hilt in 1962, now deposited in the IUFA:

Be bop a Jesus, he's my savior
Be bop a Jesus, watch your behavior.
Be bop a Jesus, he's my savior,
Be bop a Jesus, watch your behavior.
Be bop a Jesus, he-ee-ez my savior now,
my savior now, my savior now!

Well he's the man from Galilee.
He's the one they hung up on a tree.
He's the one that rose up from the tomb.
He's the one from Mary's womb.

[repeat first stanza, but revising last line to:]
Be bop a Jesus, he-ee-ez your savior too,
your savior too, your savior too!

55 A. Collected from Clay McMullen, Indiana University junior, who learned it in his Kappa Delta Rho fraternity in 1962. He sang it on December 6, 1963, calling it the "Catholic Work Song."

My hands are nailed,
My feet are tied;
I can't rock and roll
'Cause I'm crucified.¹

Rockin' Jesus,
He's my savior.
Be boppin' Jesus,
He's my savior.
He's my savior.

¹I heard these lines sung as a supposedly "spontaneously created" verse to "Hey La Li Lo" (#35) at Ohio Wesleyan University in March, 1961. As sung on that occasion the lyrics went:

My hands are spiked, my feet are tied,
Hey la li la li lo.
Goodness me, I'm crucified.
Hey la li la li lo.

John Clark of the IU Sigma Pi fraternity also recited this theme as part of a jingle he gave me on October 22, 1964:

Rock, Jesus, rock.
Roll, Jesus, roll.
Rock, Jesus, roll, Jesus,
Rock and roll.

My hands are nailed,
My feet are tied;
How can I twist
When I'm crucified?

Clark added that he had heard a tune used as well, and that there was more to the lyrics than he could remember here.

55 B. I collected this variant from Barry Rosenfeld, a student at the University of Michigan, in a Detroit bar after the conclusion of the evening session of the American Folklore Society meetings on December 27, 1963. Rosenfeld said he heard it from a psychology instructor at the University of Michigan over the Christmas vacation in 1961.

Be bop a lula, Virgin Mary,
Be bop a lula, Virgin Mary,
She's the girl that's got the most,
She hangs around with the Holy Ghost.

56. Her Mother Never Told Her (The Lady In Red; Let Her Sleep
Under The Bar)

It is a strong temptation to label "Her Mother Never Told Her" as "the best known college song of them all," perhaps excepting only the various forms of "In The Halls" (#32). The lyrics are sung from coast to coast, seemingly by almost every college student in the land. The few files of undergraduate songs systematically accumulated in recent years show 127 texts collected at Michigan State, twenty at Indiana University, about fifteen at Western Kentucky State College, and a scattered number reported from many other college institutions not yet heavily canvassed. I have met almost no college student who has not heard this song.

Nevertheless, it is strange indeed that such an unabashedly sentimental and maudlin song could attain so wide a popularity among the current generation of students, in most cases a hard-boiled and cynical lot, whose melodic favorites--even those woe-begotten laments sung by coeds--seldom if ever contain such saccharine lyrics.

Whatever the explanation for its universality among undergraduates, the song's origins smack loudly of the music hall of the 1890's when lachrymose tunes seemed to be the order of the day. (Such titles as "She Is More To Be Pitied Than Censured," and "Heaven Will Protect The Working Girl" come immediately to mind.) Yet there seems to be no trace of the "Lady In Red" in any of the old songsters of the day, although there are many songs which express sentiments very similar in nature. One, in fact, does bear a rather close resemblance to "Her Mother Never Told Her," both in content and in the method used in structuring the lyrics. Spaeth reprints "She May Have Seen Better Days" in Read 'Em and Weep (pp. 141-42)

and includes an 1894 copyright notice along with the text:

While strolling along with the city's vast throng
 On a night that was bitterly cold,
 I noticed a crowd who were laughing aloud
 At something they chanced to behold.
 I stopped for to see what the object could be,
 And there on a doorstep lay
 A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,
 And then I heard somebody say:

"She may have seen better days,
 When she was in her prime.
 She may have seen better days,
 Once upon a time.
 Tho' by the wayside she fell
 She may yet mend her ways.
 Some poor old mother is waiting for her,
 Who has seen better days."

The meter of the first section above and that of "The Lady In Red" are identical; the second portions are less easily matched in this respect. However, the two songs probably are not related.

No songbooks that I have been able to discover include the lyrics of "Let Her Sleep Under The Bar," as the song is sometimes known, prior to their appearance in the New Song Fest in 1955 (p. 64), although they were incorporated in the necessarily clandestine "Old American Ballads" (p. 6), issued three years earlier. Subsequently the song has appeared in Air Force Airs (1957, p. 154) and in Songs For Swingin' Housemothers (1961, pp. 72-73). The moralizing conclusion is also quoted by Joseph Hickerson in his description of local materials in the Indiana University Folklore Archives published not long ago in Midwest Folklore.¹ Manuscript texts give no indication of the presence of "Her Mother Never Told Her" in

¹Joseph Hickerson, "Hoosier Materials in the Indiana University Folklore Archives," Midwest Folklore, XI (1961), p. 78.

college oral tradition prior to the early 1940's although it almost certainly existed there years (and possibly decades) earlier.

Textual variation is minimal, largely being restricted to the substitution of different placenames for the "gentleman dapper" (e.g. "Sigma Chi dapper"), or replacing "crapper" with "phonebooth" when the "Lady In Red"² is being presented to more genteel company. Although the lack of much change in the lyrics of many texts would seem to indicate a close association with print, nevertheless, as noted above, the song does not appear to have been included in any popular anthology until the 1950's. Further research, however, may disclose older sources.

The second portion of the melody is "Sidewalks of New York," but the music is given in its entirety following the text below since the opening lines are set to an unfamiliar tune.

²There is another shorter college song also known as "The Lady In Red," but what is usually meant by this title is "Her Mother Never Told Her."

Twasa cold the guests o' Leary You

bar cho. Turned Lady in Red, Get out! a tempo

she wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer as she shot of

rall. a tempo

col

56. This text, collected from Clay McMullen, Ray Brandell, and Forrest Redding of the Kappa Delta Rho fraternity on December 6, 1963, is only one of a half dozen or more variants gathered in the course of this project, all of which are fairly similar. The others have been turned over to the IUFA.

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar,
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a KDR dapper stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of college men,
And how they come and go (mostly come³),
Now age has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar.
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

A recent (1964) mimeographed songsheet from the same fraternity produced an additional section which is almost certainly not a part of student oral tradition. Unfortunately, it has not been possible to determine the origins of these additional lyrics either, although they quite possibly go with the original composition.

³A bawdy twist on the usual aside: "mostly go." See footnote 2 on p. 119.

We'd rather have bad beer than none; good whiskey, 'tis sure,
we'll not shun.

And as for our virtue, what you don't know won't hurt you.

We came here for knowledge and fun.

I wish that my room had a floor, I don't care so much for a door,
But this walking around without touching the ground is getting to
be quite a bore.

This college grows better each day, the seniors will soon go away;
We'll meet them in Hades a-necking the ladies,
And there'll be the devil to pay.

This lady is necking and now there's the devil to pay.

"Her Mother never told her..." (repeat chorus)

57. Little Mouse (The Liquor Was Spilled On The Barroom Floor)

Several recent popular songbooks include the lyrics among their contents. These are Air Force Airs (1957, p. 183), Songs For Swingin' Housemothers (1961, p. 6), and Songs For Singin' and Pickin' (1962, p. 109). Evidently enormously popular on the campuses around the country, eighty-seven texts were collected at Michigan State alone in recent years, with sixteen more being turned in at Indiana University. Scattered variants have also been reported from other colleges, some Michigan and Indiana high schools, and, upon occasion, the armed services.

The song about the "Little Mouse" that the college student sings is a reworked version of the "Intoxicated Rat" whose composition is attributed to Dorsey Dixon, and which was recorded by the Dixon Brothers (Bluebird BB 6327) in 1936. The tune used was Wade Mainer's version of "Three Nights Drunk," an American form of Child #274, "Our Goodman."¹ As sung by the Dixon Brothers and others who have obtained the song from their recording, the lyrics are approximately as follows²:

The other night when I come home
So drunk I could not see,
I hooked my toe in the old doormat
And fell as flat as I could be.

¹Liner notes to the album, Doc Watson (Vanguard VS-9152). Available recordings include the above mentioned Doc Watson rendition, and Cisco Houston on Hard Travelin' (Folkways FA 2042).

²As sung by Doc Watson (see footnote #1). The refrains, consisting of the repetition of the last two lines of each stanza, are omitted here.

I had me a little old bottle of booze,
 And I didn't have it any more.
 When I fell down, (spoken) the cork flew out of the bottle
 --I spilled it.

There's a little old rat in his hiding place;
 He got that whiskey scent.
 He stepped right up and he got him a (slurping sound),
 And back to his hole he went.

He stepped right up to my puddle of gin,
 And he lapped up more and more.
 He said, "Doggone my red-eyed soul,
 I'm a-gonna get drunk once more."

He washed his face with his front paws,
 And on his hind legs sat.
 And he's a'gettin high when he winked one eye,
 And said, "Hey, where's that old tom cat!"

An old tom cat come slippin' in;
 Dashed over to the middle of the floor.
 The cat jumped over and the rat got sober,
 And he never got drunk no more.

As sung on the campus, the song is reduced in length, omits any kind of refrain, and is reset to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." In addition, the collegiate forms very often substitute a mouse of one color or another in place of the rat found in the country music derivatives, and usually conclude with him master of the scene as he drunkenly bellows, "Bring on the God damn cat!" Unlike the country music texts almost no variant yet found in student oral tradition traces the action in the song any further than this.³

³The text in Songs For Singin' and Pickin' (James F. Leisy, ed.) Greenwich, Connecticut, 1962, p. 109, includes a partial second stanza which completes the story:

Then a black cat came from behind the bar,
 And gobbled up the little white mouse.
 And the moral to this story is:
 Don't never take a drink on the house.

Textually, the lyrics of "Little Mouse" change very little from informant to informant and campus to campus, the most noticeable differences in the lyrics occurring, as indicated, in the college forms as a unit as opposed to the country music variants.

57. This one text, collected from Dave Mabey, Indiana University senior on December 12, 1963, will suffice to represent the four or five similar variants I collected from various other informants at approximately the same time. These last are deposited in the IUFA. Mabey learned the song in the Delta Chi fraternity house about 1961.

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor,
And the bar was closing for the night,
When out of his hole came a little gray mouse,
And he sat in the pale moonlight.

He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor,
And back on his haunches he sat.
And all night long you could hear him roar
"Bring on the God damned cat."

58. Only An Old Beer Bottle

This is another popular favorite known by both college men and women, which is sung at almost any kind of informal campus song fest. W. Edson Richmond reports learning this song as far back as 1930 from an aunt who sang it in the 1920's. The earliest variant I have discovered is a text collected by James Breckenridge in New York in 1945 (NYSHAFA Br), set to the tune of "Aloha Oe." Printed appearances, none of them very much different from one another textually, include the IOCA Song Fest (1948, p. 9), the New Song Fest (1955, p. 116), and Songs For Swingin' Housemothers (1961, p. 14). The song is also given in "Old American Ballads" (1952, p. 36), and there are over twenty texts collected at Michigan State in the IUFA. Isolated variants have also been reported from Indiana University, Western Kentucky and elsewhere.

Variation in the lyrics of this song, in common with others of a similar semi-popular nature among college students (#56-64 in this collection), is noticeable but distinctly minor in character. An excerpt from a text collected by Phyllis Southman at Michigan State in 1948, when compared to the field item below, illustrates this kind of secondary textual change:

Just an old beer bottle
 Floating in from sea:
 Just an old beer bottle
 Came floating in to me...

The tune most often listed by the students at Michigan State for these lyrics is "Sing A Song of Colleges (or Cities)," a piece with which I am unfamiliar. The reader will note, however, that the music is very

58. Clay McMullen, Ray Brandell, and Forest Redding learned this variant in the Indiana University Kappa Delta Rho fraternity. They sang it on December 6, 1963.

'Twas only an old beer bottle
A'floating on the foam.
'Twas only an old beer bottle
A thousand miles from home.
And in it was a message
With these words written on:
"Whoever finds this bottle
Find the beer all gone."

59. Paddy Murphy

This is another extremely widely known campus drinking favorite. Richard Dorson deals in some detail with the lore and activities surrounding Paddy Murphy in his chapter on urban folklore in American Folklore.¹ In addition to quoting a long variant of the song from Michigan State, he reports a yearly funeral held in Paddy's behalf by the local chapter of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity at Northwestern University,² and relates another college story about this Irish drunkard hero, which is worth repeating here:

[It is said] that he came to the States from County Cork, spent his life cheating on and beating up his wife, and died of acute alcoholism. His relatives assembled for a handsome wake. They duly passed the body and kissed the forehead, when cousin Maureen felt a movement and screamed to Mrs. Murphy, "He's hot, he's hot!" "Hot or cold, he goes out in the morning," said the grieving widow.³

One is reminded by this song of the late nineteenth century era of Harrigan and Hart when pseudo-Irish songs were in vogue,⁴ although no account of the history of the music of those times nor any collections of its songs that I could find contain any reference to "Paddy Murphy." The

¹pp. 261-62.

²Replete with elaborate ritual, and an attempt by the local Sigma Chi chapter to steal the "corpse."

³This story is reminiscent of an Irish broadside, "Tim Finegan" (which served as the inspiration for the title of Joyce's Finegan's Wake), describing a sad wake for another lover of drink until a bottle of liquor is spilled on the corpse in a sudden free-for-all among the assembled friends and relatives, which revives the body.

⁴See Spaeth, Read 'Em and Weep, p. 128 for details.

probability is that the college dirge derives from a later period; nothing has been found of the lyrics by me prior to the very early 1940's.

Nevertheless, the song has been well represented in print in recent years, even more so in collected texts taken from oral circulation. Popular song anthologies giving "Paddy Murphy" his due include the IOCA Song Fest (1948, p. 105), the New Song Fest (1955, p. 106), Songs For Swingin' Housemothers (1961, p. 78), and Songs For Pickin' and Singin' (1962, p. 141). Sixty-three variants were collected from Michigan State students in the late 1940's and early 1950's, and are now in the IUFA along with seven texts collected at Indiana University. Another seven texts were turned in at Western Kentucky State College and belong to the archives accumulated at that school, now in the possession of D. K. Wilgus.

In many instances in texts from Michigan State "Paddy Murphy" (known in some variants as "Patty Murphy") combines with another college drinking song, "Hooray for _____ (name)." In such cases, the name "Paddy" is inserted in the additional lines, which are tacked on to the end of the usual "Paddy Murphy" lyrics:

We're shouting hooray for Paddy, Paddy;
Hooray for Paddy, Paddy.
Someone's in the kitchen shoutin' hooray for
Paddy, Paddy.
Ein, zwei, drei, vier, who's gonna buy the beer?
Hooray for Paddy, he's a damn swell guy.

The University of Illinois has a local variant of the song, which tells how one of the campus residence halls got its name:

On the night that Lucy Busey died,
 I never shall forget
 The Illini got so stinking drunk
 That some aren't sober yet.
 Oh, the things they did that night
 Filled my heart with awe.
 They built a women's residence
 And called it Busey Hall.⁵

Oh, Honey, that's how we showed our respect for
 Lucy Busey;
 That's how we showed our honor and pride.
 Oh, Honey, that's how we showed our respect for
 Lucy Busey
 On the night that Lucy died.
 Lucy Busey--the night that she died--hey!

Sometimes a second stanza is sung to the "Paddy Murphy" song.

The most commonly used, goes:

And when they'd finished with the beer,
 They started on the corpse.
 They backed it out of Paddy's house
 And put it on the porch.
 They stole into the house next door,
 And took the neighbor's pig.
 They tied it to poor Paddy's legs
 And danced an Irish jig.

Another verse is occasionally heard, giving still other details:

The next thing they did
 That made my heart sink:
 They sat old Paddy up in bed
 And gave the corpse a drink.

⁵Another Illini variant (not involving Lucy Busey) ends:

They turned the outhouse upside down
 And called it Ashton Hall.

The tune is one common to several campus song favorites, and is given on p. 271 as the musical supplement to the Dexter text of "Ask Me No Questions" (#51 A).

59. Collected from Jon Kwitny, formerly of the University of Missouri (1958-62), on June 1, 1964. He learned it on said campus during his undergraduate days.

The night that Paddy Murphy died,
I never shall forget.
The whole damn town got stinkin' drunk
And some ain't sober yet.
The only thing they did that night
That filled my heart with fear;
They took the ice right off the corpse
And put it on the beer.

Oh that's how they paid their respects for Paddy Murphy;
That's how they showed him their honor and their pride.
That's how they paid their respects for Paddy Murphy
On the night that Paddy died.

60. Had A Little Party Down In Freeport

The lyrics of "Had A Little Party Down In Freeport" are often combined with other songs of a "pop" nature, "Coney Island Baby" and "The Souse Family" evidently being the two most common. Texts have appeared in the IOCA Song Fest (1948, pp. 38-39; beginning with the refrain "Oh we had to carry Carry from the ferry...), Air Force Airs (1957, p. 191 as "The Party in Tacoma," combined with "The Souse Family"), and in Songs For Swingin' Housemothers (1961, p. 83; the same segment as in the IOCA Song Fest). Seven variants were collected at Michigan State University and one at Indiana University prior to this field collection, which are now in the IUFA. The earliest trace of this song that I can find is a 1944 Michigan State text, although the lyrics smack of a 1920's flavor.

The name of the principal individual varies from Harry to Carey (usually pronounced "Carry") or once in a while, Mary, and the town involved is most commonly Freeport or Newport, although other names may also be used. A text collected by Sally Murphy at Michigan State in 1956 has an additional stanza which does not appear to be too well known judging from the other extant texts available; and which perhaps is strictly of "pop" origins:

We all fall for some girl that dresses neat;
 Some girl that's got big feet.
 We meet then on the street.
 Then we'll join the army of married boobs
 To the altar (just like leading lambs to the slaughter)
 When it's over, oh boy, we get it good.
 Bach'lor days we then recall (we then recall).
 Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
 Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.¹
 We are all bound for _____.

¹This is, of course, a well known children's rhyme incorporated here.

60. Collected from Clay McMullen, Ray Brandell, and Forest Redding on December 6, 1963. They said it was a popular number in their local Kappa Delta Rho fraternity at Indiana University. This variant combines the lyrics with "Coney Island Baby."

Oh we had a little party down in Freeport,
There was Harry, there was Carey, there was Grace.
Oh we had a little party down in Freeport,
And we had to carry Carey from the place.
Now we had to carry Carey to the ferry,
And we had to carry Carey to the shore,
Now the reason that we had to carry Carey
Was that Carey couldn't carry any more, boom, boom,

Goodbye my Coney Island baby,
Farewell my own true love, my own true love,
Oh honey, I'm gonna stay away and leave you,
Never gonna see you any--never gonna see you any...
I'm gonna sail upon that ferry boat,
Never to return again.
So goodbye, so long, farewell forever,
Barroomm, goodbye my Coney Island--
Barroomm, goodbye my Coney Island Baby.



61. Chickens

This is a song well known both in "pop" circles and throughout the college circuit, the overlap between the two in this case being quite apparent. Recent popular songbooks which include "Chickens" (with music) are the New Song Fest (1955, p. 70) and Songs For Singin' (1961, p. 25). The song has also been recorded at least several times, although I can supply almost no details on these waxings.¹ Thirteen texts from Michigan State and nine from Indiana University are held in the IUFA. One variant opening from Michigan State begins:

We had some chickens down on the farm;
Wasn't laying eggs not worth a darn...

Whoever wrote the lyrics must have been an urban dweller for he certainly didn't know much about the commercial egg business. It perhaps is superfluous to state what is obvious to any farm boy: that fertilized eggs are unmarketable because of foetus development within the shells, and that no farmer interested in large scale egg production will allow or encourage roosters inside the hatchery since they will upset and chase the setting hens.

¹Bob Gibson has recorded this song for one, although I only heard a tape of it, and could not get any discographical information. Gibson's version has a second verse to the effect of "the old rooster's dead now, but his son still drops in occasionally and catches the chickens off their guard... [followed with] They're laying eggs now, etc."

61. Clay McMullen, Ray Brandell and Forest Redding, Indiana University juniors, contributed this text on December 6, 1963.

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay;
 We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay.
 One day a rooster stole into our yard;²
 He caught those chickens right off their guard.

[Loudly:]

They're laying eggs now, just like they used to
 Ever since that rooster stole into our yard.

We had some cows, no milk would they give;
 We had some cows, no milk would they give.
 One day a rooster stole into our yard;
 He caught those cows right off their guard.

They're giving milk now,³ just like they used to
 Ever since that rooster stole into our yard.

²An additional developmental couplet which usually follows is omitted here. It goes:

...My wife said, "Honey, this isn't funny.
 We're losin' money." No eggs would they lay.

³A Michigan State variant collected by Sue Schrader in 1949 reads: "They're giving egg-nogs...."

62. Rugged But Right

Certainly one of the finest songs in the college student oral tradition, "Rugged But Right" has been a favorite among coeds for a generation. Its origins, so far as I am concerned, are confused in a tangle of folk, "pop," jazz, and country music sources, which is yet to be straightened out. Early waxings include recordings by Riley Puckett of country music fame (probably in the 1930's), a jazz arrangement by Turk Murphy, and a modified country rendition by George Jones.¹ In any event, this is one song which does not appear to have been composed by college students themselves. When and how this song got to the campus, or whether any of the above recordings was in any way responsible for its introduction there, I am unable to say, but the lyrics were widely known at many schools by the beginning of the 1940's² since quite a few Michigan State texts in the IUFA comment that the informants first heard the song while attending college and participating in the armed services during this period.

Evidently the earlier variants were known as "Ragged But Right," and both the country music and jazz recordings alluded to above and the majority of college texts collected in the 1940's were titled in this fashion, with the first reported use of the word "rugged" appearing in 1944.³ Printed texts have continued to give the "Ragged But Right" form

¹Notes to the Greenbriar Boys' Vanguard album Ragged But Right (VRS 9159).

²A Michigan high school variant in the IUFA is listed as having been learned "about 1939."

³In a Michigan State University text.

down to the present day. These include "Old American Ballads" (1952, p. 27), the New Song Fest (1955, pp. 69-70), and Songs For Singin' (1961, pp. 26-27; two versions⁴). The Greenbriar Boys have included the same as the title song of their latest Vanguard album.⁵ Since 1950, however, the number of texts collected from students appears to be roughly evenly divided between those who sing the lyrics as "Ragged But Right" and those who know it as "Rugged But Right."⁶

While examining texts of this song held in the Indiana University Folklore Archives during his visit in the fall of 1963, Gershon Legman suggested that "Rugged But Right" owes its ultimate origins to Negro sources since the lyrics, presented from a feminine point of view, show an unusually aggressive sexuality which is uncommon among the songs of White girls, but more prevalent among those of Negroes. He cited the continual appearance of the line "We are the dark-skinned (or "brown-skinned") lassies..." as further supporting evidence of this claim.⁷ Backing Legman's assertion is

⁴One as sung by a man, the other by a woman. The male-oriented text is virtually word for word identical with Turk Murphy's rendition on Music For Wise Guys And Boasters, Card Sharps And Crap Shooters (Roulette R25088). The woman's version is closer to the college variations, except for the last stanza totally alien to any text yet collected on the campus that I have seen.

⁵See footnote #1. This version by the Greenbriar Boys is somewhat hoked-up in that there is an obviously interpolated chorus, and some clowning which originates with the current vocalists. The verses, however, are taken from Riley Puckett's recording. The tune used is an adaptation of the melody known as "We Shall Not Be Moved."

⁶One Michigan State variant reads "Ready But Right"; another, "Reckless But Right."

⁷The emphasis is mine. One text from Michigan State, dated 1946-47 also includes the line "That's more than any other darky girl can afford" In more recent years, the "brown-skinned lassies" are sometimes replaced with phrases indicating bronze skin or blonde hair (e.g. "bronze-skinned lassies"), or sorority girls (e.g. "Pi Phi lassies").

the circumstantial evidence that Riley Puckett, who as noted above made perhaps the earliest recording of the song, did obtain much of his material from the Negro idiom. On the other hand, both the Turk Murphy and Greenbriar Boys' renditions (the latter based on Puckett's of a generation ago) are sung in the first person of the man, not the woman, and it is likely that the lyrics were originally written from this point of view. When and where "Ragged But Right" became a predominantly woman-oriented song is difficult to say. Certainly the words seem a bit sophisticated and uncharacteristic of much of the Negro idiom, but perhaps the college lyrics are essentially a Negro reworking of a "pop" composition. At any rate, until further evidence to the contrary comes to light, Legman's insistence that the influence of Negro culture is strong with regard to this song must be accorded serious consideration.

Turning specifically to campus variants, the list of schools where "Rugged But Right" has reportedly been sung would run to two or three pages in length, so suffice it to say that the colleges are many and from every geographical point of the nation. One must, however, mention the song's enormous popularity at Michigan State as documented by the fifty-two texts collected there, largely from girls, between the years 1947-56. The more complete variants possess three verses which chronicle the prowess of the woman (and sometimes her friends) singing the song, but also record her ultimate failure to land the man of her choice in spite of her overpowering physical attributes, high and handsome style of living, and unusual popularity. A 1949 Michigan State University text collected by Delores Bezanson indicates the general nature of the longer,

more fully developed campus text:

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.
 A rambling and gambling woman, drunk every night.
 I get a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board.
 That's more than any other girl in town can afford.
 I got a great big 'lectric fan to keep me cool while I eat;
 A great big handsome man to keep me warm while I sleep.
 I'm just a rambling woman, a gambling woman, and God am I tight.
 I just called up to tell you I'm rugged but right.

Now we may be brown skinned lassies, boys, but what do you care?
 We've got the streamlined chassis with the do or die air.
 We've got the hips that sank the ships of England, France, and
 Peru,
 And if you're like Napoleon, here's your waterloo.
 Oh, I'll take a fifteen minute intermission in your V-8;
 I'd like to stay out longer but I've got a late date.
 I'm just a rambling woman, a gambling woman, and God am I tight.
 I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

Now my great big handsome man, he left me flat on the floor.
 He took all my loving and he asked me for more.
 He took my last quarter just to buy him a drink,
 And then he left me at the bar and what do you think?
 He said, "Go home to your mother, baby; kiss her for me.
 I'm hitting the road because I want to be free.
 You're just a rambling woman, a gambling woman, and God are you
 tight.
 But you can tell the boys back home you're rugged but right."

Variations in other texts generally consist of minor word changes and substitutions, and the omission of some of the lyrics while recombining the remaining lines to produce shortened and often quite different (when compared to each other) forms. Sometimes the words reflect a plural number of singers, at others not; in still other cases the response of the man in question (if such is to be found in the text) is told in the first person.⁸ A concluding theme in many campus texts, but not given in

⁸This should not be construed, however, to mean that the entire song is presented from the man's point of view, as was the case with the

the one above or in any recorded or printed version I know, may be found in any one of three patterns:

My motto is "gone with the wind," boys,
Its breezy tonight.
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

or:

Our mothers are gone with the wind, boys,
Let's breeze it tonight.
We just called up to tell you that we're rugged but right.

or, as a third possibility, semantically the most logical of the three:

Our morals are gone with the wind, boys,
It's breezy tonight.
We just called up to tell you that we're rugged but right.

As is the case with a number of other college songs, many variants of "Rugged But Right" will tack on an exclamatory statement or two before repeating the final line once more. For example, an IU text collected by Nancy Reeves in 1957 contains several typical endings:

...I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.
I've got some folding money, honey.
I'm just rugged but right--behind the boathouse--
We overdid it last night.

Other catch lines used in a similar fashion might be "Get off the table, the money's for beer," or "Roll over baby, the customer's always right."

Greenbriar Boys' and Turk Murphy's recordings, and presumably that of Riley Puckett's. Compare the male and female versions in Songs For Singin' for specific illustrations of the differences on this point.

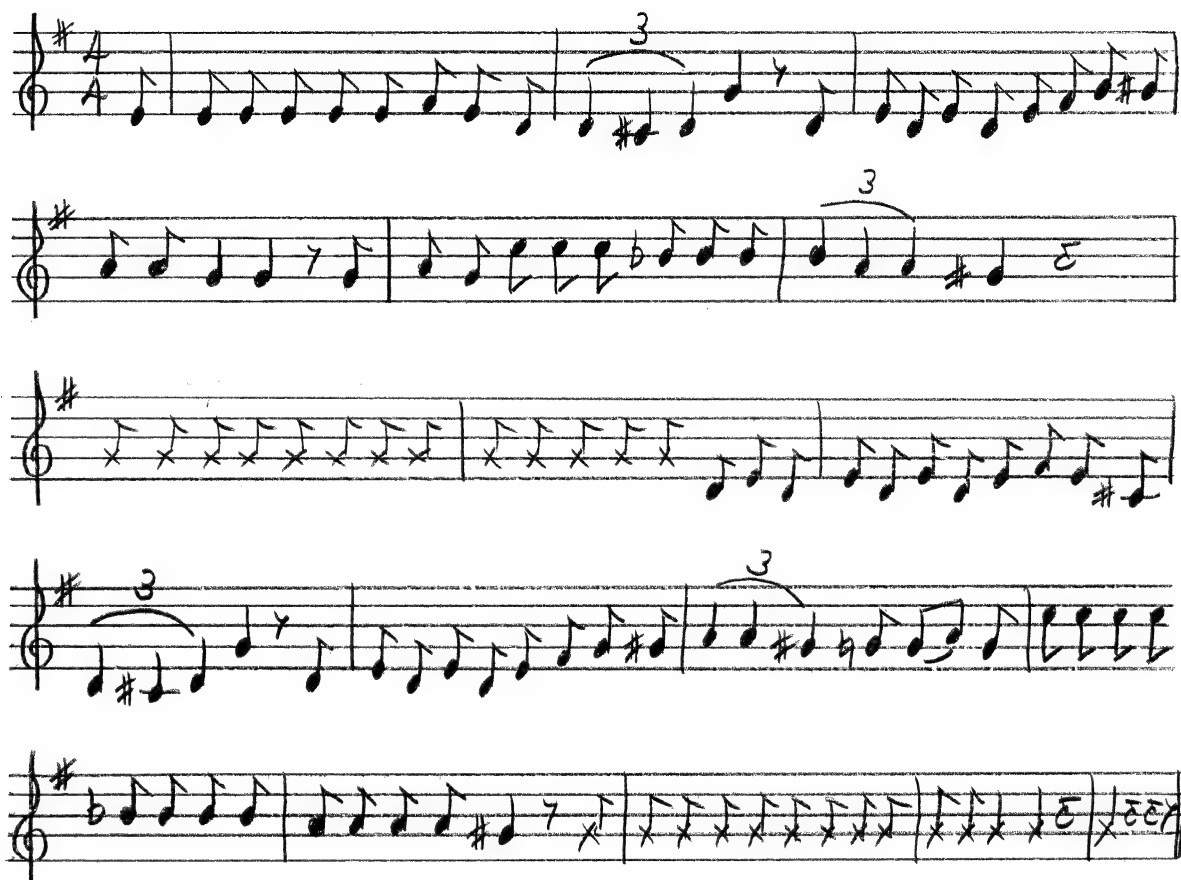
In spite of the fact that there is no especial bawdiness or obscenity in the lyrics, "Rugged But Right" is rarely sung by students on decorous occasions, apparently because the overtly sexual aggressiveness of the words is still too brazen for American society to formally tolerate.

62 A. Collected from Linda Rethmeyer, member of Alpha Xi Delta sorority at Indiana University, December 8, 1963. The lyrics are known to the members of her house as "Sexy Fuzzies."⁹ The former sorority housemother banned the singing of this song in her presence.

Oh, we're the sexy Fuzzies and you'd better beware,
We got the classy chassis and the lace underwear.
We got the eyes that shine, lips divine, hearts so true,
[spoken silkily and suggestively] If you were Napoleon,
we'd be your Waterloo.

We got a big electric fan to keep us cool while we eat,
A great big handsome man to keep us warm while we sleep.
We're the rambling women, gambling women, out every night,
[spoken silkily] We just dropped by to tell you that we're
rugged but right. Yeaah!

⁹The Alpha Xi Deltas are nicknamed "Fuzzies," obtaining this reference from part of their Greek nomenclature: Alpha Xi Delta.



62 B. Susan Rider of the Indiana University Pi Beta Phi sorority belted out this rousing rendition of "Rugged But Right" on April 28, 1964. It is interesting to note that the Pi Phi house is scarcely a few feet away from the Alpha Xi Delta sorority and yet the lyrics of the same song in the two houses differ considerably both textually and musically. Also of interest is the fact that the Pi Phi housemother likewise prohibited the girls from singing this song within her hearing.

Just called up to tell you that we're rugged but right;
 We're rambling, gambling women, we get drunk every night.
 And we eat a porterhouse steak every meal for our board.
 That's more than any self-respecting gal can afford.
 We got a great big fan to keep us cool when we eat;
 A big hunk of man to keep us warm while we sleep.
 We're rambling, gambling women, we get drunk every night;
 We just called up to tell you that we're rugged but right.

We may be Pi Phi lassies, boys, but what do we care.
 We got streamlined chassis and a do-or-die air.
 Our mothers are gone with the wind, boys,
 It's breezy tonight.
 We just called up to tell you that we're rugged (yeah!)
 but right.

The Pi Phi tune is far superior to the one used by the Alpha Xi Delta group:



63. Dirty Lil

The Opies in their Lore and Language of Schoolchildren give a variant from English youngsters (p. 20):

I'm dirty Bill from Vinegar Hill;
Never had a bath and never will.

and also quote a Negro rhyme printed in Talley's Negro Folk Rhymes (1922, p. 94) which is an antecedent form of "Dirty Lil," entitled "Wild Negro Bill":

I'se Wild Nigger Bill
From Redpepper Hill,
I never did wo'k an' I never will.

I'se done killed de Boss.
I'se knocked down de hoss.
I eats up raw goose with apple sauce.

I'se Run-a-way Bill.
I know dey mought kill,
But ole Masser hain't cotch me, an he never will!¹

The contemporary form of "Dirty Lil" appears in "Old American Ballads" (1952, p. 39). Eighteen texts of the song in the IUFA are from Michigan State students, one was collected on the Indiana University campus, and a half dozen or so have come from high schools in both states.

A 1949 Michigan State variant² alters the lyrics to fit the "I know a girl..." pattern commonly found in "Hey La Li Lo" (#35) and other songs with the same verse pattern:

¹The Opies only give the first stanza. The complete text is from Talley.

²Collected by Sally Snider.

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil,
Lives on top of Garbage Hill.
She won't do it, but her sister will.
Ack pooey, Dirty Lil.

Jean Anderson, also of Michigan State, reported the following take-off on
"Dirty Lil" in 1950:

(Say the following words in a bored tone of voice)
Slightly soiled Lillian,
Slightly soiled Lillian,
Resides on the summit of a garbage pavillion.
Never bathed, never will.
(clear throat) Slightly soiled Lillian.

The tune used is "Little Brown Jug."

63. I learned these lyrics at freshman camp at Ohio Wesleyan University in September, 1958, and as such it was the first college song I heard within a campus setting.

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil,
Lives on top of Garbage Hill.
Never washes, never will
Whhctt Pttu [make spitting sound], Dirty Lil!

64. Minnie The Mermaid

It is not possible on the basis of what has turned up so far to say how long Minnie has been "down among the corals," for printed texts of the song come predominantly from the 1950's, and the earliest IUFA variants (from Michigan State) only go back as far as the very early 1940's. Yet the lyrics are widely known, being reported at DePauw University, Marquette, the University of Wisconsin, UCLA, and various high schools, in addition to Michigan State (seventy-two texts) and Indiana University (twelve texts), and it is probable that the song has actually been in student oral tradition quite a few more years than the earliest texts would indicate.¹

Recent printed sources containing "Minnie" include the IOCA Song Fest (1948, p. 50; chorus only), "Old American Ballads" (1952, p. 27), the New Song Fest (1955, p. 71; chorus only), and Songs For Singin' (1961, p. 28). There is a hoked-up rewrite of the chorus to go along with some palatable "pop" verses in Songs For Swingin' Housemothers, for those who care to look it up.

To date, textual variation in the lyrics is not overwhelming. In 1956, Sharon Long collected a somewhat differently structured item, which had as a second stanza:

Oh what a time I had with Minnie the Mermaid.
I lost all my troubles
In among the bubbles
Down at the bottom of the sea...

¹W. Edson Richmond reports to me that "This also was a Dwight Fiske song [see p. 200]--and I think a Cab Calloway song in the 1920's.

Some minor variation also occurs in the cliché endings very often tacked on to the song. Indeed "Minnie" is one of the college favorites most likely to be found with such epithets. Drawn out and often languid suggestions or proverbial clichés such as "Roll over, baby; the zipper's on the other side," "And there was Grandma, swinging on the outhouse door," and "She does my laundry," invariably crop up in collected texts, after which the final line of the song is then usually repeated once more.

(The reader should note that this song differs considerably from one called "The Mermaid," which is printed in many "official" college songbook anthologies. The latter is a descendant of Child #289, and does not seem to be in college student oral tradition nowadays. In any case it is totally unrelated to "Minnie the Mermaid.")

64. Susan Rider, Indiana University sophomore, learned this variant in the local Pi Beta Pi sorority house where it is a popular favorite. She thought it came from the local Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, and sang it on April 28, 1964.

.....² Minnie the Mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea.
She lost her morals down among the corals;
My but she was good to me.³

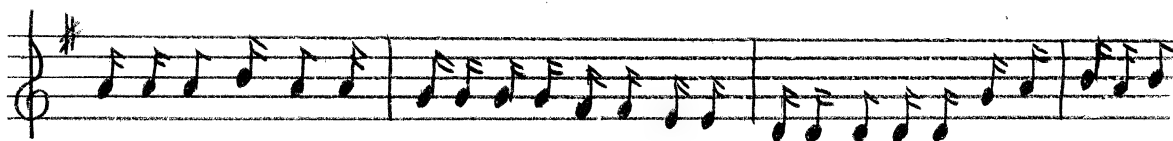
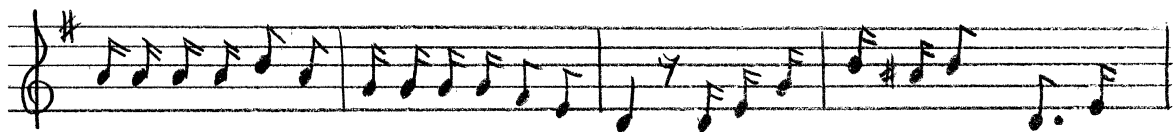
Well you can easily see she isn't my mother;
My mother is forty-nine.
And you can see she wasn't my sister;
My sister wouldn't show me such a hell of a good time.
And you can easily see she wasn't my sweetie;
My sweetie is too refined.
She was a hell of a good kid,
She didn't know what she did,
She was a personal friend of mine.

The tune given here is somewhat different from the more commonly heard melody.

²The missing phrase runs along the line of "Many's the night I spent with..."

³Another section immediately following this stanza is omitted here, but is almost always included in other texts:

Many's the night when the pale moon's shining
Down on her bungalow.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed.



List of Principal Informants

The following list comprises those individuals who contributed more than two or three texts during the course of my field collecting. The names of others who contributed less are omitted, but they are briefly described in the notes to their texts. Unless otherwise indicated, all informants knew songs falling into each of the three main categories of college song outlined above on pp. 5-6.

Carol Adams - date of collection: March 14, 1964 - From Michigan City, Indiana. A senior at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Chi Omega sorority since the beginning of her sophomore year. Spent her junior year studying in Europe; hence her songs were learned during the preceding year or two.

Raymond Brandell - date of collection: December 6, 1963 - From Willamette, Illinois (a Chicago suburb). A junior at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity, having joined immediately as soon as he entered college.

Evan Bukey - date of collection: Spring, 1961 - From Cincinnati, Ohio. Attended Ohio Wesleyan University, 1958-62. A member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, having joined as soon as he entered college.

John Clark - date of collection: October 22, 1964 and occasionally on other days about the same time - From Lakewood, Ohio. A senior at Indiana University, 1964-65. A member of Sigma Pi fraternity since the first semester of his freshman year. Some of John's songs came from the IU Sailing Club of which he was a member.

Thomas Dexter - date of collection: December 28, 1963 - From Baldwin, New York (Long Island). A sophomore at DePauw University, 1963-64. A member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity since first entering college.

Jean Fox - date of collection: March 14, 1964 - From Michigan City, Indiana. A senior at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Chi Omega sorority since the second semester of her freshman year. Spent her junior year studying in Europe; hence her songs were learned in the preceding year and a half.

James Gallagher - date of collection: January 4, 1964 - From Boston, Massachusetts. Currently an Indiana University graduate student. Attended Middlebury College, Vermont, 1958-62. A member of Phi Kappa Tau fraternity. Gallagher's repertoire consisted only of bawdy songs, none of which are thematically oriented toward campus life. He said most of his college singing took place outside the fraternity, in the Pine Room Bar in Middlebury, Vermont.

Raymond Frederic Hafer - date of collection: January 21, 1964 - From Cincinnati, Ohio. Currently an Indiana University graduate student. Attended the University of Cincinnati, 1957-61. A member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity beginning with his freshman year, but disaffiliated in his senior year. Learned several college songs from his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Margaret Kleb Hafer, who attended the University of Cincinnati about 1930. Hafer was the best of a number of very good informants. (His duties as IU Folklore Archivist in no way interfered with his memory of song texts he learned as an undergraduate.)

Marvin Knoll - date of collection: February 2, 1964 - From Michigan City, Indiana. A junior at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity, but also learned many songs from friends in the Marching Hundred Band, of which he was also a member.

Jonathan Kwitny - date of collection: June 1, 1964 - From Indianapolis, Indiana. Currently working as a newspaper reporter in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Attended the University of Missouri, 1958-62. A member of Phi Sigma Delta fraternity.

Daniel "Skip" Landt - date of collection: March, 1959 - From Pound Ridge, New York. Currently a graduate student at the University of Chicago. Attended Ohio Wesleyan University, 1955-59. A member of Beta Sigma Tau fraternity. Skip never actually sang any college songs in my presence. He did, however, collect a number of them in a folder which I discovered and copied in March, 1959 (see p. 39).

David Mabey - date of collection: December 12, 1963 - From Indianapolis, Indiana. A senior at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Delta Chi fraternity since the second semester of his freshman year. Married at the end of his junior year and now lives outside the fraternity. Most of the singing that Dave participated in was done at drinking parties.

Clay McMullen - date of collection: December 6, 1963 - From Phoenix, Arizona. Lived in Indiana until two or three years ago. A junior at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity since the second semester of his freshman year.

Forest Redding - date of collection: December 6, 1963 - From Fort Wayne, Indiana. A junior at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Kappa Delta Rho fraternity since the beginning of his sophomore year.

Linda Rethmeyer - date of collection: December 8, 1963 - From Indianapolis, Indiana. A second semester senior and first semester graduate student at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Alpha Xi Delta sorority since the second semester of her freshman year. Linda seemed to know no extremely bawdy songs although she did sing quite a few that some might consider "risque."

Susan Rider - date of collection: April 28, 1964 - From Evanston, Illinois. A sophomore at Indiana University, 1963-64. A member of Pi Beta Phi sorority since the second semester of her freshman year. She learned many of the bawdy songs she knew at parties held by the Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Jerome Wenker - date of collection: January, 1964 - From St. Paul, Minnesota. Graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1956, and in all spent eight years in Boston, learning most of the songs he knew from people in that area. Currently residing in Bloomington, Indiana, after having completed his Master of Arts degree.

A Guide to Fraternity and Sorority Abbreviations and Nicknames

(F) - fraternity

(S) - sorority

<u>Abbreviations or Nickname</u>	<u>Full Name</u>	
ACHi O	Alpha Chi Omega	(S)
ADPi	Alpha Delta Pi	(S)
AEPhi	Alpha Epsilon Phi	(S)
AEPi	Alpha Epsilon Pi	(F)
Ago	(Unidentified)	(S)
Alpha Chi	Alpha Chi Omega	(S)
Alpha Chi O	Alpha Chi Omega	(S)
Alpha Delt	Alpha Delta Pi	(S)
Alpha Gam	Alpha Gamma Delta	(S)
Alpha Sig	Alpha Sigma Phi	(F)
Alpha Tau	Alpha Tau Omega	(F)
Alpha Xi	Alpha Xi Delta	(S)
AOPi	Alpha Omicron Pi	(S)
ATO	Alpha Tau Omega	(F)
B.E.	Beta Epsilon Chapter of (Michigan State University)	Zeta Beta Tau (F)
Beta	Beta Theta Pi	(F)
Beta Eps	Beta Epsilon Chapter of (Michigan State University)	Zeta Beta Tau (F)
Beta Sig (merged into Pi Lambda Phi)	Beta Sigma Tau	(F)
Beta Sigma	Beta Sigma Tau	(F)
Chi O	Chi Omega	(S)
Clio	(Unidentified)	(S)
D Phi E	Delta Phi Epsilon	(S)
Deke	Delta Kappa Epsilon	(F)
Delt	Delta Tau Delta	(F)
Delta Tau	Delta Tau Delta	(F)
Delta U	Delta Upsilon	(F)
Delta Z	Delta Zeta	(S)
DG (DiGi)	Delta Gamma	(S)
DU	Delta Upsilon	(F)
DZ	Delta Zeta	(S)
Fiji	Phi Gamma Delta	(F)
Fuzzy	Alpha Xi Delta	(S)
Gamma Phi	Gamma Phi Beta	(S)
GDI	(slang reference to unaffiliated man or woman)	
.	God Damn Independent	---
Kappa	Kappa Kappa Gamma	(S)

Fraternity and Sorority Abbreviations and Nicknames (Continued)

<u>Abbreviations or Nickname</u>	<u>Full Name</u>	
Kappa Sig	Kappa Sigma	(F)
KD	Kappa Delta	(S)
KDR	Kappa Delta Rho	(F)
KKG	Kappa Kappa Gamma	(S)
Lambda Chi	Lambda Chi Alpha	(F)
PDT	Phi Delta Theta	(F)
Phi [pronounced "Fee"]	Alpha Phi	(S)
Phi Del	Phi Delta Theta	(F)
Phi Delt	Phi Delta Theta	(F)
Phi Gam	Phi Gamma Delta	(F)
Phi Psi	Phi Kappa Psi	(F)
Phi S D	Phi Sigma Delta	(F)
Phi Sig	Phi Sigma Delta	(F)
Phi Sig Sig	Phi Sigma Sigma	(S)
Pi Phi	Pi Beta Phi	(S)
Psi U	Psi Upsilon	(F)
SAE	Sigma Alpha Epsilon	(F)
Sammy	Sigma Alpha Mu	(F)
SDT	Sigma Delta Tau	(S)
Sig Alph (Sig Alf)	Sigma Alpha Epsilon	(F)
Sig Chi	Sigma Chi	(F)
Sig Delt	Sigma Delta Theta	(S)
Sig Ep	Sigma Phi Epsilon	(F)
Tau Sig	Tau Sigma	(F)
Tep	Tau Epsilon Phi	(F)
Theta	Kappa Alpha Theta	(S)
Theta Phi	Theta Phi Alpha	(S)
Tri Delt	Delta Delta Delta	(S)
ZBT	Zeta Beta Tau	(F)
Zeeb	Zeta Beta Tau	(F)
Zeta	Zeta Tau Alpha	(S)

The above listing purports to represent only those nicknames and abbreviations used in the course of this thesis, and should not be construed as a definitive roster of all the short titles given to various Greek organizations in existence. Other fraternities and sororities whose names are only mentioned in full in the following pages, are:

Acacia	(F)
Alpha Rho	(S)
Aretheuse	(S)
Beta Omega Chi	(S)
Beta Phi	(S)
Chi Psi	(F)
Delta Chi	(F)
Kappa Nu	(F)
Phi Epsilon Pi	(F)
Phi Kappa Tau	(F)
Phi Mu	(S)
Pi Kappa Alpha	(F)
Pi Lambda Phi	(F)
Sigma Kappa	(S)
Sigma Nu	(F)
Theta Chi	(F)
Theta Nu	(S)

William "Bert" Wilson - date of collection: January 2, 1964 - From Downey, Idaho. Currently an Indiana University graduate student. Attended Brigham Young University, 1951-53, 1955-57, learning all his songs in the former period of years. A member of Tau Sigma (local) fraternity. Unlike most of the other informants above, Wilson's singing was split between that which he did in the fraternity, in the dorm, and at the local bar. Several of his friends, however, were part of all three groups.

Note To The Bibliography

The bibliography for this thesis is divided into four major sections:

(1) general reference materials; (2) college, folksong, and popular song-book collections; (3) erotica publications and manuscripts; and (4) archive materials and other special collections. I have tried to provide as complete a range of references within each area as possible, but have been limited by time and space from making these listings exhaustive.

In the first section on general reference materials, a few articles pertaining to college folklore are listed, mostly quite superficial in character, which have contributed nothing to this thesis, but which may interest students doing subsequent research in other areas of campus lore and traditions. Since no bibliography exclusively devoted to college folklore is yet available, these articles are included here to facilitate the initial labors of any such individuals. They are indicated by asterisks (*).

The roster of printed song collections could be extended indefinitely although I have tried to examine everything I could find along this line which might have been of potential use to this study. College songbooks do contain a few songs still found in oral tradition, but the total number of such items in a collection of fifty or sixty songs is not liable to be more than two or three, the rest of the material being given over to alma maters, sentimental odes to the school and such like. The academic folksong collection is also only occasionally of help, although references and leads in these sources are much more liable to be of documentary value than other song collections which usually are either misleading or totally lacking in any historical or critical citation. Popular songbooks, especially those

which contain large amounts of parody, are likely to be of considerable worth insofar as providing texts of the more printable college favorites are concerned. The Lynn books, Songs For Swingin' Housemothers and Songs For Singin' contain the largest number of campus songs in current usage, but since they were only published in 1961, they, of course, do not shed much light on the length of time these songs have been in circulation.

Erotic sources, owing to the nature of the material involved and the mores of past and present society, are extremely difficult to document accurately with regard to author, publisher, and date of publication. All data stated on the frontspieces of such works should be viewed with extreme skepticism. Corrections and comments in brackets ([]) may be considered to be fairly reliable. Most of these last are based on Legman's remarks, particularly as found in The Horn Book in his chapter on the bawdy song (pp. 336-426). All erotica materials unless otherwise noted are available to scholars at the Institute For Sex Research in Bloomington, Indiana. The record albums of bawdy songs referred to may be bought on the open market.

Archive holdings and special collections of tapes and manuscripts, some of which are privately owned, stem from a wide variety of people and places. These provide the most authentic texts of songs from the college student repertory.

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